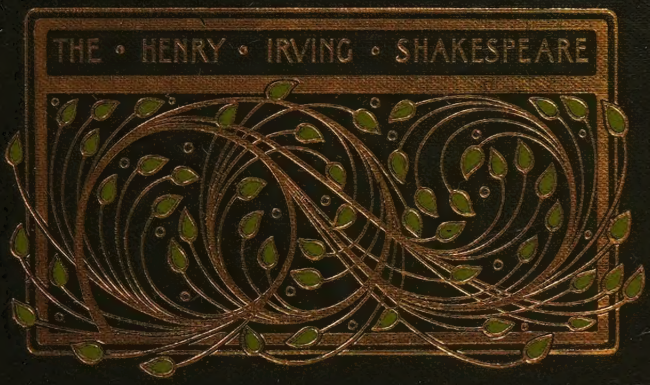
THE • HENRY • IRVING • SHAKESPEARE

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THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Act V. Scene iv.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY BY HOLMAN HUNT, R.W.S. PAINTED 1852

THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

SIR HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL

VOLUME I

WITH MANY HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY

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PREFACE

It appears desirable to say at the outset a few words with regard to the various distinctive features of this edition, for the invention of which I am chiefly responsible. The guiding principle, which has been kept in view throughout, is the treatment of Shakespeare's work as that of a dramatist, whose plays were intended not to be read as poetical exercises, but to be represented by living men and women before a general audience. Sir Henry Irving having, in his Introduction, treated Shakespeare as a play-wright, that is to say a practical writer of plays, it is not necessary for me to say any more on this point. I would simply point out that, in accordance with this principle, there will be found in this edition more explicit stage-directions than there are in other modern editions of Shakespeare. But they are not so many as might be expected; because, after all, Shakespeare's text contains in itself the best stage-directions, and because many points bearing upon gesture or by-play of the actor have been pointed out in the notes. Again, before adopting any emendation, the fact that the words have to be spoken and not read has always been borne in mind; and therefore no alteration of the text has been made without considering the requirements, not only of the sense and metre, but also of what may be called the dramatic rhythm; that is to say, the rhythm which the sentiment or passion of the words may require in order to be spoken with due dramatic effect. The superiority of Shakespeare as a dramatist can only be fully appreciated by reading his plays aloud; and therefore every assistance has been given to the reader by marking those words, or syllables, which, contrary to ordinary usage, are to be accented by the speaker.

It is with the object of assisting those who read Shakespeare aloud, either in private or in public, that those passages which may be omitted in the recitation or representation of the plays, as suggested by Sir Henry Irving, have been marked in a clear and simple manner. Mr. C. Flower

of Stratford-on-Avon has published some twenty of the plays separately, in which the passages generally omitted on the stage are printed in a smaller type; but there has been hitherto no edition in which this practice has been adopted throughout. Some of Shakespeare's plays have been already published by Sir Henry Irving as prepared by him for dramatic purposes; but the passages marked for omission in this edition will not be found always to correspond with those omitted in Sir Henry Irving's Lyceum editions, and, of course, the transpositions of scenes cannot be marked. In fact this edition does not pretend to be, as many paragraphs in the newspapers have announced, an acting edition of Shakespeare; but what we do claim for it is that, while giving the whole of Shakespeare's text, anyone with the aid of this edition could easily prepare an acting version of any of the plays either for private or public representation; and also, that it affords most necessary help to those who wish to read Shakespeare aloud, either at home or on the platform. It need scarcely be pointed out that these omissions are not merely such as would be made in a so-called "Bowdlerized" edition; but the passages placed between brackets are those which may, without any detriment to the story or action of the play, be left out. Anyone who, without any practical knowledge or stage experience, has tried to arrange a scene of Shakespeare for the purpose of public reading, will know how difficult it is to mark the omissions which are necessary without interrupting the sequence of the story, or obscuring its intelligibility.

The treatment of words ending in *ed* has been slightly different from that employed by most modern editors. The First Folio (1623) has been followed, except in very few instances. With regard to the elision of the final syllable of such words, not only in the verse portions but also in the prose portions of the plays, the greatest care would seem to have been exercised by the editors of the First Folio; a most important point, it need scarcely be said, as far as the actor or speaker of the verse is concerned. In the prose portions the final *ed* seems to be generally elided when the speaker is speaking familiarly. It may be therefore as well to note that, wherever it is not elided in this edition, the syllable *ed* is supposed to be pronounced by the reader. Words

ending in *ion*, as "action," "confusion," &c., must not be pronounced in the usual slovenly way in vogue nowadays, as if they were spelt "acshun," "confushun," but as if the *ion* were the two last syllables of a dactyl. If attention is not paid to this rule, some of the lines of Shakespeare will be curtailed of one syllable where the poet did not intend it.

The foot-notes have been confined to the translation of any foreign or Latin words occurring in the text, and to the explanation of such words as would not be readily understood by an *ordinary* reader; the object being to prevent the necessity of turning to the notes, at the end of each play, for explanation of any one word the meaning of which such reader might not know. The number of such foot-notes has been limited as much as possible; but it was thought better to err on the side of explaining too many words rather than too few, although such explanations will doubtless seem quite unnecessary to those who are well acquainted with the language of Shakespeare.

For the convenience of the student, as well as of the general reader, the Introductions to each play have been divided into three heads: (1) "The Literary History," which treats of the various early editions of the plays and the sources whence the plot, or dialogue, may have been wholly, or in part, borrowed. (2) "The Stage History,"—which I regret to say is, in many cases, very scanty, as we have so few early records of the representations of Shakespeare's plays—giving an account of any remarkable stage versions of the plays which may have been produced, as well as some notice of the most remarkable performances and of any notable cast. (3) "The Critical Remarks," indicating for the reader's guidance the general tone and purport of the play, and calling attention to any noteworthy features in the structure of the plot or in the treatment of the characters.

For the Time Analysis given at the beginning of each play I am indebted to Mr. P. A. Daniel's work on that subject, for which all students of Shakespeare should feel grateful to the author.

With regard to the text itself, it is, as will be seen, no mere reprint of any former edition, though we have taken as our model Dyce (third

edition), who seems to hit the just medium between slavish adherence to the old copies and a reckless adoption of modern emendations. The early printed Quartos of Shakespeare's plays, nearly all of which were surreptitiously published, are, no doubt, of great value in correcting some of the errors in the First Folio, and in supplying passages omitted in that edition, which was mainly founded on the copies of the plays that existed in the theatre of which Shakespeare had been part manager. In all cases where the original text either of Quartos or Folios has not been followed, reasons have been given for such a course in the notes; and whenever we have ventured to print any original emendation, the fact has been pointed out in the list of such emendations appended to each play; so that the critical reader may see at once what innovations have been introduced into this text. They will be found to be comparatively few, and we trust, in no case, will be considered rash or unnecessary. Great attention has been paid to the punctuation of the text, a point neglected by some modern editors, especially with regard to the use of commas, which are most important as guides to the reader or reciter, and to the actor are positively necessary.

To most readers the illustration of the text by able artists is of the highest value, as suggesting alike the general setting of the scenes and the various characters who appear in them. This portion of the work has been successfully accomplished by Mr. Gordon Browne, with the assistance, in six of the plays, of Mr. W. H. Margetson, Mr. Frank Dadd, and Mr. Maynard Brown. The maps to be found prefixed to the notes of many of the plays are, it is believed, quite a new feature. They will be found useful for the purposes of reference in the historical plays, and will enable the reader to follow the incidents of those plays with greater ease; while even in the non-historical plays, they will serve to illustrate some of the notes.

In a work like this, intended for the general public, it is better, perhaps, that the notes should be too many rather than too few. In all cases where it is possible, Shakespeare's meaning has been explained by reference to some one or other of his contemporaries; and, whenever practicable, all quotations have been taken from the works of

the author quoted, and have been carefully verified. The notes referring to subjects connected with natural history or botany have been made ampler than is usual in most editions; for Shakespeare's references to the animals and plants of his native land cannot but be interesting to the general reader, if only as showing how closely he observed objects in the country—studying them with as much loving attention as he did the characters of men and women in the town. Many of the popular superstitions, that existed with regard to the wild animals and flowers in Shakespeare's time, still exist. On this subject my obligation to such writers as Harting and Ellacombe will be sufficiently apparent from the notes.

In preparing the notes of the historical plays it was suggested to me by Mr. George Russell French's excellent book, Shakespeariana Genealogica, that it would be very advantageous to give all the information referring to the Dramatis Personæ together at the beginning of the notes. This has accordingly been done, and no pains have been spared in trying to obtain the utmost accuracy in these notes; though the task of tracing the intermarriages between the various noble families during the Wars of the Roses is one of the greatest difficulty. In connection, too, with the historic plays I may here note that Charles Kemble's condensation of the Three Parts of Henry VI. into one play is printed in this work for the first time from Kemble's MS. in the possession of Sir Henry Irving; and also that the extracts in the notes on Richard II. from "the Tragedy of Richard the Second" will be new to nearly all Shakespearean students, the original being in the volume of MS. plays in the Egerton Library, now in the British Museum.

The lists of words peculiar to each play—that is to say, the words which are found only in that play, or in the poems of Shakespeare—will, I trust, prove not merely interesting but useful to students of the language of Shakespeare. It will be seen that the proportion of such words is much larger in some plays than in others, and in those plays (the three parts of Henry VI. for instance), of which we know Shakespeare to have been only part author, it is possible that, through the medium of the words distinctly peculiar which occur in those plays, we

may be assisted in the solution of the vexed question as to who were his collaborators. We may be able also, through the examination of these words, to trace, in some measure, under what literary influence Shakespeare was when writing any particular play; and by distinguishing between those words which are merely incidental to any particular character,—such, for instance, as the affected pedant Holofernes in Love's Labour's Lost—and those which are employed by the author, when writing as a poet rather than as a dramatist, one may arrive at some interesting internal evidence as to the period of Shakespeare's career to which the various plays belong. For instance, if we find in any play several words used, which occur more than once in the Sonnets or the Poems, we may assign such a play more confidently, if the other evidence, external or internal, coincides, to his earlier period.

The plays[1] have been arranged in this edition, as nearly as possible in the order in which they are supposed to have been written by Shakespeare. But, as is well known, the opinions of the best authorities differ very much as to what the exact order of such an arrangement ought to be. Our object has been to give in each volume as much variety as is possible, consistent with those principles, to which we consider we shall have sufficiently adhered, if we have kept together those plays which belong to the three periods into which Shakespeare's literary career is generally divided, viz. the early, the middle, and the last period.

FRANK A. MARSHALL.

It is only necessary to add that, while in these and other regards the general plan of the work is Mr. Marshall's own, the task of carrying it out in its entirety within reasonable time proved beyond his strength. Under these circumstances the publishers were fortunate enough to secure the hearty cooperation of more than one Shakespearean scholar of distinction, whose names are a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of their work. Amongst those most intimately associated with Mr. Marshall in advancing the work towards completion, particular mention may be made of Mr. A. Wilson Verity, Mr. Arthur Symons, Mr. P. Z. Round, Mr. Joseph Knight, the Rev. H. C. Beeching,

Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, Mr. H. A. Evans, Mr. P. A. Daniel, and Dr. Richard Garnett. The work contributed by each of these gentlemen is clearly specified at the commencement of the various plays wholly or partially treated by them, and any notes added by Mr. Marshall to plays edited by his collaborators are distinguished by the addition of his initials, as containing matter for which he is solely responsible. Mr. Marshall continued to exercise general supervision over the work until a few weeks before his death. His loss would have been irreparable, but it was happily possible to obtain the assistance of so eminent an authority as Dr. Edward Dowden, whose Biographical and General Introduction forms one of the most valuable features of the work.

HENRY IRVING.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

In this new edition the work has been divided into volumes of more handy size. An appreciation of the late Sir Henry Irving has been given by his friend Mr. Bram Stoker. An important addition has also been made in Mr. Jerome Harrison's description of The Shakespeare Land, forming part of Volume XIV. of the work, which is richly illustrated with half-tone reproductions from photographs specially made for the purpose. From an artistic point of view a notable feature of the present edition is the series of reproductions of pictures by eminent Academicians that form the frontispieces of the several volumes.

SIR HENRY IRVING.

AN APPRECIATION.

By BRAM STOKER.

Henry Irving was not only a great actor; in him were combined those attributes which go to make up a great man. He had a mind to conceive and relentless purpose to carry thought into effect. In this edition of Shakespeare which bears his name there is evidence of these high qualities. For it must be always remembered that acting in its highest sense is not merely an effort of the individual; it is an effort organized and purposed, and comprehends not merely the action of one, but the interdependence of many. An actor, save in a soliloquy, can no more run through the gamut of emotions set by the dramatist than a single soldier can complete the evolutions of a battle. Acting in its personal aspect was always held by Irving himself to be impersonation—the giving of concrete identity to abstract thought. Schlegel defined the actor's part in the ensemble of stage effort as "secondary concrete"—which, to borrow a simile from theosophy, is, I take it, like the massing of physical atoms in the building up of an astral body. But in this building there may be a choice of many possibilities which, though all equally good for the representation of the individual character, might act differently on the development of other characters of the play. To seize, therefore, that which has a wider significance of general purpose and the most direct bearing on characters set in juxtaposition, is the supreme of mimetic art. This belongs to the inceptive stage of impersonation, and is therefore an important matter of consideration in the study of a play. The other side of acting, the carrying of the accepted idea into execution, is purely individual. It is of the art of the stage rather than of the study; and so we need not follow it here. It

will be well, however, for the student either of the drama or the stage to consider at the outset of the study of this edition of Shakespeare how much, and what kind, of work went to the making of Irving's part in it. The purely scholarly and literary part was chiefly done by Frank Marshall; but to Irving fell the task of shortening the plays in such manner as to bring the time of playing or reading into reasonable compass, without omitting anything which would show the progress of the story, or the development of the characters. In this is included what I have called the interdependence of the characters. In later day, when scenic art and historic exactness of costume are commonplaces, and when the art of stage lighting, which Irving enlarged and almost recreated, is a matter of scientific perfection, it is possible to do without certain descriptions of place and period which were, when the plays were written, necessary aids to the imagination of the audience. But a thoughtless excision might easily create uncertainty, if not absolute puzzlement. To an unthinking reader the placing of those printed lines which mark the excisions may seem a simple enough task. But let such an one consider the preparation and forethought necessary for the judicious placing of them, and he will learn a lesson which by parity of reason may help him later in many ways of thought. For such work it was necessary to know the whole play thoroughly well before beginning to "cut" at all. The end had to be known as well as the beginning, for so only could the knife be judiciously handled. Each character had to be followed, and separately, so that no clause throwing enlightenment concerning it might be excised. In fine, knowledge, accurate and comprehensive, was required of the author's scope and method of development. Not reading of a piece once or twice, nor less than many times, could fit an editor for such a task. In addition, the editor should have supreme stage knowledge, so that out of actual experience he might, in the plays not generally acted, know how far a modern audience or a skilled actor could rely on the actor's part for full illustration of the emotion to be conveyed. Histrionic art is so quick in its method, that at times a single glance or movement will convey an idea more completely, as well as more rapidly, than a series of phrases. There is no need in a

method which is narrative in purpose, though effected by many and different methods of illustration, to convey an idea in several different ways simultaneously. There can be a redundancy of effort as well as of speech.

This special skill of Irving's was not therefore a matter of sudden growth. Intuition there doubtless was at the beginning, but the effective excellence was in large part the result of patient and continuous effort, unflagging perseverance, and indomitable purpose.

> The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they while their companions slept
> Were toiling upward in the night.

All this goes to show that in the art of acting in its highest phase is, and must be, a purpose outside the individual effort of the moment. It is an art of marshalling the characters; of so arranging their systematic array that there are produced many and varying effects all leading on and helping to develop later situations and characters and events. No dramatist can convey at each moment of the play to his reader an adequate idea of relative distances, of the bearing and attitudes of the different persons on the stage not given parts in the text, of the methods of going to and fro; of those convulsive and unpremeditated movements of both individuals and bodies which convey to a spectator the quick effect of new or forcible ideas. All these things have to be borne in mind by the player who has to regulate his own expression, and modulate and increase the natural possibilities of his own part so as to fit most suitably into the complete picture. In simple fact, stage art has to be governed by the same rules as apply to other forms of organized effort. There must be implicit obedience to a controlling mind, just as that controlling mind must have yielded itself to an all-embracing imagination. Cosmic effort is of no light or little stress; its successes are won gravely, often with cheerless toil, and a full measure of pain.

Henry Irving never shunned toil of any kind in connection with his work as a player, a stage manager, or the manager of a theatre. From

the moment when he made up his mind to undertake a certain play his life became devoted to the work in hand. Day and night he studied, thought, learned, rehearsed, sought for suitable equipment of his play, ransacked old storehouses of historic information, read all works obtainable on the various characters if such had had any basis in history. He found ideas for all concerned in the production of the play, and for all those who took part in the play itself. When the time came for rehearsals, it was found that he had already sketched out each and every character in it, and could show its appointed exponent how his work should be done. Happy for their fame those who were wise enough to accept his hints, his directions, his exemplifications. Indeed, when the time in his life came for him to be a stage manager—or rather a stage producer, for he had been what is technically called a stage manager for many years—he was well equipped for his task. He had as an actor played some six hundred different parts, and there was no kind of character in the whole range of dramatic possibilities which he had not essayed —from that of "Venoma: A Spiteful Fairy" in the introductory scene of a pantomime, up to the pinnacle of histrionic effort, Hamlet. In all the years covered by this amazing range he had been noted among his comrades for his completeness in all ways; he was always in complete possession of his part—and this needed much loyal effort when sometimes there were six new parts within a single week; always "letter perfect" in his words, adequate and accurate as to his dress, and above all able to convey to others the *differentia*, or essential difference, of his character. Part of the possibility of doing so much was due to his study antecedent to going on the stage. When he made up his mind to be an actor, which was at a very early age, he forthwith began to study. He learned all the parts in a great many Shakespearean plays, and in such other standard works as he was able to get hold of. Such plays as he required were not to be had easily in the forties. Books were not of so common a use as they are now. Available libraries were few and far between, and cheap editions of standard works were scarce. But the eager boy who had set his ambitions towards success found his way. Early and late, in the few leisure hours of a hard-worked young London

clerk, he kept resolutely to his task. He went to the cheapest parts of theatres when he could afford the luxury, having before he went thought out the play and fixed in his own mind some dispositions of the characters in every scene, and having arrived at some definite understanding of the characters and motives of the dramatis personæ. Such serious and thoughtful and diligent labour could not fail in time to achieve much. The immediate reward which he had was in that, whilst his companions were struggling to master the words of a part for the next night's performance, he was often completing his ideas of effective impersonation of his own allotted character. Later on in life, when he came to edit the plays of Shakespeare, he found the old familiarity with the works of inestimable value.

Irving's stage work in connection with Shakespeare has been the means of distributing hundreds of thousands of copies of the works of the poet that otherwise would never have been called for. This is easily shown by the analogy of the demand for other plays which he had taken in hand. When he produced *Faust*, more than a hundred thousand copies of Goethe's poem were to my own knowledge sold in London, whole editions of different translators which had lain on the shelves of the publishers were cleared as though by magic. New editions went with startling rapidity, and to many there came lasting pleasure and profit in the knowledge of the work of the great German. For many years when he announced a Shakespeare play it was at once, and wisely, put into the curriculum of the school board for that year. In the theatre alone ten thousand copies of the play would usually be disposed of in the course of a "run".

The many-sided worthiness of the great actor and student thus added to the wisdom of his time, and as age steals on those of the generations which knew and loved his work, the remembrance of hours of pleasure due to him will mingle with graver thoughts of what was his place in his own time, of what was his influence on it, of what the lasting effect of him and his work. He achieved a varied greatness not given to many. Not only was he for nearly forty years one of the best-known and respected actors of his time, but for fully twenty-five out

of the forty-nine years of his acting he was the undoubted and unchallenged head of his profession and his art. To him was given by his comrades a veritable kingship in his craft. In the world of learning and high thought he was made a peer of the great scholars of his time. Three great universities representative of the United Kingdom—Dublin, Cambridge, and Glasgow—gave him honorary degrees. Queen Victoria made him a knight, first of his kind in any country or at any time on whom such an honour was conferred. By this act was broken down a social barrier which had galled and rankled in the hearts of actors for centuries. Finally, in obedience to public demand, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, who are the guardians of the National Pantheon, gave him sepulture among the remembered dead of the country. Last honour to living memory and dead clay. Truly of him it might be well and truly said, "Great men build their own monuments".

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LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

AND

GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

By EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D.,
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

By EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D.

The life of Shakespeare has been threefold: first, the external life of good and evil fortune which he lived as a youth in Stratford, as a player and playwright in London, and again as an honoured inhabitant of his native town; secondly, the inner life of his spirit, the wide-orbing movement of his intellect and imagination of which we can read something in his marvellous series of poetical creations, and can conjecture more; and last, the life which he has lived during three hundred years in the history of the national mind of England, or rather we should say the mind of humanity, the life of posthumous influence which he has exercised, and exercises at the present day, on the generations of mankind. Of each of these it will be our endeavour to speak.

I.

"All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is —that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died and was buried." So wrote Steevens a century ago, and De Quincey at a much more recent date is even briefer in his summing-up of the facts: "That he lived, and that he died, and that he was 'a little lower than the angels'—these make up pretty nearly the amount of our undisputed report." Having spoken of the perplexity which we are likely to feel on finding the materials for the biography of a transcendent writer so meagre and so few, De Quincey goes on to solve the difficulty by an elaborate argument intended to prove that the parliamentary war and the local feuds engendered by it extinguished those traditions and memorials of Shakespeare which, he says, must have been abundant up to that era. In truth there is no great cause for wonder or perplexity. More is known of Shakespeare's life than Steevens and De Quincey allege. More is known of Shakespeare's life than of the lives of many of his dramatic contemporaries. Far less has been ascertained respecting the life of Marlowe, whose fame stood so high in Elizabethan days, and whose personality was undoubtedly a striking one. Far less has been ascertained respecting the life of Webster or the life of Ford, although these dramatists flourished at a later time, and one of them was a gentleman of posi-

tion. The materials for John Fletcher's biography are of the scantiest kind: it is not certain whether he went to Cambridge; it is not certain whether he lived and died unmarried; from 1593 to 1607 his history is a complete blank. Yet Fletcher was highly honoured by his contemporaries; he survived till the opening of the reign of Charles I.; his father was the Bishop of London. The Elizabethan age was not an age of literary biography; a playwright, unless, like Ben Jonson, he were distinguished for his scholarship and classical learning, was hardly thought of as a man of letters. Our wonder as regards Shakespeare should be, not that we know so little, but that we know so much. Our acquaintance with his outward history—partly founded on tradition, partly on documents—is due to the zeal of lovers of the great dramatist, from the actor Betterton to that most indefatigable of investigators, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. We cannot hope that much additional light will ever be gained. The facts we possess are enough to assure us that the greatest of poets conducted his life, after, perhaps, some errors of his ardent youth, wisely and well to a prosperous issue. They are enough to prove his good sense and discreet dealing in worldly affairs.

Richard Shakespeare, the poet's grandfather, was a Warwickshire farmer, renting land at Snitterfield, a village some three or four miles from Stratford-on-Avon. His son John, evidently a man of some enterprise and energy, settled at Stratford about 1551, and did business in Henley Street as a fellmonger and glover. According to Aubrey he was a butcher, and it may be that he slaughtered the beasts whose skins he converted into gauntlets and leggings: according to Rowe he was a considerable dealer in wool, and it is certain that he had transactions in corn and in timber. In 1557 he greatly improved his position by his marriage with Mary, the youngest and the favourite daughter of Robert Arden, a wealthy farmer, lately deceased, of the neighbouring hamlet of Wilmecote. That these Ardens were connected with an ancient family of gentlefolk of that name has been asserted, and may be true, but the statement cannot be proved. Mary Arden inherited from her father an estate of some sixty acres, known as Asbies, at Wilmecote, together with the reversion to part of a larger property at Snitterfield, on which Snitterfield property her father-in-law, Richard Shakespeare, held land as a tenant. From this date John Shakespeare became a person of some importance at Stratford, and he rose year by year in the esteem of his fellow-townsmen. Appointed at first by the corporation one of the officers whose duty it was to supervise malt liquors and bread, he became in 1561 a chamberlain of the borough, in 1565 an alderman, and in 1568 he was elected to the most important official position in the town, that of high bailiff. It has been stated that he could not write even his name; the statement is open to question, but the accomplishment of penmanship was rare among the members of the corporation. He was certainly a successful man of business and a skilful accountant.

In the house in Henley Street towards the close of April, 1564, was born

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FROM THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT

IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

William Shakespeare, the eldest son of his parents. Two daughters, who died in infancy, had been born before him. On April the 26th the child was baptized; a tradition of the last century, that Shakespeare died upon his birthday, would favour the popular opinion that he was born on April 23rd; his monument states that he died in his fifty-third year. Attention was called by De Quincey to the fact that Shakespeare's only grandchild, Elizabeth Hall, was married to Thomas Nash on April 22nd, and he suggested that the day may have been chosen as the anniversary of her grandfather's birthday. The matter remains doubtful. April the 23rd, Old Style, corresponds with our present May 5th.

Stratford-on-Avon, in which Shakespeare spent his youth and to which he gladly returned in his elder years, was a town of gable-roofed, timber or timber-and-plaster houses, containing some fourteen or fifteen hundred inhabitants. Its chief buildings were the noble church hard by the river, and the Guildhall where on occasions travelling companies of actors would present their plays. Around it in Warwickshire, "the heart of England," lay the perfection of rural landscape: in the Feldon division such pasture-lands, with a wealth of wild flowers, as Shakespeare has described in A Winter's Tale; and in the Arden division the perfection of forest scenery, such woodland glades and streams as he has imagined in the French Arden of As You Like It. During the Wars of the Roses the county was divided against itself; Coventry was Lancastrian, Warwick, for a time, Yorkist. The battle of Bosworth Field was fought near its north-eastern border. Traditions of the stirring events of those times must have lived on to Shakespeare's day, and created in his imagination a sympathy with the great historical figures of that period which he has represented with such life and force in his historical dramas.

That Shakespeare was sent to the Free School at Stratford is stated by his first biographer, Rowe, and we may reasonably assume that such was the fact. Some knowledge of reading and writing was required at entrance; the usual age of pupils when admitted was seven. When duly drilled in the Latin accidence (of which we have an amusing Shakespearian reminiscence in Sir Hugh Evans' examination of William Page in The Merry Wives of Windsor), the boy began to construe from the Sententiæ Pueriles, and, if he remained long enough at school, advanced as far as Ovid, Virgil, Cicero, and the Eclogues of Mantuanus. Much has been written on the subject of Shakespeare's learning. From Ben Jonson's scholarly point of view he may be said to have had "small Latin and less Greek." Perhaps the Greek was nothing or next to nothing; but Aubrey was probably not wrong when he stated on the authority of a Mr. Beeston that Shakespeare "understode Latine pretty well." In later years he seems to have acquired a little knowledge of French, and possibly a little knowledge of Italian.

At what age Shakespeare was withdrawn from school we cannot tell. But we know that when he was thirteen years old his father was no longer a prosperous man, and that the fortunes of his house continued for a considerable time to

decline. While John Shakespeare's means were first waxing and then rapidly waning, his family had increased in numbers. His son Gilbert, who lived to 1609, was born in 1566; Joan, who was married to William Hart, and whose name appears in the great dramatist's will, was born 1569; Anne, born in 1571, died in her eighth year; Richard, born in March, 1573–74, lived to manhood, dying at Stratford in 1613; John Shakespeare's last child, Edmund, born in 1580, became an actor, died in September, 1607, and on the morning of his burial at St. Saviour's, Southwark, a knell of the "great bell" of the church was rung, a mark of respect secured only by the payment of a considerable fee. Thus with younger brothers and a sister requiring sustenance and education, and with narrowing means in the household, William Shakespeare, at the age of thirteen, may, as the tradition asserts, have been set to help his father in business. An old parish clerk of Stratford towards the close of the seventeenth century declared that Shakespeare was bound apprentice to a butcher; and according to Aubrey he performed the sacrificial rites with dramatic accompaniments, for "when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high style and make a speech." According to another report he was a country schoolmaster, and Malone has argued from Shakespeare's frequent and exact use of law-terms that most probably he was for two or three years in the office of a Stratford attorney. We may indulge our imagination by picturing the future poet rather as a wool-stapler than as a butcher's lad.

What cannot be doubted is that his father had passed from wealth to comparative poverty. In 1578 he effected a large mortgage on the estate of Asbies; when he tendered payment in the following year it was refused until other sums due had been repaid; the money designed for the redemption of Asbies had been obtained by the sale of his wife's reversionary interest in the Snitterfield property. His taxes were lightened, nor was he always able to pay those which were still claimed. He dropped off from attendance at the town-council, and in consequence was ultimately deprived of his alderman's gown (1586). He fell into debt, and was tormented with legal proceedings. A commission appointed to inquire respecting Jesuits, priests, and recusants reported his name in 1592 among those of persons who "come not to church for fear of process for debt." It does not appear, however, that he was obliged to part with his house in Henley Street, and, as we shall see, his eldest son was careful, when prosperity came to him in his dramatic career, to restore the fallen fortunes of his father.

Before he was nineteen years old Shakespeare had a new and a powerful motive for trying to better himself in the world; he had taken to himself a wife. A bond given before the marriage, for the security of the bishop in licensing the marriage after once asking of the banns, is preserved in the registry at Worcester. It is dated November 28, 1582. The bride, Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a substantial yeoman, lately deceased, of Shottery hamlet in the parish of Strat-

ford, was between seven and eight years older than her husband. The sureties of the bond were friends of the Hathaway family, whence it has been inferred that the Shottery folk rather than those of Henley Street were desirous of the match. Whether the consent of Shakespeare's father was or was not given we have no means of ascertaining, but evidence of such consent might be required from one who was a minor. Shakespeare's eldest child—Susanna—was baptized on May 26, 1583, just six months after the bond, preliminary to marriage, had been signed. The ceremony of wedlock may have been preceded by precontract, which, according to the custom of the time and place, would have been looked on as having the validity of marriage, though as yet unsanctified by ecclesiastical rites. Halliwell-Phillipps has aptly pointed out that when Shakespeare's maternal grandfather, Robert Arden, "settled part of an estate on his daughter Agnes, on July the seventeenth, 1550, he introduces her as *nunc uxor Thome Stringer, ac nuper uxor Johannis Hewyns*, and yet the marriage was not solemnized until three months afterwards." It may be added that the words "wedded wife" were at this time in no way tautological; a woman duly espoused might be a wife though the priestly benediction of wedlock had not yet been bestowed.

The marriage of a boy of eighteen with a woman eight years his senior, of humbler rank than his own and probably uneducated, cannot be called prudent; but we have no evidence to prove that the union was unhappy. Shakespeare remained in Stratford with his wife until he went to seek his fortune in London Although he did not bring her and her children to the capital, he certainly from time to time visited his home. He looked forward to returning to his native town, and living henceforth by her side, and he actually carried that long-contemplated purpose into effect. It may be, as Shakespeare's Sonnets seem to indicate, that for a season his heart was led astray by the intellectual fascination of a woman who possessed all those qualities of brilliance and cultured grace which perhaps were lacking in his wife; but if so, Shakespeare perceived his error, and in due time returned to the companion of his youth. In his will he leaves her only his "second best bed with the furniture," and this as an afterthought, for the words occur as an interlineation; but without special bequest she was sufficiently provided for by free-bench and dower; the best bed, as Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps suggests, was probably that reserved for strangers, the second best may have been that of the master and mistress of the house. We cannot suppose that the wife of his early choice, the daughter of a husbandman, could have followed Shakespeare in his poetical mountings of mind or in his profound dramatic studies of character, but there is a wide field for mutual sympathy and help in the common joys and sorrows and daily tasks of household life, and the greatest of men are sometimes they who can best value the qualities of homely goodness. We cannot think of Shakespeare's marriage as a rare union of perfect accord, but we are not justified in speaking of it as unfortunate. In A Midsummer Night's Dream Lysander has a reference to love "misgraffed in respect

of years;" in Twelfth Night the Duke warns Viola, when disguised in the garb of a youth, against the danger of an unequal marriage:—

> Let still the woman take
> An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
> So sways she level in her husband's heart.—(ii. 4. 30–32.)

Even if the lines were non-dramatic, they would prove no more than that the writer with good sense admitted as a rule that to which his own experience may have been the exception. One other passage from the plays has been cited as bearing on Shakespeare's marriage, that passage in The Tempest where Prospero, after he has given his daughter to Ferdinand as his future bride, cautions the Prince against "breaking her virgin-knot" before

> All sanctimonious ceremonies may
> With full and holy rite be minister'd.—(iv. 1. 16, 17.)

The Tempest was probably written to grace some noble wedding, and Shakespeare's mature wisdom of life, uttering itself through Prospero, recognized the fact that the sanctity of marriage can hardly be guarded with too great jealousy. Having closed the series of his dramatic works, perhaps with the very play in which this passage occurs, he returned to his home to find the happiness of his elder years in company with her whom he had loved in boyhood.

For three or four years after his marriage Shakespeare continued to reside at Stratford, and in 1585 his wife gave birth to twins, a boy and girl, baptized (Feb. 2) Hamnet and Judith, doubtless after Hamnet Sadler, a baker of Stratford, and Judith his wife. For this Hamnet Sadler, presumably sponsor for the boy, who, to the grief of his father, died before he had reached the age of twelve (buried August 11, 1596), Shakespeare retained a regard to the close of his life. He is remembered in the great dramatist's will, where the name appears in the form "Hamlett" Sadler, receiving a bequest of one pound six and eightpence "to buy him a ringe."

In what employments and with what recreations these years at Stratford, growing years of early manhood, went by we can but conjecture. How they came to a close we are told by Shakespeare's first biographer, Rowe: "He had by a misfortune, common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London." According to Archdeacon Davies, vicar of Sapperton in the county of Gloucester, who died in

1708, Sir Thomas Lucy had the young poacher "oft whipped and sometimes imprisoned," in revenge for which Shakespeare afterwards made him "his Justice Clodpate [Justice Shallow: *clodpate* meaning foolish] and calls him a great man, and that in allusion to his name bore three louses rampant for his arms." The first stanza of the ballad which Rowe speaks of as lost is given by Oldys on the authority of "a very aged gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Stratford," and it contains the same offensive play on the name Lucy—"O lowsie Lucy"—as that in the passage to which Davies refers.

We can hardly doubt that there is a kernel of truth in these traditions. Malone endeavoured to disprove the deer-stealing story by showing that Sir Thomas Lucy had no park at Charlcote; but he may have had deer there; or the scene of the adventure, instead of Charlcote, may have been the adjoining sequestered estate of Fulbroke, over which Sir Thomas, as a local magnate devoted to the crown, may have kept watch and ward. It has been suggested that he may have felt some animósity against the Shakespeare family as possibly having sympathy with the old religion, for Sir Thomas was not only a game preserver but a zealous Protestant. The offence of poaching was commonly regarded at the time by those who did not suffer from it as a venial frolic of youth; "the students of Oxford, the centre of the kingdom's learning and intelligence," says Halliwell-Phillipps, "had been for many generations the most notorious poachers in all England." There can be no doubt that Shakespeare retained some ill-will against the Lucy family. In The Merry Wives of Windsor Justice Shallow fumes with violent indignation against Sir John Falstaff, whom he charges with having beaten his men, killed his deer, and broken open his lodge. We are informed by Slender that in the Shallow coat of arms are a "dozen white luces," translated by Evans, the Welsh parson, with unconscious humour, into "a dozen white louses" which "do become an old coat well." Sir Thomas was a member of that strong Protestant commission which reported that Shakespeare's father did not attend church in 1592 for fear of process for debt, a circumstance which might have kept the early soreness of feeling from subsiding. If it is any satisfaction to us we have some reason to believe that the barb prepared for Sir Thomas Lucy struck home, and that the family did not forget the mockery of their old coat. A copy of the 1619 Quarto edition of The Merry Wives of Windsor was discovered not very long since among the family records, the only copy of any one of Shakespeare's plays in the early editions found at Charlcote.

In what year Shakespeare quitted Stratford we cannot tell; it can hardly have been earlier than 1585, and may have been a year or two later. Nor can we say with certainty how he came to join himself to a company of players. From early childhood he had opportunities of seeing dramatic performances. Perhaps he inherited from his father a taste for the drama; theatrical entertainments, as has been noticed by Halliwell-Phillipps, are first heard of at Stratford-on-Avon during the year of John Shakespeare's bailiffship. While the players

declaimed in the Guildhall the boy may have looked on, standing between his father's legs, as his contemporary Willis tells us he did when he saw the "Cradle of Security" acted before the aldermen and common council of the city of Gloucester. He may have witnessed the performance of the mysteries at Coventry on the Corpus Christi festival; his phrase "out-herods Herod" is a reminiscence of the ramping and raging king by whose command the innocents of Bethlehem were slaughtered; his comparison of the flea on Bardolph's fiery nose to "a black soul burning in hell-fire" was the grotesque fancy of one who had probably watched the exhibition of the damned with their sooty faces and black and yellow garb in the pageant at Coventry. Various companies of players visited Stratford from time to time and performed under the patronage of the corporation; before Shakespeare forsook his home, says Dyce, "he had doubtless seen the best dramatic productions, such as they were, represented by the best actors then alive." He may have made acquaintance with some of the London players, but the assertion that the famous Burbage was from Warwickshire, and that Thomas Greene, an actor of James I.'s time, was a Stratford man, have been made without sufficient evidence. Leicester's players visited Stratford in 1587; it is supposed by Mr. Fleay that Shakespeare joined them during or immediately after their arrival, and during their travels received his earliest instruction in comic acting from Kempe and Pope, who soon after became noted performers.[1] But this is mere conjecture, and the early traditions do not favour the notion that Shakespeare left his native town with the design of taking to the stage. They rather lead us to believe that after his arrival in London he gradually found his way towards his future profession.

According to a tradition, which is alleged to have come down to us through Sir William D'Avenant, the first employment of Shakespeare in connection with the theatre was that of holding the horses of gentlemen who had ridden to the playhouse. The first building erected (1576) for the exhibition of dramatic performances in England was that known as "The Theatre," situated in the parish of Shoreditch. It was the property of James Burbage, father of Shakespeare's fellow-actor, the great tragedian, Richard Burbage. James Burbage kept livery-stables close by Smithfield, and it is an ingenious suggestion of Halliwell-Phillipps that, on arriving in London, Shakespeare may have sold at Smithfield the horse on which he rode up to town, may then and there have made the acquaintance of James Burbage, and may have been employed by him to take care of the horses of Burbage's Smithfield customers who visited the theatre. The tradition adds that Shakespeare made himself popular, and soon had to hire lads to assist him, who, "when Will Shakespeare was summoned were immediately to present themselves, 'I am Shakespeare's boy, sir;'" whence the young lackeys, after their master's fortune had raised him to higher employment, continued to be known as "Shakespeare's Boys." An old

[1] A Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare, by F. G. Fleay, p. 8.

parish-clerk of Stratford, towards the close of the seventeenth century, informed visitors that the dramatist was first received into the playhouse as "a serviture," that is, as an attendant on the players. The stage-tradition of a hundred years ago was that he acted as the prompter's assistant, giving the performers notice to be ready when their presence was required on the stage.

It is not surprising that Shakespeare's early years in connection with the theatre should have left no record behind them. We know that he did not cut himself adrift from Stratford and his own family, for in 1587 he joined his father in an effort to assign the title of the Asbies property to John Lambert in consideration of the cancelling of the previous mortgage and the payment of £20. But beyond this fact we know nothing for certain until 1592, when he was an author and an actor, and of importance in both capacities to his dramatic company. A year before this, in 1591, was published Spenser's poem, the "Tears of the Muses," in which Thalia, the Muse of Comedy, laments the cessation from authorship of some creator of general mirth whom he names "our pleasant Willy:"

> And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
> To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
> With kindly counter under mimic shade,
> Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late.

It would be pleasant to suppose that the author of the Faerie Queene here spoke of his great contemporary; but it is much more probable that Spenser's friend, the dramatist John Lyly, is meant.[1] If Spenser ever refers to Shakespeare, it is in his Colin Clouts Come Home Again, in lines which describe some high poet under the name of "Aetion," the eaglet (from ἀετός, an eagle). Colin Clouts was not published until 1594, but probably was written in whole or in part in 1591. The true name of "Aetion" had, says Spenser, a heroic sound, which agrees well with the name Shakespeare; the epithet "gentle" seems to be one to which our poet had almost a peculiar right:

> And there, though last not least, is Aetion,
> A gentler shepheard may no where be found:
> Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
> Doth like himselfe heroically sound.

These lines, if written as early as 1591, were hardly meant for Shakespeare; they may, however, be a later insertion. But it seems not unlikely that Drayton was intended, who had written under the poetical name of "Rowland," and whose Idea, as some have thought, may be pointed to (though to myself the notion appears far-fetched) by the choice of the name Aetion (ἰδεά = αἴτιον).

There can be no mistake that Shakespeare is the object of Greene's attack in the pamphlet Greenes Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance,

[1] Halliwell-Phillipps identifies "our pleasant Willy" with the comic actor Richard Tarlton (died 1588); Professor Minto supposes him to be Sir Philip Sidney.

written by the unhappy poet as he lay dying in a mean house in Dowgate, attended by a shoemaker's wife, his kind hostess and nurse. The pamphlet must have been written in August, 1592. Having warned his friends Marlowe, Peele, and "young Juvenal" (probably Lodge) against the inconstancy of the players, he proceeds: "Yes trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Iohannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie." The travestied line

Oh tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide,

is found in Richard, Duke of York, and also in the Third Part of Henry VI., which is founded on Richard, Duke of York. In the old play Marlowe and Greene had probably been collaborateurs, and it would seem that Greene bitterly resented Shakespeare's rehandling of his work, and felt indignant at the success of one whom he looked on as an unlettered rival. Greene's pamphlet was seen through the press by Henry Chettle, and in December of the same year he entered on the Stationers' Books his own prose tract Kind-Hart's Dreame, in the preface to which he apologizes to Shakespeare for Greene's unworthy attack. He expresses his regret for not having used his discretion in moderating the writer's warmth; he is as sorry, he says, as if the original fault were his own, "because my selfe have seene his [Shakespeare's] demeanour no less civil than he exelent in the qualitie he professes: Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious [*i.e.* felicitous] grace in writing, that approves his Art." The word "quality" in this passage of Chettle's "Address to the Gentlemen Readers" of his pamphlet has a special reference to the profession of an actor, as it has in Hamlet's inquiry respecting the boy-performers: "Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing?" We may infer from Chettle's words that Shakespeare was at least a respectable actor. According to Rowe, "the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*," a part requiring an actor of good delivery though not a great artist. There is some ground for thinking that he played the part of Old Knowell in Jonson's Every Man in His Humour, in the representation of which comedy he certainly appeared. And there is a confused tradition handed down by Oldys which makes it probable that he was the Adam of his own As You Like It. Whether he excelled or not in his practice as an actor, Shakespeare certainly had a cultivated knowledge of the principles of the histrionic art; the instructions given to the players by Hamlet could have come from no one who had not carefully studied the merits and the defects of the actor on the boards; the writer of the words assigned to Hamlet assuredly knew the grace of moderation and reserve in the rendering of passion, and at the same time knew the error of languor or inertness. The latest express mention of Shakespeare as having

taken a part in the performance of a play is in connection with Ben Jonson's Sejanus, which was performed at the Globe Theatre in 1603 or 1604. But in a document of 1610 the Burbages speak of placing Shakespeare as an actor among others at Blackfriars Theatre. His name, however, does not appear in a list of the actors of The Alchemist (1610), where, if he were performing, he might naturally have taken a part among his fellows.

No doubt it was perceived at an early date in Shakespeare's dramatic company that he could aid them more by his pen than by his voice. As we learn from the charges and insinuations of Greene, part of Shakespeare's early work as a writer for the stage was that of revising and adapting the work of his predecessors or early contemporaries. It was an excellent way of apprenticeship to his dramatic craft. He learned to distinguish between what is effective and ineffective on the stage; he acquired the art of carrying on the action of a piece without falling into tedious speech-making, he studied the links and transitions of the dramatic events, he came to see how these should be manipulated, he learned how to develop a dramatic character, how to regulate imagery and diction so that they should never pass into the epical; and while amending the pieces of others his own genius would have enough of play to gain in strength, and enough of restraint to save it from the waste of exuberant power.

But the poet in Shakespeare could not be content with what may be justly described as in a certain degree hackwork. The poet in Shakespeare aspired to an independent existence, and apparently he did not yet perceive that through the drama alone could his genius explore the heights and depths of passion and of song. In the passage quoted from Kind-Hart's Dreame the author informs his readers that "divers of worship" have reported to him Shakespeare's "facetious grace in writing." Possibly Shakespeare had already earned the good opinion and good-will of the Earl of Southampton. Early in 1593 Richard Field, the son of a Stratford tanner, himself a London printer, was carrying through the press Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis, which was published in that year with a dedication to Southampton, in which the author, speaking of his young patron with graceful homage and of his poem with becoming modesty, describes it as "the first heire of my invention." Doubtless several plays of merit by Shakespeare had already appeared upon the stage; but they had not been published by the press; they formed in the eyes of Shakespeare's contemporaries hardly a part of literature proper; they could not compete in dignity with such a miniature epic as this which now appeared, and in which Shakespeare first claimed his rank as poet. Venus and Adonis at once became popular, and edition followed edition during a series of years. In the dedication Shakespeare promises that if his poem should please the earl, he would take advantage of all idle hours to prepare some "graver labour" for his patron's honour. This graver labour, the Lucrece, followed in 1594; graver because of its tragic theme, and its celebration of the wronged, yet triumphant

purity of woman. It is dedicated to Southampton in words of loyal affection: "What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have, devoted yours;" and a reference to favours received proves that the regard and esteem were not on Shakespeare's side alone. "There is," says Rowe, "one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that, if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to." It is supposed that the purchase was that of the large house named New Place in the centre of the town of Stratford-on-Avon, which Shakespeare bought for £60 in the spring of 1597, a gabled house of brick, resting on stone foundations, with a bay-window on the garden side. Report exaggerated the amount of Southampton's gift, but even sixty pounds in the days of Elizabeth was a very considerable sum of money.

In December, 1594, Shakespeare appeared in two comedies before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich Palace. Two eminent actors of his company, that known as the Lord Chamberlain's servants, Richard Burbage, the tragedian, and Kemp, a popular comedian, were associated with him on this occasion.[1] The queen, who had a keen eye for merit, honoured Shakespeare and his art. Ben Jonson in his memorial lines prefixed to the First Folio speaks of those "flights" of the "Swan of Avon."

> upon the bankes of Thames,
> That so did take Eliza, and our Iames.

Shakespeare s company repeatedly performed before the queen at Richmond Palace, at Greenwich Palace, at Whitehall. In the Christmas holidays of 1597 her Majesty witnessed a performance of Love's Labour's Lost in its revised form, "newly corrected and augmented." Next Christmas three plays were given at Whitehall, among them probably The Merry Wives of Windsor, by Elizabeth's express desire. It is a well-known tradition that the queen was so highly entertained by Falstaff, as seen in the two parts of King Henry IV., that she commanded the dramatist to continue the character for one play more, and show the fat knight in love. That bright comedy of English rural life, The Merry Wives, is said to have been the work of a fortnight. At times, by special arrangement, Shakespeare's plays were performed for the grave lawyers of the Inns of Court in their mirth-loving hours of leisure. On Innocents' Day, 1594, the day after Shakespeare's performance before the queen at Greenwich, The

[1] Halliwell-Phillipps's statement as to the companies to which Shakespeare belonged previously to his joining the Lord Chamberlain's servants deserves to be quoted: "It would appear not altogether unlikely that the poet was one of Lord Strange's actors in March, 1592; one of Lord Pembroke's a few months later; and that he joined the company of the Earl of Sussex in or before January, 1594." But on this subject see especially Mr. Fleay's "A Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare."

Comedy of Errors was presented before a distinguished company in the hall of Gray's Inn; there had been some confusion and disturbance in the earlier part of the evening, which ceased while the spectators watched the entanglements of the twins of Syracuse and Ephesus; ever afterwards that night of Dec. 28, 1594, was remembered as the Night of Errors. Early in February, 1601-2, the benchers of the Middle Temple witnessed in their hall (which still exists) a performance of that delightful comedy Twelfth Night; the law student John Manningham records the fact in his diary, and tells us of his diversion at the odd figure of the deceived Malvolio. But of these occasional performances by Shakespeare's company the most remarkable were two which took place in the preceding year. On February 8th, 1601, the Earl of Essex, accompanied by Shakespeare's patron, Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and Roger Manners, Earl of Rutland, made their rash revolt in the streets of London. On the preceding afternoon, by special arrangement between the conspirators and the Lord Chamberlain's servants, "a play of the deposing and killing of King Richard" [*i.e.* possibly Shakespeare's King Richard II.] was represented at the Globe Theatre.[1] It was not a new play, and the actors, to provide against loss if the attendance should be small, required that the sum of forty shillings should be added by their employers to whatever might be taken at the door. Less than two years previously, in this same Globe Theatre, Shakespeare's lines in honour of Essex, then her Majesty's representative in Ireland, had been delivered as part of the prologue to the last act of King Henry V. The unfortunate earl was executed on February 25. Perhaps to make an outward show of equanimity, Elizabeth spent the evening before his execution in witnessing at Richmond Palace a dramatic performance by the same company of actors who, a few days before, had been employed to prepare the minds of the Londoners for the treasonable outbreak of the doomed favourite. When the queen died, in 1603, it was noticed in print by Henry Chettle, the former editor of Greene's pamphlet, that Shakespeare did not join in the poetical lamentations of the time.

James I. had not been many days in London before he granted a license to the members of Shakespeare's company to enact plays both in town and in the provinces. In December, 1603, while the king was a visitor at Wilton, the seat of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, they received a call to perform before the royal party. The editors of the First Folio of Shakespeare's plays (1623), in the dedication of that volume, addressing William Herbert and his brother Philip, Earl of Montgomery, refer to the great favour which these patrons of art had shown both to the author of the plays and the plays themselves. When his Majesty's long-delayed state entry into London took place, Shakespeare and his fellows appeared in the king's train: "each of them was presented with four yards and a half of scarlet cloth, the usual dress allowance to players

[1] Shakespeare's play was already in print, but the earlier quartos—those published in Elizabeth's reign—do not contain the deposition scene, lines 154–318 of act iv. sc. 1. See vol. ii. p. 393.

belonging to the household. The poet and his colleagues were termed the king's servants, and took rank at court amongst the Grooms of the Chamber."[1] We have records (copied for Malone) of the performance by the king's servants at Whitehall of Othello (Nov. 1, 1604), of Measure for Measure (Dec. 26, 1604), and of King Lear (Dec. 26, 1606). The lines in Measure for Measure (ii. 4. 24–30) which describe the troubles of a king occasioned by the over-demonstrative loyalty of his admiring subjects, and those in Macbeth which tell of the cure of the king's-evil by the royal touch, are supposed to have been meant as compliments to King James.

During the summer and early autumn months the players often itinerated. Thus in the summer of 1597 Shakespeare's company travelled through Sussex and Kent; on Sept. 3rd they acted at Dover, where, as Halliwell-Phillipps has observed, the author of Lear might have seen the samphire gatherers on the cliff, which may have served as model for Edgar's imaginary precipice. They turned westward in that year, reached Bristol, and performed at Marlborough and Bath. In the autumn of 1605 they travelled to Barnstaple, and before returning to town acted before the mayor and corporation of Oxford. In that city of spires and colleges Shakespeare probably lodged at John D'Avenant's tavern, and knew the tavern-keeper's handsome wife. Her boy, the future dramatist, Sir William D'Avenant, born in March, 1606, was reputed to be Shakespeare's godson. The gossip which named our poet as father of the boy has no real evidence to lend it support.

The playhouse in which Shakespeare first acted, if not "The Theatre" which belonged to James Burbage, must have been that named "The Curtain," which stood not far off in a division of the parish of Shoreditch known as the Liberty of Halliwell (holy well). Here, on the edge of the great city, the country had actually begun; we read of a prentice in the year 1584 sleeping on the grass "very nere the Theatre or Curten." In 1598 The Theatre had ceased to be suitable for the requirements of the time, and in the winter of that year (Dec.-Jan. 1598–99) the timber of which it was built was removed to Southwark with a view to its forming part of a new and better structure. This building, known as The Globe, from its sign of Hercules or Atlas carrying his load, stood not far from London Bridge, a little westward, and close to the river on the Southwark side. Upon a circular substructure rose two wooden stories, which included the galleries and boxes. These, and the stage, were roofed with thatch; the pit or yard was open to the weather. In the profits of this theatre Shakespeare was a sharer. Blackfriars Theatre, with which also Shakespeare's name is associated, was converted into a building for dramatic performances from a large house purchased by the elder Burbage in 1596. The inhabitants of Blackfriars petitioned the privy-council without success against the establishment of the theatre, setting forth in their memorial the various dangers and annoyances to which they would

[1] Halliwell-Phillipps: Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare, vol. i. p. 212.

be subjected by its presence in the neighbourhood. For a time it was leased by the Burbages to one Evans for the performances of the boy-actors, Her Majesty's Children of the Chapel. When they quitted it Shakespeare's company took their place, and in the later days of his dramatic career the great poet himself may have appeared on the boards of Blackfriars. Dryden informs us that The Tempest was represented at this theatre and was well received.

The theatrical company which produced a play in Elizabethan days had no wish to see the work in print, its publication necessarily detracting from the novelty of the piece. But from the year 1597 onwards several of Shakespeare's dramas were placed in the hands of the booksellers, and were printed, each singly, in quarto form. The first to appear was King Richard II. (1597), from which the deposition scene was omitted. It was speedily followed by King Richard III. A pirated copy of Romeo and Juliet, made up from fragments of manuscript, eked out by notes taken during the performance, and by recollected lines and speeches, appeared in the same year (1597). In 1598 King Henry IV. and the revised version of Love's Labour's Lost were published. Hardly a year, indeed, passed from this date until that of Shakespeare's death without the appearance in quarto of some new tragedy, history, or comedy, or the republication of one which had already issued from the press. The popularity of Shakespeare's two chief non-dramatic poems was of remarkable continuance, as is attested by the number of successive editions. Occasionally plays or poems by other writers were foisted on the public by unscrupulous publishers with the attractive name or initials of William Shakespeare on the title-page. A list of his works, most valuable from the light it throws on their chronology, appears in a "Comparative Discourse of our English Poets with the Greeke, Latine, and Italian Poets," which is printed near the end of a little volume named Palladis Tamia by Francis Meres, a Master of Arts of both universities. The chapter was written in the summer of 1598, and it bears remarkable testimony to the high rank held by Shakespeare both as a narrative and a dramatic poet. "As the soule of Euphorbus," says Meres, "was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witnes his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugred Sonnets among his private friends, &c.—As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witnes his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love labors lost, his Love labours wonne, his Midsummers night dreame, and his Merchant of Venice; for tragedy, his Richard the 2, Richard the 3, Henry the 4, King John, Titus Andronicus and his Romeo and Juliet.—As Epius Stolo said that the Muses would speake with Plautus tongue, if they would speak Latin; so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeares fine filed phrase, if they would speake English." The Love's Labour's Won which Meres names may be a lost play of Shakespeare,

or possibly, as has been conjectured, All 's Well that Ends Well in an earlier form may have borne this title. The "sugred Sonnets among his private friends" may be some of those printed afterwards (1609) in the quarto edition of "Shakespeare's Sonnets." Two of these sonnets, with a different text, were included among the poems of "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599, a slender volume made up of pieces of verse, many of which are certainly not by Shakespeare, though his name is placed upon the fraudulent title-page. A theory most skilfully worked out by Mr. Tyler, with some assistance from Mr. Harrison, which identifies the young friend addressed in Shakespeare's Sonnets with William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, and the raven-haired lady with Queen Elizabeth's maid of honour, Mrs. Mary Fitton, places the first acquaintance of the poet with Herbert, then a youth of eighteen, in the spring of the year 1598. While several other theories of Shakespeare's Sonnets are amusing from their absurdity, this is highly interesting from its ingenuity; and yet it seems to me to remain doubtful whether Herbert and his mistress are in any way connected with these perplexing poems, which endlessly invite the reader and endlessly baffle his attempts to read their biographical meanings clear. Whether Shakespeare formed the acquaintance of William Herbert in this year or not, we may believe that it became memorable through the beginning of another friendship, which, with some possible brief interruption, seems to have been life-long. In September, 1598, Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour was brought out by the Lord Chamberlain's company. According to Rowe the comedy was on the point of being rejected, when Shakespeare, casting his eye over the manuscript, perceived its merit, and on reading it through exerted his influence to secure its performance. "I loved the man," wrote Jonson after the death of Shakespeare, "and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any." It was inevitable that Jonson, with his classical training and strict ideas on literary style, should be of the opinion that Shakespeare often wronged his genius by careless writing: "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that, in his writing, whatsoever he penn'd he never blotted out line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted a thousand." The noble memorial verses by Jonson prefixed to the First Folio Shakespeare exalt our poet to a place beside his greatest predecessors in the literature of Greece and Rome, and do honour not only to his natural gifts but to his art. Of the personal relations of the two great dramatists we have a well-known and delightful record in Fuller's Worthies, where he tells of their many wit-combats: "Which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Hours of brilliant wit combat in the London tavern did not cause Shakespeare

to forget his Stratford home. We have seen that in the spring of 1597 he became the purchaser of New Place, a large house standing on nearly an acre of ground. The death of his son Hamnet, in August of the preceding year, left him without male issue; but his purpose to occupy a strong and dignified position in his native town was not turned aside by this grief, which, nevertheless, he must have keenly felt.[1] The draft of a grant of coat-armour to John Shakespeare, dated October, 1596, is in existence. We cannot doubt that the real mover in the matter was John Shakespeare's prosperous son; and the grant not having been made, it was again sought three years later. From 1598 onwards we are to think of the great poet as "William Shakespeare of Straford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman," although his time was mainly spent in the metropolis or on his professional tours through the provinces. He is returned as holding ten quarters of corn in the Chapel Street Ward of Stratford, in February, 1598. He seems already to have looked forward to enjoying the pleasures of a country life. He laid out part of his garden as a fruit orchard, and at a later date it was he, according to a well-authenticated tradition, who was the first to introduce the mulberry-tree among his townsfolk. An attempt was made (1597) by the family towards the recovery of the mortgaged estate of Asbies, but, as far as we are aware, without success. Abraham Sturley of Stratford, writing to his brother-in-law, Richard Quiney, in London (24th Jan. 1597–98), mentions that "Mr. Shaksper is willinge to disburse some monie upon some od yarde land or other at Shotterie or near about us," and urges his correspondent to move Mr. Shakespeare "to deal in the matter of our tithes." To purchase this tithe-lease from the corporation would advantage both Shakespeare and his neighbours: "by the friends he can make therefor, we think it a fair mark for him to shoot at;—it obtained would advance him indeed and would do us much good." "If you bargain with William Shakespeare," writes Richard Quiney's father (late in 1598 or early in 1599), "or receive money therefor, bring your money home that you may." Richard Quiney was negotiating in the metropolis matters of importance for the Stratford Corporation. The only letter addressed to Shakespeare which is known to exist—and it is doubtful whether the letter was ever delivered—is one from this Quiney, himself a well-to-do Stratford mercer (Oct. 1598), asking for a loan of thirty pounds. We learn at the same time from a letter of Sturley's (4th Nov. 1598) that Shakespeare had undertaken to negotiate an advance of money to the corporation. These details are of interest not only as evidence of Shakespeare's growing prosperity and influence, but also as showing that he kept in close relations with the men of Stratford and had a part in the public concerns of the town.

In the autumn of 1601 Shakespeare lost his father; the funeral took place

[1] Malone supposed that the lamentations of Constance in King John for the loss of her boy may have derived some of their intensity of expression from Shakespeare's personal grief. But King John was probably written before 1596.

on September 8th. His widowed mother lived for seven years more, and it was at the same season of the year, and almost to the day, that her death occurred (buried September 9, 1608). John Shakespeare, once the chief burgess of Stratford, had the satisfaction of seeing the fallen fortunes of his family restored through the energy and prudence of his son. An important purchase of land—one hundred and seven acres near Stratford—was made in May, 1602, for which Shakespeare paid the large sum of £320, his brother Gilbert acting in the affair as his agent. A few months later, in September, he added to his possessions a cottage and garden opposite the lower grounds of New Place. His largest purchase was that of July, 1605, when for the sum of £440 he obtained the unexpired term of the moiety of a lease of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe. Twenty acres of pasture were added to his arable land in 1610. The creator of Hamlet and King Lear evidently lived in no dream-world, but had a vigorous grasp of positive fact. A certain Philip Rogers had received bushels of malt from Mr. William Shakespeare to the value of £1, 19*s.* 10*d.*, and had, moreover, borrowed from him the sum of two shillings. Six shillings had been paid back. But the poet could not see why one pound, fifteen shillings and tenpence due to him should remain in Philip Rogers' pocket, and accordingly he took proceedings (1604) to recover the balance of the debt. Again, in 1608–9 the author of the ardent idealizing Sonnets, published in the latter year, was prosecuting a suit for the recovery of a debt of £6 owed by John Addenbroke, and when a verdict was given for the debt and for costs, Addenbroke not being found within the liberty of the borough, Shakespeare pursued his cause against the debtor's bail, a person named Horneby. It is not always the case that a master in the world of ideas and of imagination is also a master of prudent husbandry in the material world.

The year 1607 was one of mingled joy and sorrow. On June the 5th Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susanna, was married in Stratford-on-Avon to Mr. John Hall, a Master of Arts and a successful physician. The bride was twenty-five years of age; the bridegroom thirty-two. So midsummer had its rejoicings; but December closed darkly, for it was on the last day of 1607 that the great bell of St. Saviour's, Southwark, tolled for the burial of Shakespeare's brother Edmund. A few weeks later and Shakespeare had attained, before the age of forty-four, the dignity of being a grandfather; Elizabeth, the only daughter of the Halls, was born in February, 1608, and her baby presence must have cheered the few short remaining months of the life of Shakespeare's mother. It seems probable that he continued to reside in Stratford for a little while after his mother's funeral, for on October 16th he stood as godfather at the baptism of William Walker, the child of a mercer and alderman of the town; to this godchild he afterwards bequeathed "twenty shillings in gold."

At what precise date Shakespeare retired from the theatre and sold his shares in the Globe cannot be ascertained. It was probably not earlier than

1611, not later than 1613. In March, 1613, he bought for £140 a house in London near the Blackfriars Theatre, £60 of the purchase money remaining on mortgage. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps supposes that Shakespeare may have intended to convert part of the house, the ground-floor of which had been a haberdasher's shop, into his town residence, and that at the date of the purchase he was still connected with the stage. But all that we certainly know is that before his death he leased this London house to John Robinson, who, as Halliwell-Phillipps notices, "was oddly enough, one of the persons who had violently opposed the establishment of the neighbouring theatre." In midsummer of the year 1613 the Globe Theatre was destroyed by fire, "while Burbage's company were acting the play of Henry VIII., and there shooting off certain chambers in the way of triumph" (T. Lorkin's letter to Sir T. Puckering). This Henry VIII. was not improbably the play which, with certain alterations, we possess among Shakespeare's works, and which is partly from his hand. It is possible that many manuscripts of dramatists—including some by Shakespeare—perished in the flames. The Globe was rebuilt in a costlier manner, and was opened in 1614; but the stage on which the greatest dramatic works in all literature had been first presented had ceased to exist, and their author, like his own wise Prospero, had broken his magic staff and put off his robes of enchantment.

We know little of Shakespeare's elder days at Stratford. "The latter part of his life," says Rowe, "was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. . . His pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood." Amongst his acquaintances was John Combe, who, dying in 1614, left him a legacy of £5. A satirical epitaph on Combe, said to have been produced impromptu by Shakespeare, has been handed down by tradition; but there is little evidence to show that the lines are genuine. In the autumn of the same year an attempt was made to inclose a portion of the neighbouring common-fields. It is not quite certain whether Shakespeare endeavoured to forward (as Halliwell-Phillipps maintains) or to oppose the project; there is no doubt that he took measures to secure himself against loss if the inclosure should be effected.[1] An entry of 1614 in the accounts of the Stratford Chamberlain sets our fancy pleasantly to work. "Item: For one quart of sack, and one quart of clarett wine, given to a preacher at the *New Place* xxd." Stratford had grown puritanical since Shakespeare was a boy; in 1602, and again in 1612, orders against plays and interludes were made by the corporation; at last the players were paid *not* to perform. "Mrs. Hall and her husband," as I have elsewhere written, "did not forfeit the poet's regard because they were somewhat puritanically inclined. Perhaps Shakespeare's wife

[1] The words in the diary of Thomas Greene, town-clerk of Stratford, commonly printed "Mr. Shakspeare tellyng J. Greene that he was not able to bear the encloseing of Welcombe," seem in fact to be "that I was not able, &c." Dr. Ingleby supposed that Greene wrote "I" by mistake.

had sought in religion a satisfaction which her marriage had not afforded. We can imagine the great interpreter of life listening with a serious smile to the whole truth as expounded by the preacher, and recognizing as a pleasant human foible the preacher's interest in claret and sherry sack." If there were any truth in the crab-tree legend (which, however, dates only from 1762) we should believe that Shakespeare himself, with the encouragement of his companion Ben Jonson, could for the nonce carouse "potations pottle-deep," and become somewhat more than flustered with his cups.

In February, 1616, Shakespeare saw Judith, his second daughter, married. Her husband, Thomas Quiney, a son of the Richard Quiney who had begged Shakespeare for a loan of money, was four years younger than his wife. He was certainly a fairly educated man, and during the earlier portion of his married life he occupied a good position in the town, doing business as a vintner, and becoming a member of the corporation and subsequently their chamberlain. But after a time prosperity forsook him and he drifted to London. His eldest son, named Shakespeare Quiney, died an infant; two younger sons, Richard and Thomas, reached manhood, but both died childless before their mother, who lived on through the Civil War to Restoration days. She died in 1662 in her seventy-eighth year.

Before the marriage took place—a marriage celebrated somewhat hastily without a license—Shakespeare, then in perfect health, had given instructions for his will. The draft copy was ready for engrossment, but the fair copy had not yet been made when in March, 1616, the testator was taken seriously ill. Delay in obtaining the necessary signatures was deemed inexpedient, and certain corrections having been made by interlineation the draft copy was duly signed by the sick man and the witnesses. The chief part of his property was left to his eldest daughter, but Judith received a substantial sum of money; his sister Joan Hart, who became a widow a few days before her brother's death, was considerately remembered; small sums were left to the sons of his sister; ten pounds to the poor of Stratford; nor did Shakespeare as he lay mortally ill forget his former fellows of the Globe Theatre, for to Richard Burbage, John Hemmings, and Henry Condell he left, by an interlineation, "twenty-six shillings and eight pence a-piece to buy them ringes." Beside the signatures at the foot of each page the words "by me" at the close of the will are in Shakespeare's handwriting, and no other words, except his own name, remain to us in the poet's autograph. On Tuesday, April 23, 1616, the great spirit, "a little lower than the angels," passed away.[2]

[2] The name of Shakespeare is found written in a copy of Florio's Montaigne purchased for £100 by the British Museum in 1838. Its genuineness has been disputed. The words "Wllm Shakspeare, hundred and twenty poundes" are written on a paper found in the original binding of a copy of North's Plutarch, 1603, now in the Boston (U.S.A.) Public Library. There are many reasons in favour of its genuineness, but they are not decisive. It is not suggested that the volume ever belonged to Shakespeare. See "Bulletin of the Boston Public Library," vol. 8. no. 4.

The malady of which Shakespeare died is supposed to have been a fever. According to the memoranda-book written in 1662–63 by the Rev. John Ward, vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, it was contracted after a "merry meeting" with Drayton and Ben Jonson, at which the convivial friends "drank too hard." We may perhaps agree with Halliwell-Phillipps in finding a sufficient cause for blood-poisoning in the wretched sanitary conditions surrounding New Place. "If truth, and not romance, is to be invoked," says this careful biographer,

Bust from the Tomb at Stratford.

"were there the woodbine and sweet honeysuckle within reach of the poet's death-bed, their fragrance would have been neutralized by their vicinity to middens, fetid water-courses, mud-walls, and piggeries."

On April 25th Shakespeare's body was laid in its resting-place, the chancel of the parish church, to which position for a grave the owner of the tithes had an acknowledged right. The grave is near the north wall of the chancel. Over the spot where the body lies was placed a slab bearing the inscription, which a tradition attributes to Shakespeare himself:—

GOOD FREND FOR IESUS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE;
BLESTE BE THE MAN THAT SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE THAT MOVES MY BONES.

"It should be remembered," observes Halliwell-Phillipps, "that the transfer

of bones from graves to the charnel-house was then an ordinary practice at Stratford-on-Avon." Shakespeare's bones have lain more secure in their modest grave during three centuries than those of Schiller in the grand-ducal vault at Weimar.

Shakespeare's widow lived for more than seven years after her husband's death. She died on August 6th, 1623. The Halls continued to reside at New Place; the physician attained a high reputation for skill in his profession; in matters of faith he seems to have inclined more decidedly to Puritanism as the years went by. His death took place in 1635; that of his wife, Susanna Hall—who was esteemed for her goodness, piety, and bright intelligence—in 1649. Elizabeth Hall, Shakespeare's grandchild, was twice married; on April 22, 1626, to Thomas Nash, who died in 1647; and secondly, about two years after, to Sir John Barnard of Abington, in the county of Northampton. She had no child by either husband, and on her death, in February 1669–70, the lineal descent from Shakespeare came to an end.

Not long after his death, certainly before 1623, a monument was erected to Shakespeare on the northern wall of the chancel of the parish church at Stratford. It contains a life-size bust, the work either of Gerard Johnson, sculptor and "tombe-maker," a native of Amsterdam who resided in London, or of Johnson's son. The bust—a somewhat coarse piece of art—is made of a soft bluish limestone; several excellent judges are of opinion that it was cut from a death-mask as model. It presents a face powerful and full-blooded, rather than refined or subtle; the great dome of the forehead is, however, a very striking feature. Originally the bust was coloured to resemble life: the eyes a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn, the doublet scarlet, and the sleeveless gown worn over it black. The right hand holds a pen, the left rests on a sheet of paper placed upon a cushion. Underneath the cushion is the following inscription:—

IVDICIO PYLIUM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MÆRET, OLYMPUS HABET.

STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST?
READ IF THOV CANST, WHOM ENVIOUS DEATH HATH PLAST,
WITH IN THIS MONVMENT SHAKSPEARE: WITH WHOME
QVICK NATVRE DIDE: WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK Y^S TOMBE,
FAR MORE THAN COST: SIEH ALL, Y^T HE HATH WRITT,
LEAVES LIVING ART, BVT PAGE, TO SERVE HIS WITT.

OBIIT ANNO DO^I 1616.
ÆTATIS 53 DIE 23 AP.

In 1793, on the advice of Edmond Malone, the bust was painted white; and so it remained until 1861, when it was recoloured as at the first. Beside the Stratford bust there is only one unquestionable portrait of the great poet—that upon the title-page of the First Folio (1623). It was engraved by Martin Droeshout, and verses by Ben Jonson commend it as a trustworthy likeness. It is ill executed, yet it seems to me a more pleasing portrait than the bust,

while there is enough in common between the two to assure us that in each there is at least something of the substance of truth. The authenticity of the celebrated Kesselstadt death-mask is very doubtful, but we could wish to believe that this noble and refined face was indeed that of Shakespeare. The Chandos, the Felton, the Jansen, and the Stratford portraits are all of questionable pedigree; many other alleged likenesses can be proved to be forgeries. We must be content to accept certain broad facts from the bust and the Droeshout print, and supply from our imagination the spirit and the life which these unfortunately lack. And if this should leave us at the last unsatisfied we may be well content to follow the counsel of Ben Jonson:

Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

II.

Studying Shakespeare's Book of Might, as Jonson exhorts us to do, we assuredly make acquaintance with the man in the best possible way; we are constantly in contact with his mind; he neighbours us on every side, rouses our intellect, moves our passions, confirms our will, moulds our character, touches our spirit to finer issues, envelops us with the atmosphere of his wisdom, courage, mirth, benignity. We breathe his influence. And yet so effectually does he hide himself behind his creation, that even while we live and move in his power and presence, it seems as if we knew him not and could never know him aright. Let us take heart; he who knows the offspring of Shakespeare's genius knows the man, and indeed is far more intimate with Shakespeare's mind than if he were to meet the great poet now and again in the tiring-room of the Globe, or the inner chamber of the Mermaid Tavern, or even in the quietude of his Stratford fields and lanes.

Portrait of Shakespeare. After Droeshout.

Shakespeare was fortunate in the moment of his advent to the stage. The English people had successfully passed through a period of probation, and now stood "upon the top of happy hours." The classical culture of the Renaissance and its passionate temper had been united in the national mind with the grave thought and the moral earnestness of the Reformation. The fires of Smithfield

were extinct; the conspiracies against the queen had been defeated; the Spanish fleet had been flung from our inviolable shores. A spirit of unbounded energy was abroad, with an exultant patriotic pride and an exhilarating consciousness of power. It was a great age of action, and men through their imagination were swift to enter into all that great deeds spring from—high thoughts, ardent desires, fierce indignation, fervent love. Life in every form and aspect was infinitely interesting to them. And if they saw and felt the tragic side of things, none the less did they enjoy the comedy of human existence. Its laughter and its tears were alike near and real for them, and one of these, as they felt, could easily pass into the other.

The moment was especially a fortunate one for a dramatic writer. The development of every art during its earlier stages is gradual and slow; the bud insensibly swells and matures, then suddenly some genial morning the calyx bursts, the bud becomes a blossom, and all its colour and fragrance are open to the day. So it was with the dramatic art in the later Elizabethan years. Its history from the earliest miracle-plays had been one of some centuries. The drama was not the creation of a few eminent individuals, but rather a product of the national mind distinguished by the features of the national character. In the Collective Mystery, which surveyed the history of the human race from the origin of man to the judgment-day, it had gained an epic breadth. In the Moralities it had acquired an ethical depth, a seriousness of moral purpose, and this didactic tendency had in a measure been saved from the aridity and abstractedness of mere allegory by the close connection of the Morality with historical passions, persons, and events. In both the Miracles and the Moralities scope had been found for the play of humour, sometimes deliberately sought as a relief from the poetry of edification, sometimes naively mingling with passages of grace, tenderness, or pathos, and enhancing the effect of these. Under the influence of a growing sense of art, aided by classical models, and Italian plays and tales of passion and of wit, the elder forms of the English drama passed away or were transmuted into regular tragedy, comedy, and history. The mirth was still often rude, but it began to be organized around some dramatic centre, and to find its sources not merely in ridiculous incidents, but in what is mirth-provoking in human character. The terror and pity were often coarsely stimulated by scenes of outrage and inexhaustible effusion of blood; but amid these scenes of horror figures which had in them at least great tragic possibilities sometimes appeared. Perhaps the most truly English of the several dramatic forms was the Chronicle History, allied at once with tragedy and comedy, but in some degree saved from the extravagances of each by the substantial matter of historical fact with which it dealt. When great deeds were actually accomplished by Englishmen they had a ready credence of the imagination for the heroic achievements of their ancestors as set forth in these Histories. They had even some of the elements of a true historic sense.

Shakespeare's immediate predecessors in the drama were scholar-poets, who yet, with one exception—that of John Lyly—may be said to have used popular methods, and to have made their appeal not to scholarly or courtly spectators, but to the people. As poets of the Renaissance they delighted in classical allusion and classical imagery, but these served chiefly as a colour and varnish of their art; in conception it was essentially romantic and English of the Elizabethan days. The tragedies of Marlowe in their plots are pure melodrama, but the melodrama is glorified by the genius of a poet who was a lofty idealist in art, and whose imagination hungered and thirsted after beauty. In each of his earlier plays a great protagonist stands forth who is the incarnation of some supreme passion; Tamburlaine, embodying the mere lust of sway in its crudest form; Barrabas, the passion of avarice with attendant power; Faustus, the desire of boundless knowledge with the empire that knowledge brings. In Edward II. the dramatist gave the model of a noble historical play, from which Shakespeare perhaps made studies in writing scenes of his own Richard II. Comedy owed nearly as much to Greene and Peele as tragedy owed to Marlowe. They first lifted comedy out of its mean surroundings and made it poetical. Not that they despised buffooneries and horseplay as modes of raising a laugh, but they did not rest content with these. Amid the sordid haunts and coarse excesses of his London life Greene had an imagination which delighted in the beauty and innocence of the countryside and rural pleasures, real or Arcadian; in the company of knaves and trulls he could conceive, as no other dramatist of his time, the purity and sweetness of English wife and maiden. From each of his predecessors Shakespeare gained something for his art, and he quickly surpassed them all. From Marlowe he learnt the use of that majestic measure, blank verse, first heard on a public stage in the tragedy of Tamburlaine; and it became ductile in his hands and capable of infinite variety. From Greene he learnt the use of the rhymed couplet, which he employed with such happy facility in his earlier plays. Kyd it may have been who instructed him in various pieces of rhetorical sleight of hand in verse, which could be adapted to the expression of dramatic passion or to the control of that expression. The prose of lively dialogue, with quick turns of wit and repartee, which we find in the first comedies of Shakespeare, was in large measure derived from Lyly.

In all that is external and mechanical the theatre was still comparatively rude. During Shakespeare's connection with the stage the buildings used for dramatic entertainments were of two classes—public theatres, and those which were called private. The private theatres were the smaller in size, and were wholly roofed in, whereas the public theatres, except over the stage and boxes, were open to the sky. In private theatres the performances commonly took place by the light of candles or cressets; in public theatres, by daylight. In both the play began in the afternoon, often at three o'clock, and ended at five or between five and six o'clock. The spectators who occupied the pit or "yard" were obliged

in public theatres to stand; in private theatres they were seated. The interior form of theatres was usually circular or oval, and the boxes or "rooms" and galleries or "scaffolds" rose above one another in tiers as they do at present. The prices for admittance to various houses and to various parts of the house ranged from one penny or twopence to two shillings or half-a-crown. In public theatres young men of rank and fashion were accommodated with stools on each side of the rush-strewn stage, where their attendants waited upon them and supplied them with their pipes of tobacco. Ladies visiting the theatre sometimes wore masks. Movable painted scenery had not yet been devised; but stage properties, some of which served as elements of scenery, were numerous; rocks and tombs, stairs and steeples, banks and bay-trees, are enumerated in an old inventory. Costumes were often rich and costly. In front of the stage ran curtains which could be drawn and withdrawn as was needful, and at the back of the stage similar curtains, named "traverses," occupied the place of our scenery, and could be used for exits and entrances of actors. When a tragedy was represented the stage was sometimes hung with black. Towards the rear of the stage rose an upper stage, from which, when it seemed suitable, part of the dialogue could be spoken. This upper stage might be imagined the walls of a besieged city as in King John, or a balcony as in Romeo and Juliet, or a stage within the stage as in the play-scene of Hamlet. The opening of the play was announced by three soundings or flourishes of the trumpet; during its performance a flag displayed from the roof informed the public in the streets that entertainment was provided for them within. A player wearing a black velvet cloak delivered the prologue. In the intervals of acting the band, stationed below at the side of the stage, helped to beguile the time. Occasionally an epilogue was pronounced; we find that such was the case with As You Like It, where the epilogue is spoken by Rosalind in prose, and the Tempest, where it is spoken by Prospero in verse. A prayer for the reigning monarch, recited by the actors kneeling on the stage, closed the piece. But this devout exercise was often immediately preceded or followed by the clown's "jig," a humorous or burlesque effusion in verse, often rhymed, which the merryman sang, sometimes dancing while he sang, to the accompaniment of pipe and tabor. It must be remembered as one of the most important differences between the Elizabethan stage and the stage subsequent to the Restoration of King Charles II., that in the earlier period female parts were taken by boys. "By 'r lady," says Hamlet to the growing youth who acted the Player Queen, "your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring." And among the possible indignities on which the imagination of the Egyptian queen dwells is that of being presented by the comedians on the stage, where some "squeaking Cleopatra" might "boy her greatness." We can well believe that Shakespeare would have rejoiced if it were possible to intrust such parts as those of Cleo-

patra, Lady Macbeth, Juliet, Rosalind, Viola, Imogen, to an actress of genius, capable of entering into all his meanings, instead of to a performer of the other sex, "not old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple." Nor can we suppose that he was contented with the scanty resources of the Elizabethan theatre,

Sketch of the Interior of the Swan Theatre

or thought its poverty an advantage to his art. In the Prologue to King Henry V. he apologizes for the very inadequate representation of great historical events, and appeals to the imagination of the spectators to supply the deficiencies of the stage.

A rude sketch of the interior of the Swan Theatre, London, as it was about the year 1596, was not long since brought to light in the University Library, Utrecht. It is from the hand of a learned Dutchman, Johannes de Witt, who

visited England towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth.[1] The stage, strongly supported on timber bulks, is occupied by three actors, and has for all its furniture a bench on which a female figure is seated. Neither curtains nor traverses appear. At the back of the stage, which is open to the weather, is the tiring-room, to which two doors give entrance, and above this rises a covered balcony or row of boxes occupied by spectators, but available at need for the actors. The trumpeter is seen at the door of a covered chamber near the gallery-roof, and from its summit floats a flag having upon it the figure of a swan. The form of the building is oval. No other drawing of the interior of an Elizabethan theatre is known to exist.

Assuming that Shakespeare, after the alleged deer-stealing adventure, left Stratford for London in 1586 or 1587, we can hardly suppose that any of the work which has come down to us was written before 1589 He had much to learn, which could not be learnt in a day At a considerably later date he was still a workman in his apprenticeship to the dramatic craft, engaged in rehandling the work of Greene and Marlowe. He continued to write for the stage until 1611 or perhaps 1613. Thus his entire career as a dramatist covers some twenty or at most five-and-twenty years. Various attempts have been made by Shakespeare scholars to distinguish the successive stages in the development of his genius, and to classify his plays in a series of chronological groups. One such attempt is that of a learned French Orientalist, who was also a well-informed student of English literature, M. James Darmesteter. It is substantially identical with that which I had myself proposed, a division of the total twenty or twenty-five years of Shakespeare's authorship into four periods of unequal length, to which I had given names intended to lay hold of the student's memory, names which, without being fanciful, should be striking and easy to bear in mind. The earliest period I called "In the Workshop," meaning by this the term of apprenticeship and tentative effort; the years which immediately followed, during which Shakespeare, though a master of his art, dwelt much on the broad surface of human life, years represented by the best English histories and some of the brightest comedies, I named "In the World." To indicate the third period, that of the serious, dark, or bitter comedies, and those great tragedies in which the poet makes his searching inquisition into evil, the title "Out of the Depths" served sufficiently well. Finally, for the closing period, when the romantic comedies, at once grave and glad—Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale, The Tempest—were written, I chose the name "On the Heights," signifying thereby that in these exquisite plays Shakespeare had attained an altitude from which he saw human life in a clear and solemn vision, looking down through a pellucid atmosphere upon human joys and sorrows with a certain aloofness or disengagement, yet at the same time with a tender and pathetic interest. The names adopted by M. Darmesteter may, if the reader chooses, replace those which I

[1] See "Zur Kenntnis der Altenglischen Bühne," by Karl Theodor Gaedertz (Bremen, 1888).

ventured to offer, only the reader should be on his guard against the notion that at any time either what we now term "pessimism" or what we term "optimism" formed the creed, or any portion of the creed, of Shakespeare. According to M. Darmesteter the first period extends from 1588 to 1593; he names it "Les Années d'Apprentissage;" it is succeeded by the "Période d'Épanouissement" (1593–1601); upon which follows the "Période Pessimiste" (1601–8); and the great career closes with the rolling away of clouds and the outbeaming of a serene sun in the "Période Optimiste" (1608–13).

In the study of the chronology of Shakespeare's plays the larger results may be considered as certain. Much was done long since to determine the order of the plays by Malone. The dates of the publication of the early quartos, the dates of the entries of plays in the registers of the Stationers' Company, mention of the plays, or allusion to them or quotations from them, in contemporary writings, references in the plays themselves to recent historical events or incidents of the day, quotations made by Shakespeare from books of known date—evidence of these various kinds had accumulated long since in the hands of students of the drama, and had sufficed to ascertain the Shakespearian chronology at least in outline. The internal evidence derived from the changes of the dramatist's style and diction, passing from the studious elaborateness of such a play as The Two Gentlemen of Verona to the subtlety in swiftness of utterance in such a play as The Tempest, came to the aid of evidence that was wholly or in part external. If classical allusions were crowded and often inappropriate, if puns and forced conceits were frequent, if the expression of strong feeling swelled into bombast, it was easy to perceive that the play must be of an early or comparatively early date. If the structure of the play and the grouping of the characters were stiff and symmetrical, it could hardly belong to the later stages of Shakespeare's authorship. If the characterization were faint or overbroad, if the thoughts on human life were slight and superficial, if the wit was verbal and shallow, if the humour was unmingled with pathos, again we might infer that the work was one of the poet's earlier years. No one who read the Comedy of Errors and Measure for Measure could suppose that they lay near one another in point of time; no one could suppose that Romeo and Juliet, full of true passion and beauty as it is, could be followed without a great interval by Antony and Cleopatra. In recent years the study of changes which Shakespeare's versification underwent has in a striking manner confirmed the results previously attained, and perhaps has added something to them. As he grew to be a master of his craft the poet came to feel that rhyme rather interrupted than aided the expression of dramatic feeling; having employed rhyme at first freely, and then with reserve, he finally discarded it altogether. At the same time his blank verse underwent various changes, which may all be summed up in the general statement that it became less mechanical and more vital, less formally regular and more swift, subtle and complex—complex not with the intricacy of mecha-

nical arrangement but with the mystery and the movement of life. The flow of the verse became freer; it paused less frequently at the close of the line; it ran into subtly modulated periods; it adapted itself to the expression of every varying mood of feeling; it overleaped the allotted ten syllables, or gathered itself up into a narrower space as the movement of passion required; it was no longer the decorated raiment but rather the living body of the idea.

Shakespeare's years of apprenticeship produced tentative work of the most various kinds, and constantly growing in excellence of handling. Although himself no classical scholar, in the higher sense of that word, and but slightly, if at all, acquainted at first hand with Italian literature, his early plays and poems exhibit the Renaissance influences derived from classical themes, Latin models in tragedy and comedy, and the glad-coloured or sad-coloured literature of the south. "Titus Andronicus," writes an excellent critic, "in many of its characteristic features, reflects the form of Roman tragedy almost universally accepted and followed in the earlier period of the drama. . . . The Medea and Thyestes of Seneca are crowded with Pagan horrors of the most revolting kind. It is true these horrors are usually related, not represented, although in the Medea the maddened heroine kills her children on the stage. But from these tragedies the conception of the physically horrible as an element of tragedy was imported into the early English drama, and intensified by the realistic tendency which the events of the time and the taste of their ruder audiences had impressed upon the common stages." With respect to Titus Andronicus, however, we must remember that, in all probability, Shakespeare is not responsible for its horrors and shames. He may possibly have begun his worldly career as a butcher's apprentice at Stratford-on-Avon. We are not compelled to believe that his dramatic career opened in the slaughter-house. If, to aid his theatrical fellows, he retouched the old play of Titus Andronicus, he certainly took no pleasure in lopped limbs and the reek of blood. If for an hour he was brought into contact with the tragedy of gross and material horror, it was only that he might turn away from it for ever. Whether he wrote a few lines of the play here and a few lines there, or wrote them not, concerns us but little; the play taken as a whole may justly be described as of the pre-Shakespearian school.

The influence of Latin comedy is seen in the Comedy of Errors. While the main subject was derived from the Menæchmi of Plautus, some hints were also taken from his Amphitruo. But if Seneca was too heavy for Shakespeare, Plautus was somewhat too light. Our dramatist, indeed, complicates the plot and diversifies the mirthful entanglements, making the fun fly faster by adding to the twin-brothers Antipholus their twin-attendants Dromio. But he adds also a serious background, and towards the close he rises for a little space from mirth to pathos. The ingenious construction of the play, its skilful network of incidents, its bright intricacy which never falls into confusion are remarkable, for Shakespeare is commonly credited with having paid but little attention to his plots.

Love's Labour's Lost may be earlier in date than the Comedy of Errors. It was perhaps the first independent play of Shakespeare's authorship, but, as we have received it, the work is considerably altered from the original version. Gervinus has remarked that the tone of the Italian school prevails here more than in any other play: "In the burlesque parts of Love's Labour's Lost we meet with two favourite characters or caricatures of the Italian comedy; the Pedant, that is the schoolmaster and grammarian, and the military Braggart, the Thraso of the Latin, the 'Captain Spavento' of the Italian stage." Shakespeare, however, did not merely reproduce dramatic types or stock figures; he had his eye on the affectations and mannerisms of his own day. It is as if someone of our generation were to make his début by a theatrical satire on the so-called æsthetes of a few years since, with skits at our fashionable scientific pedantry, our woman's-rights movement, and other admired modes of the time. There is in Love's Labour's Lost an impatience of folly, dulness, and ineptitude which is a happy symptom of youth. Something of the writer's youthful philosophy also appears in the play; it is a dramatic pleading against shaping our lives by narrow rules and artificial systems. Let us not confine ourselves within a pale of petty regulations—such is Shakespeare's teaching—but rather launch forth into the world, and have faith in that broad wisdom or good sense which comes by natural methods, a wisdom won through joy and pain, through frank dealing with our fellows, through the lore of life and love. In certain speeches of Biron we seem to hear the authentic voice of the youthful Shakespeare.

The Comedy of Errors is a comedy of incidents—almost a farce; Love's Labour's Lost is a comedy of dialogue; in The Two Gentlemen of Verona Shakespeare made his first essay in what we may call romantic narrative comedy. The scene is Italy, the land of romance for the imagination of Elizabethan England. Some of the incidents seem to be derived from a Spanish pastoral romance and some from a tale by Bandello. Love and friendship and their mutual relations form the general theme. The play is the harbinger of some of the most exquisite of the later comedies, and contains a series of sketches which were afterwards worked up into finished pictures. Julia in her male disguise announces, as it were, the more graceful disguisers Viola and Rosalind, Portia and Imogen. The wit combats of clowns have a fascination for Shakespeare or for his audience, but in Launce appears something better—the first of those vulgar humorists who enrich the stage with so much of mirth and the wisdom of mirth, and lacking whom the garden in Illyria and the glades of Arden would appear half-desolate. The Two Gentlemen of Verona would seem to have been written with careful elaboration; the characters are arranged so as to balance each other with a somewhat artificial regularity; the imagery and versification are studiously wrought. The defects of the plot arise perhaps from the fact that it was the author's first experiment in what I have termed romantic narrative comedy. He was not yet a master in the art of construction; if the

subject favoured him the plot of a play might be excellent; if it did not favour him, the scenes might hang somewhat loosely together.

Another experiment, and in an altogether different direction, was made in A Midsummer Night's Dream. It is in part a perfect piece of lyrical poetry, in part a very imperfect drama. The characterization of the lovers is faint and pale; their quarrels and reconciliations interest us little; they are indeed invented to be the sport of accident, and so cannot be strongly drawn. But the fairy poetry was a new and exquisite creation in English literature; and the English stage had previously possessed no group of humorous figures to compare with that formed by "sweet bully Bottom" and his compeers. The scene is again classic ground, and the time is that of classical antiquity; but the spirit of the play is essentially romantic. Theseus is a great mediæval knight or an Elizabethan noble; his Amazonian bride Hippolyta might as well be some gracious English châtelaine. Everything in the play mingles with its opposite in dream-like fashion—the modern and the antique, London and Athens, the moonlight elves and the rude mechanicals, the jests of fairyland and the vexations of mortal lovers, fancy and frolic, magnificence and grotesqueness, drollery and romance.

Of these early comedies in which Shakespeare was experimenting in various directions, no one is quite a dramatic masterpiece. Evidences of the 'prentice hand appear in each—here in tediousness of dialogue, here in artificial arrangement of the figures, here in faulty construction of the plot, here in feebleness of characterization, here in languor of style, and here in undramatic development of the imagery. But each of these plays contains something admirable, something which no writer of the time except Shakespeare could have created; taken together they make up a great achievement for a poet's early years, and give unmistakable prediction of the higher work which is to follow. It is worth noting how often in this first group of comedies the mirth is derived not from the deeper things of the spirit, but from odd surprises, mistakes of identity, disguisings, bewilderments, and confusion; in a word, from what is external and accidental rather than from what is intimately related with character.

In A Midsummer Night's Dream the lyrical poet in Shakespeare more nearly overmatches the dramatist than in any other of his plays. In Venus and Adonis and Lucrece the dramatist causes some embarrassment to the narrative poet. Shakespeare's endeavour in the earlier of the two is first to paint in the manner of an artist of the Renaissance a glowing picture of the enamoured Queen of Love; and secondly, to invent elaborate speeches for his two chief personages in that style of high-wrought fantasy which was the fashion of the time. He succeeded in his endeavour, and the poem delighted a generation of young readers. But the Venus and Adonis has all the errors of a poet's early work and all the vices of the Elizabethan style. It is full of florid beauties; it is infinitely sweet in its versification; but ingenuity too often replaces passion, and

the narrative is perpetually checked by elaborate exercises of fancy. The companion poem Lucrece reverses the motive of the Venus; in the Venus feminine passion strives against boyish coldness; here male lust makes its assault on womanly chastity. Deep notes are sounded by the poet, radiant heights are touched; but he cannot in these poems transcend the manner of his age. He follows rather than leads. Having made these brilliant essays in a province not properly his own, Shakespeare, notwithstanding the popularity of both poems, seems to have recognized the fact that here his genius could not find its true sphere, and he never again attempted the miniature epic.

While engaged on his early comedies Shakespeare was also at work on historical tragedy. But here he attained artistic independence only by degrees, and at first he was manifestly in tutelage to his great predecessor Marlowe. The authorship of the first part of Henry VI. is not ascertained; it probably received additions from Shakespeare's hand; but we may say of this play, as we have said of Titus Andronicus, that it is essentially pre-Shakespearian. In the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. the work of Shakespeare is found side by side with that of Marlow, and the pupil proved himself so apt that it is a matter of extreme difficulty to distinguish his contributions from those of the master. The younger poet had much to learn from the mighty wielder of blank verse who had poured into the English drama the life-blood of passion and an unquenchable ardour of imagination. In the tragedy of King Richard III. Shakespeare completed the tetralogy of the house of York, and he sustained and even developed the Marlowesque style of the earlier dramas. "This only of all Shakespeare's plays," says Mr. Swinburne, "belongs absolutely to the school of Marlowe. The influence of the elder master, and that influence alone, is perceptible from end to end. . . . It is as fiery in passion, as single in purpose, as rhetorical often though never so inflated in expression, as Tamburlaine itself." The protagonist, as in the tragedies of Marlowe, is thrust forward and dominates the whole play. Its opening is in the manner of Marlowe—an exordium in the form of a soliloquy.

The tetralogy of the House of Lancaster opens with King Richard II. Whether that play was chronologically a little earlier or a little later than King Richard III. we shall do well to group the three parts of King Henry VI. with King Richard III., connected as they are by their subject, and closely related by their Marlowesque style. King Richard II., it seems to me, while historically the first of the series of plays which is continued in King Henry IV. and King Henry V., in point of style, and perhaps also in the date of its production, lies close to King John. In both plays Shakespeare has almost entirely delivered himself from the influence of Marlowe, though some scenes of King Richard II. were not written without a vivid recollection of passages in Marlowe's English historical drama. In both plays Shakespeare seems to be feeling after a way of his own—that manner which was perfected in King Henry IV.; in both plays rhyme is freely used, much more freely, however, in King Richard II., which is certainly

earlier in the chronological order than King John; from both plays prose is absent. The subjects are not historically connected; King John stands apart from both the Lancastrian and the Yorkist series. But there is this in common between King John and King Richard II., that in each the dramatist studies the ruin of his country as caused by evil or incompetent rule, and in each he sounds some of those trumpet-notes of patriotic enthusiasm which must have echoed gloriously in the hearts of men who had witnessed the recent overthrow of the Armada. The poet does not often deal in mere panegyric of his native land, and he can smile humorously at the foibles of his countrymen; he doubtless felt that it is the part of a genuine patriot to make keen inquisition into the sources of national disaster and defection. But twice or three times his pride and joy in the glorious land of his birth must have an outbreak:

> Come the three corners of the world in arms
> And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
> If England to itself do rest but true.

With such a trumpet-note King John closes. And amid Gaunt's prophetic fears upon his death-bed appears the vision of England as it had been and might be again—

> This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
> This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
> This blessed spot, the earth, this realm, this England.

In King John the feebleness of foreign policy, in King Richard II. the vices of domestic government are censured. In each play individual strength and courage are honoured; in King John the hope of England centres in the person of Cœur de Lion's bastard son, a mediæval John Bull cased in armour; in King Richard II. such salvation as is possible must come from the aspiring Bolingbroke, "one still strong man in a blatant land." Not that Shakespeare justifies usurpation; the crime will surely work out its evil effects, but even the usurping Bolingbroke as compared with the sentimental Richard—a royal poseur—may be regarded as a "saviour of society."

Romantic tragedy as distinguished from historical is represented by one work of early date. Romeo and Juliet stands alone as the lyrical tragedy of youth and love and death. The poet in Shakespeare, as we have said, somewhat embarrassed the dramatist in A Midsummer Night's Dream; the dramatist embarrassed the poet in the Rape of Lucrece. Here, in Romeo and Juliet, each aids the other, and the result is a work harmonious and triumphant, in which song and speech become one or something rarer than either is born of the two. The play has no secondary action; our interest from first to last is centred upon the star-crossed lovers. Varying from his original, Shakespeare has accelerated the action of the story, so that the movement of the piece acquires a lyric swiftness and its passion a lyric intensity. Here for the first time on the English

stage the terror of tragedy became beautiful. The spectator in the presence of untimely death and all the apparatus of the grave is not overwhelmed by gross horror, but sustained by the presence of beauty and the very chivalry of young love. There are tokens of immature workmanship in some portions of the play; inopportune conceits, overstrained ingenuities, over-florid diction; but we note such errors of style only to make us feel more vividly that in Romeo and Juliet we have still to do with the greatest of poets in his prime, when his adult art has not yet lost all traces of its adolescence. The mastery of his material appears as much in the humorous scenes as in the tragic. When we reflect that Mercutio and the Nurse are but subordinate figures we obtain some measure of the writer's affluence of creative power.

But unlike "Juliet and her Romeo" there are lovers on whom all the stars shed favourable influence. In the Merchant of Venice Shakespeare makes amends for the piteousness of his tragedy by expending his finest art in making two human creatures happy. The play, as I take it, stands midway in the chronological sequence of the comedies between the earlier group of which I have spoken, and those later comedies which lie close, on either side, to the year 1600. In versification it has something in common with the Two Gentlemen of Verona, although its blank verse is far more vigorous and dramatic. In its strength and beauty of characterization it might take a place by the side of Much Ado about Nothing or Twelfth Night. The story of the caskets and the story of the pound of flesh are skilfully intertangled. The deeper interest of the play is over with the fourth act; but in the fifth we have a delightful epilogue; a counterfeit lovers'-quarrel must put an edge on the bliss of Bassanio and Portia. If any single thought presides over the double action of the comedy and reappears in a playful way in the fifth act it has reference to the moral force of bonds and promises and inherited obligations; but we must not, like the German critics, reduce the play, full as it is of life and its joys, to an abstraction. In none of the previous comedies can such breadth and strength of portraiture be found as here in the figure of Shylock. And even Juliet seems but a passoniate child of the South when compared with the gracious lady of Belmont, so richly endowed with gifts of mind, so firm of will, so buoyant of temper, so noble in her serious moods, so charming in her play, so great a giver, yet so delicate in her art of giving.

From comedy Shakespeare returned to history; from Italy he returned to England. In the two parts of King Henry IV. and King Henry V. he brought his series of English historical plays to a close. The progress is great from King Richard II. and King John. The dramatist has almost escaped from the trammels of rhyme, and he has learnt all the advantages of alternating verse with prose. He knows how to ally the historical drama with comedy now, not merely by an occasional scene (like that of Jack Cade and his followers), but by the presence of a great humorous personage. The royal Bolingbroke, worn and

saddened by the weight of an usurper's crown, which yet he will not resign till death discrown him, is at once a majestic and a pathetic figure. But he is almost overshadowed by the ample figure of King Falstaff on his tavern throne. A French critic has placed Falstaff by the side of Panurge and Sancho as one of the humorous trinity created by the Renaissance imagination; but these seem compounded of simple elements when compared with the rich amalgam of comic qualities which make up Sir John. He disappears of sad yet glorious necessity before we set foot on the embattled plains of France. On the stern field of Agincourt there is no place for a champion so considerate on behalf of his own fat carcass, and therefore Jack Falstaff must needs take refuge from an ungrateful world in "Arthur's bosom."

With the reign of Henry V. and the King's laughing prophecy to his bride of a son "that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard," Shakespeare almost touches the point from which he had at first set out—the reign of Henry VI. His portraits of English kings comprise that of the pseudo-saint, a sorry plaything of circumstance, Henry VI.; the bold criminal, a warped creature of dæmonic force, Richard III., the royal voluptuary and sentimentalist, Richard II.; the usurper strong and prudent, Henry IV., master of men and events so far as they can be controlled by anxious care and firm volition; and finally Henry V., in whom a frank goodness is at one with a genius for empire and for battle. He is Shakespeare's ideal King of England, his ideal man of action. Around him as around its centre the loyalty of England, Scotland, Wales is organized. But while thus presenting a series of historical portraits Shakespeare also traces the logic of historical events, and exhibits the law of moral retribution in process from generation to generation, the abiding and living influence of good and evil deeds. We read in his plays, and with a remarkable degree of fulness and faithfulness, the ethics of English history, deduced from the day of Bolingbroke's challenge of Norfolk to the day when Richard and Elizabeth entered on their heritage of loyalty and power.

These studies in English history gave breadth to Shakespeare's view of the world; they saved him from any danger there may have been of his narrowing as dramatist into an interpreter of the mere romance of personal passion. And in shaping for artistic purposes the substantial matter of history, as he found it crudely presented in the chronicle of Holinshed, he gained strength and skill of hand; he could not here be fantastic; he could not permit himself to be misled by ingenuities and conceits; he must take his material as it was given to him, discover where it would yield and where it would resist, and so by prudent dealing mould it into dramatic form.

It was probably while he was at work on the English historical plays, but at what precise date is undetermined, that Shakespeare made his recast of the old Taming of a Shrew, and wrote the admirably humorous Induction. We have good reason for believing that the Merry Wives of Windsor was an offshoot from

King Henry IV. In the Shrew Shakespeare followed the lead of his dramatic predecessor; in The Merry Wives he worked by command, and, if we may trust the tradition, with unusual haste. The humour of both plays has something in common with that of the lower scenes of the later English histories. It would seem as if Shakespeare had carried over into comedy some of the roughness and realism of the comic part of the historical drama into which necessarily the romantic could not enter. Katherina is a very enjoyable whirlwind in petticoats; but we cannot place her by the side of Beatrice or Rosalind. English low life is presented in the miniature farce of Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, pedlar, bear-herd, card-maker, and tinker; English middle-class life in the Fords and Pages of Windsor, with their laughing dames, that comely English maiden sweet Anne Page, her valiant lover young Master Slender, and the learned justice Robert Shallow, of the county of Gloucester, esquire. In King Henry V. the Welshman plays his part and diverts the audience with his courageous innocence and his "prave 'orts;" there is also some pretty fooling of the Princess Katherine in her French-English. Here in The Merry Wives the Welsh parson displays another kind of valour from that of Fluellen with a like valorous maiming of the King's English, and is paired over against the French doctor, whose passion is so cruelly cozened at the close. From plump Jack Falstaff drinking water of Thames amid a redundance of foul linen we piously avert our eyes.

The same buoyant temper which animates King Henry V. and gives its breezy freshness to The Merry Wives of Windsor is sustained in the romantic comedy of Much Ado About Nothing. Beatrice and Benedick are perhaps a re-incarnation, and in a finer stage of existence, of Rosaline and Biron in the early comedy, which about this time Shakespeare revised and partly rewrote. How the gayest spirits may be allied with good breeding Beatrice will show us; she is not only witty, but also brave, generous, and wise. And it is delightful to see how a being so delightfully brilliant can be beguiled, not to her destruction but to her own happiness, by the blind leadings of her heart. If cleverness and infinite vivacity need their foil in pompous dulness, we find that also in the play, for Dogberry and goodman Verges climb to a height of sapient stupidity and majestic ineptitude which borders on the sublime.

Much Ado About Nothing was followed speedily by As You Like It, and probably after no long interval by Twelfth Night. These three are the sunniest of Shakespeare's comedies. In the woods of Arden, indeed, the sunlight is tempered by green boughs; the good Duke lives in banishment, his daughter has had to fly from the usurper's court, and in Jaques we meet for the first time in Shakespeare's plays the satirist of humanity. But the Duke turns to sweetness his light adversity; Rosalind is not afflicted as she strolls through the woodland lawns which give Orlando shelter; Jaques, the dilettante satirist, is anything but a Timon, and in fact when he rails at mankind is only indulging an idle humour; and have we not Touchstone always at hand, moralist, courtier, critic, lover, poet,

wit, to resolve wisdom's white ray into the prismatic colours of folly? In Twelfth Night all that is most mirthful and all that is most exquisite in the preceding comedies reappear with something of added mirth and grace. Malvolio would be too cruelly abused did not self-love make him his own chief deceiver, and self-importance protect him from some of the anguish of the discovery. The play has the gaiety and the good sense of the best comedies of Molière, with a tenderness and romantic beauty which lay beyond the art of the French dramatist.

In the three comedies which follow these, and which bring the series for the present to a close—All 's Well that Ends Well, Measure for Measure, and Troilus and Cressida[1]—a different spirit prevails. The strong-willed heroine of All 's Well is a figure almost suited to tragedy; the play is a serious study of the trials of heart of a woman who would strengthen and save a man above her in rank but far below her in character, one who through her aid alone can attain to moral worth and dignity. Parolles is almost too pitiful in his meanness to be a comic personage; the exposure of his cowardice is hardly worth the trouble it costs. The sunshine and frolic of Twelfth Night and As You Like It have disappeared; there is something forced in the laughter, or at least it is laughter which may quickly die away even if it should not turn to bitterness. Measure for Measure is more than grave; it would be dark were it not illuminated by the white light of Isabella's chastity. The vileness of a corrupt city is set before us with a painful realism. There are deep searchings and probings of the evil and deceitful heart of man. We are in the presence of death which is the fruit of sin; and life, the tender, florid life, shrinks back amazed and appalled from the grave and those vague vast regions to which it is the portal. But virtue stands embodied in Isabel, and providential forethought in the Duke, and therefore we are saved from despair. Measure for Measure is classed among the comedies, but it is a comedy which has gone astray and wandered uncertainly to the very borders of the realm of tragedy. Still more remote, however, from the true spirit of comedy is Troilus and Cressida. If Measure for Measure is dark, it is not bitter; the world which contains an Isabel is not a worthless or contemptible world. But in Troilus and Cressida life lies before us like an unweeded garden, "things rank and gross in nature possess it merely." I have elsewhere styled the play "the comedy of disillusion." We are introduced to heroic personages in order that we may be for ever cured of hero-worship. Troilus indeed is a gallant youth, but are we sure that he will remain as generous and ardent when he escapes from his boyish love-illusions? Ulysses is worldly wisdom embodied; but there is no ray of the heavenly to illuminate and consecrate this wisdom. The dog-like Thersites rails at all that we had supposed noble; we know that he is a dog, but is there not after all a vein of coarse plebeian truth in the railer's words? This is not a comedy gone astray, but a satire on human existence thrown into dramatic form.

[1] About the date of Troilus, however, there is some uncertainty.

All the indications derived from Shakespeare's writings seem to point to the conclusion that there was a period of his life when, as Hallam says, "his heart was ill at ease and ill content with the world or his own conscience." We may take the year 1600 as a convenient date for marking the turn in Shakespeare's temper, which, however, was of course not a thing of an hour or a day. And it may be that in the obscure confessions of the Sonnets we find the key which unlocks the secrets of their writer's heart. That he passed about this time through a moral crisis seems certain. If we may trust the Sonnets, he had given away his affections to a friend who wronged him, and though in the end Shakespeare transcended his sense of injury, the pain and indignation left a deposit in his spirit. But, what was worse, he had himself chiefly to blame. He had yielded to the fascination of an unworthy love, and was betrayed by her who had played with all her art upon his passions, as a musician might play upon the strings of a lute; his pleasure, which at no time had been free from prickings of remorse, turned in the end to bitterness. These experiences left him in no fit mood for the making of mirth; but if they darkened they deepened his knowledge of the human heart and its mysteries of passion. "The memory of hours misspent," goes on Hallam, soberest of critics, "the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature which intercourse with unworthy associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches; these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character—the censurer of mankind."

M. James Darmesteter, as I have already mentioned, names the period during which Shakespeare produced his great tragedies and the darker comedies the Pessimist period. I cannot accept the name. Shakespeare's nearest approach to what we call pessimism is not in Lear, nor even in Timon; it is in the comedy of Troilus and Cressida, which I believe preceded these. As soon as Shakespeare set himself in the tragedies to a deeper study of the human heart and a more searching inquisition of evil, he made a fresh and higher discovery of human virtue. By the side of the captive Lear stands Cordelia, whose spirit is calm with the strength of self-sacrificial love. Edgar, the true justiciary, remains victor over the fallen body of Edmund. If Timon despairs, it is because his heart was always weak, because he had lived among dreams and had never grasped the facts of life. No; Shakespeare was neither pessimist nor optimist; but a penetrating student of man's heart, who would deny neither the evil nor the good, neither the dark recesses of crime nor the illuminated heights of virtue.

Two of the tragedies, the earliest in date, seem to me to stand somewhat apart from the rest—Hamlet and Julius Cæsar. I have called them "tragedies of reflection" as distinguished from the tempestuous tragedies of passion such as King Lear, Othello, and Timon. They may have preceded in the chronological order the joyless comedies of Measure for Measure and Troilus and Cressida. Neither

Hamlet nor Brutus, who is the hero of the play of Julius Cæsar, is led on to destruction by his own passions; both are students, and we may say, philosophers; both are idealists; but Hamlet's ideals are laid waste and the world grows sterile to his view; Brutus, on the contrary, lives and dies fortified by the moral doctrine which shuts him in from a true knowledge of the facts of existence and the characters of men; both Hamlet and Brutus are summoned to act on great occasions, and to both ideas are more real than deeds. Brutus indeed can act, and act with energy, but he misjudges men and events. Hamlet sees things more truly, but in him the continuous energy of the will is sapped, partly by excess of reflective power, partly by a barren despair about life. The errors of each arise, in a measure at least, from a certain nobility of character. They fall, but not dishonoured; we feel that they are spirits too erect or too delicate for the world of fraud and violence in which it was their fate to move. In King Henry V. Shakespeare had presented a great man of action, a master of events. When we have given him the meed of admiration which is his due, we let him pass upon his glorious way. Hamlet, who is no master of events, who executes his purpose desperately at last and as it were by chance-medley, whose life has effected so little that, comparing it with his great endowments, we may call it a failure, interests us profoundly, and we return again and again to gaze into the shadowy precincts of his thought, and can never quite satisfy our curiosity.

Of the great tragedies of passion which follow I will not attempt to speak. Perhaps the least inadequate word ever said respecting them is that fine extravagance of Goethe in Wilhelm Meister: "They are no fictions (*Gedichte*). You would think while reading them, you stood before the unclosed awful Books of Fate, while the whirlwind of most impassioned life was howling through the leaves, and tossing them fiercely to and fro." And the speaker in Goethe's romance goes on to tell of their tenderness as well as their strength, their calm as well as their force. ("Ich bin über die Stärke und Zartheit, über die Gewalt und Ruhe so erstaunt, &c.") These terrible leaves of the Book of Fate, which we name Macbeth, Othello, Lear, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, Timon, are all concerned with the breaches of the law wrought by passion, the rending of the bonds of loyalty, of wedlock, of filial duty, of love of country and love of humanity; they represent man at odds with the moral order of things; they exhibit evil in its incubation and in its temporary triumph; passion in its complexity of motion, its occult movements, its outbreak and violent fluctuations. But the effect left on the spirit of the reader or spectator of these plays is not one of disorder. The laws of human life are not shaken; the pillars of the divine order stand sure. Even though Cordelia lie strangled upon the lap of Lear we do not despair: "Upon such sacrifices the gods themselves throw incense."

There are few transitions in literature more remarkable than that from Shakespeare's tragedies of passion to the romantic plays, so grave and yet so glad, of his closing years of authorship. It is the transition from tempest, with

its lightenings and thunderings, to a wide and illuminated calm. The writer of these exquisite plays, Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale, The Tempest, has none of the lightness of heart which is the property of youth; he knows the wrongs of life; he sees the errors of men; but he seems to have found a resting-place of faith, hope, charity. The dissonances are resolved into a harmony; the spirit of the plays is one of large benignity; they tell of the blessedness of the forgiveness of injuries; they show how broken bonds between heart and heart may be repaired and reunited; each play closes with a victory of love. In Shakespeare's part of the drama of Pericles several of the motives more fully developed in the later plays are introduced; it is the story of loss and recovery, through trial and sorrow, of a beloved child. In Cymbeline husband and wife are parted and for a while unjustly estranged, but only that the joy of reunion may be more exquisite; while, at the same moment, a royal father, after years of sorrow for their disappearance, regains his long-lost sons. In The Winter's Tale husband and wife are again, and more cruelly, estranged; their infant daughter is believed to have perished by a barbarous death; but at the last all Hermione's wrongs are forgiven in her silent embrace of Leontes, and are recompensed, as far as recompense is possible, by her possession of the child, now in all the bloom of early womanhood, for whose loss she had so long lamented. In The Tempest grievous wrong has been wrought, and now the injured Duke of Milan has all the ill-doers in his power; but he has come to feel that "the rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance;" he uses his supernatural power to soften the hearts of the offenders, as far as that is possible with any of them, and then he wins back their love by his forgiveness. And here again the wisdom of those who attain through suffering is contrasted with the beautiful joy of youth which as yet has known no sorrow. Again there is a lost child restored—Ferdinand to his father the King of Naples; and again there is a rare environment of natural beauty, the strange sea and the island of enchantment, more wonderful, yet hardly more quickening to the spirit, than the stormy ocean and wide sea-coast of Pericles, the wild Welsh mountains of Cymbeline, the fields with primrose and daffodil of The Winter's Tale. The wrongs of life and how they may be transcended; trials of the affections; triumphs of fortitude and patience; magnanimous self-possession under suffering; love purified by grief, and in the end supreme over all; wisdom of the intellect at one with moral wisdom; the radiant joy of young and pure hearts:—these are the themes of Shakespeare's latest plays. Yet no moral is ever obtruded; the dramatist is intent only on duly presenting his characters and evolving their action. If the Shakespearian fragment Pericles be viewed as a kind of prologue to this group of plays, we may describe the Shakespearian fragment of King Henry VIII. as its epilogue. The same spirit in a great measure presides over this play, although, of course, its historical character causes that spirit to be the same with a difference. Queen Katherine is a Hermione of English history;

she has a like dignity, a like magnanimous courage in adversity. It may be, as Dr. Garnett ingeniously argues, that The Tempest is Shakespeare's last complete play, and we gladly accept the idea of Campbell that the great enchanter of the imaginary world of the drama bade farewell to the stage in the person of his own Prospero; with him foreswore his magic art, broke his staff of power, and sunk his book "deeper than did ever plummet sound." If this be so, we may suppose that both The Tempest and its author's contribution to the pageant play of King Henry VIII. were written in his retirement at Stratford, and reflect the harmonious wisdom of his years of rural leisure.

Looking back over the events of Shakespeare's life, and the series of his plays and poems, observing especially the Sonnets, where we may well believe the poet expresses his own feelings in his own person, we seem to see a man not naturally self-contained and self-possessed, but sensitive, eager, ardent, of strong passions, quick imagination, universal sympathy; at the same time a man with a central sanity of mind, and one for whom wisdom, knowledge, and self-control were constantly growing powers. So his material life, after certain errors natural to his temperament, was conducted to a prosperous issue; and his ideal life, passing through shine and shadow, touching all heights and depths of human experience, attained at the close a high table-land where the light is clear and steadfast and the finest airs of heaven are breathed by man. He sees human existence widely, calmly, with a temperate heart, with eyes purged and purified. And he sees perhaps not only the vision of life, but through it to deeper and larger things beyond. Shakespeare does not tell us what he saw when he looked beyond life with those calm experienced eyes. It was not his province to report such things to us as if he were God's spy. But assuredly he saw nothing which confused or clouded his soul; else he could not feel towards this our mortal life so purely, wisely, gently; else the great enchanter, this Prospero of ours, could not so tranquilly resign his magic robe and staff, dismiss his airy spirits, and piously accept the duties of mere manhood.[1]

III.

Before passing on to speak of the growth of Shakespeare's fame a word may here be said of the doubtful plays of Shakespeare, or, as several of them may certainly be named, the pseudo-Shakespearian plays. Of these plays one early historical drama and one late romantic comedy have the best claim to contain work from Shakespeare's hand. The Raigne of King Edward the Third was entered on the Stationers' Register, Dec. 1, 1595, and was published in quarto in 1596. There is no external evidence to connect Shakespeare with the play,

[1] In this paragraph I have appropriated a few sentences from an article of mine entitled "Shakespeare's Wisdom of Life," which I have not reprinted since its first appearance.

but Capell in his prolusions of 1760 called attention to a resemblance in style between this work and Shakespeare's "earlier performances," and to the fact that Holinshed's Chronicles and Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" (both books having been certainly used by Shakespeare for the plots of plays) supplied the fable. Mr. Fleay believes that Edward III. was a play of Marlowe's which Shakespeare altered and revised. The Shakespearian part he holds to be from the entrance of King Edward in the last scene of act i. to the end of act ii. "For myself," writes Mr. Swinburne, who has made a careful study of the play, "I am, and have always been, perfectly satisfied with one single and simple piece of evidence that Shakespeare had not a finger in the concoction of King Edward III. He was the author of King Henry V." If any man of common judgment, Mr. Swinburne adds, can be found to maintain the theory of Shakespeare's possible partnership in the composition of the play, "such a man will assuredly admit that the only discernible or imaginable touches of his hand are very slight, very few, and very early." This last statement expresses sufficiently nearly my own opinion. In the portion of King Edward III. ascribed to Shakespeare by Mr. Fleay, the amorous king makes an attempt upon the honour of the Countess of Salisbury, which is met by a spirited repulse. With a reference to the Roman Lucrece the king, now brought to his better mind, addresses her:

> Arise true English lady: whom our isle
> May better boast of, than e'er Roman might
> Of her, whose ransack'd treasury hath task'd
> The vain endeavours of so many pens.

It seems to me far from probable that the author of the Rape of Lucrece is here alluding to his own poem.

The romantic comedy The Two Noble Kinsmen is of a much later date, and has certainly a far stronger claim to be considered as in part the work of Shakespeare. It was first printed in 1634, eighteen years after our great dramatist's death, and on the title-page it bore his name as joint author with Fletcher. Other external evidence than this there is none. The internal evidence yields a doubtful result. Several eminent critics—Coleridge, Hallam, Dyce, Sidney Walker, Mr. Swinburne, and others—have accepted the theory of Shakespeare's joint authorship, and schemes for the distribution of the acts and scenes between Fletcher and Shakespeare have been proposed.[1] But it is a remarkable fact that one of the most accomplished and careful students of the play, Professor Spalding, who in 1833 published an essay in which he endeavoured, with singular fineness of criticism, to draw the line between Shakespeare's handiwork and Fletcher's, declared in 1840 that his opinion was then "not so decided as it once was," and wrote in 1847 with increasing doubts

[1] Shakespeare's part: Act I. (except part of sc. ii.). Act II. sc. i. Act III. sc. i. ii. Act IV. sc. iii. Act V. (except sc. ii.).

that "the question of Shakespeare's share in this play is really insoluble." What happened in Spalding's case has probably happened with not a few persons, who at one time were assured that the hand of Shakespeare can be discerned in The Two Noble Kinsmen. The parts ascribed to him seem to grow less like his work in thought, feeling, and expression, as we, so to speak, live with them. The resemblance which at first impressed us so strongly seems to fade, or, if it remains, to be at most something superficial. At the present moment the drift of opinion is rather in favour of assigning the play to Fletcher and Massinger. The subject of The Two Noble Kinsmen is the story of Palamon and Arcite (told by Chaucer in his Knightes Tale), with which a wretched underplot, the work of Fletcher, is connected.

No intelligent reader of Locrine, Mucedorus, The London Prodigal, The Puritan, The Life and Death of Thomas Cromwell, The History of Sir John Oldcastle, Fair Em, The Birth of Merlin, can suppose that a single line was contributed to any one of these plays by Shakespeare. It is conceivable that touches from his hand may exist in A Yorkshire Tragedy, and even in Arden of Feversham. But the chance that this is actually the case is exceedingly small. We may therefore set down King Edward III. and The Two Noble Kinsmen as doubtful plays; the rest for which an idle claim has been made, should be named pseudo-Shakespearian.

IV.

While Shakespeare lived his poems circulated widely and received high commendation; his plays were favourites with the people, and were also esteemed by the courtly patrons of the drama. It is probable that for some years after Shakespeare's death the plays of Fletcher were more popular upon the stage than those of any other writer. Ben Jonson was looked on as the great master of the scholarly or classical school of dramatic writing; he was, however, probably more praised by the judicious than enjoyed by the ordinary spectators of the theatre. Taste was deteriorating from Elizabethan days; the manlier temper of the drama was declining; and Shakespeare's plays soon came to be regarded as somewhat old-fashioned. Yet we know that several were enacted before Charles I., and were, as Sir Henry Herbert records in his Office Book, "well likte by the kinge." It was one of the virtues—not too numerous—of that loyal courtier and slight poet Sir John Suckling that he knew Shakespeare well; when his portrait was painted by Vandyke he was represented as holding in his left hand a folio on the edge of which is a paper bearing the name Shakespeare. The growth of Puritanism was of course unfavourable to the influence of a dramatic writer; yet Milton, the greatest poet of Puritanism, did honour in his earlier days to Shakespeare's memory in verses which tell of the profound impression made by the dramatist's "Delphic lines," and elsewhere celebrated him in contrast with Jonson, the poet of art and erudition, for "his native

woodnotes wild." It was a grief to William Prynne, the author of Histrio-Mastix (1633), that "Shackspeer's Plaies are printed in the best Crowne paper, far better than most Bibles;" but that grief may have been allayed by knowledge of the fact that no "crowne paper" in folio form was used for this unworthy purpose during the period of the struggle against the bishops and the king.

In Restoration days, when the theatres were reopened and possessed the new attraction of actresses in the female parts, there was something like a Shakespearian revival; but it was accompanied with the feeling that though Shakespeare was one of the glories of the elder English stage, he belonged to an age half-barbarous in comparison with one which had been refined by the growth of general culture and by influences derived from France. Killigrew's new theatre in Drury Lane opened with King Henry IV. The great actor Betterton appeared in several of Shakespeare's leading characters. The dramatist D'Avenant did honour to his memory. On Oct. 11, 1660, Mr. Samuel Pepys saw the "Moor of Venice" at the Cockpit, and on December 5 of the same year at the New Theatre "The Merry Wives of Windsor." In later entries in his diary he mentions that he had been present at performances of Romeo and Juliet, "a play of itself the worst that ever I heard in my life;" A Midsummer Night's Dream, "the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life;" Twelfth Night, "a silly play;" Macbeth, "a most excellent play for variety;" and to this last he returned again and again. The altered taste of the time made it seem necessary that Shakespeare's plays, in not a few instances, should be recast and modernized, a practice which was continued—and, as may readily be conceived, often with lamentable results—during the eighteenth century. The Tempest was altered by D'Avenant and Dryden, with added spectacle and song, new characters, and indecent dialogue. Antony and Cleopatra was improved upon by Sedley, Timon of Athens by Shadwell, Cymbeline by D'Urfey. Songs were written for Macbeth; Shylock was introduced at supper drinking a toast to his lady Money; Grumio of the Taming of the Shrew became a Scotchman. Tate made Edgar a lover of Cordelia, and gave the tragedy a happy denouement. Fortunately Hamlet escaped revision. With this old play even the polite Mr. Pepys was mightily pleased, and above all with Betterton in the leading character, "the best part, I believe, that ever man acted."

Dryden venerated Shakespeare while he admitted (1663) that "others are now generally preferred before him." In "An Essay on Dramatic Poetry" (1668) he ventures to assert that Shakespeare "was the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul;" but Dryden was not insensible to the fact that Shakespeare did not observe the laws of the drama as laid down by the critics whose authority was dominant in the Restoration period. His own All for Love, a play on the subject of Antony and Cleopatra, was written in blank verse, and he tells us that he professed to imitate

in his style "the divine Shakespeare." "The poet Æschylus," he says in his essay On the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy (1679), "was held in the same veneration by the Athenians of after ages as Shakespeare is by us." This essay, which shows a more mature appreciation of Shakespeare's genius than appears in Dryden's earlier writings, is supposed by Dr. Johnson to have been occasioned by Thomas Rymer's "Tragedies of the last Age considered and examined." In this and subsequent writings the laborious compiler of the Foedera applies to Shakespeare the Aristotelian rules of tragedy, and finds "in the neighing of a horse or the growling of a mastiff . . . more humanity than many times in the tragical flights of Shakespeare." Gildon and Dennis replied to Rymer; and Dennis, who in his better days was a far more intelligent critic than Pope's satire would lead us to believe, wrote of Shakespeare with sincere and ardent admiration. "One may say of him," writes Dennis, "as they did of Homer—that he had none to imitate, and is himself inimitable. His imaginations were often as just as they were bold and strong. He had a natural discretion which never could have been taught him, and his judgment was strong and penetrating. He seems to have wanted nothing but time and thought to have found out those rules of which he appears so ignorant." When we reach the age of Queen Anne we find the supremacy of Shakespeare's genius generally acknowledged.

The critical editions begin with that of Nicholas Rowe, 1709. The demands of the seventeenth century had been satisfied by four editions in folio, published respectively in 1623, 1632, 1663–64, and 1685; if tried by the same test the popularity of Jonson or Beaumont and Fletcher appears to have been less considerable. Rowe did something to purge the text of Shakespeare from its grosser errors; he was himself a dramatic poet, and, moreover, he was a man of good sense. His corrections are not those of a collater of early editions or a student of our elder literature, but such as would occur to any cultivated and judicious reader. He was the first to attempt to write a life of Shakespeare; it is a slender production, but has a value as containing some traditions not elsewhere to be found. Pope followed Rowe in 1725 with his edition in six quarto volumes. "The minute mechanical examination which the enterprise required," writes Pope's latest biographer, Mr. Courthope, "was little suited to the broad and generalizing genius of Pope's criticism, nor did he approach his task in that spirit of sympathy with his author which just editing requires. He altered some expressions in the text because they seemed to him vulgar, and others because the versification did not conform to his ideas of harmony. Comparatively little of his labour was spent in research, but some of the conjectural emendations were happy, and the Preface to the edition, written in his best style—and his critical prose is always excellent—deserves the high commendation that Johnson bestows upon it." In this Preface indeed some admirable thoughts are admirably expressed. "Shakespeare is not so much an imitator, as an instrument, of nature." Can more be said in fewer words?

And on one of the controversies of his own day he thus pronounces his opinion: "To judge of Shakespeare by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country who acted under those of another." That Shakespeare was a careless writer who never blotted a line is denied by Pope, on the evidence of the varying text of the quartos; nor was he an unlearned man, unless "learning" means no more than "languages." The Shakespearian drama in comparison with the more finished and regular drama is like "an ancient majestick piece of Gothick architecture compared with a neat modern building. . . . It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childish, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur." Finer praise than this we could not expect from the Augustan age which delighted in Cato and the translation of Homer.

Pope's rival as an editor of Shakespeare, Louis Theobald, indebted to Pope, as he says, for some "flagrant civilities," if he was a duller man than his satirist of the Dunciad, was a far better Shakespearian scholar. His method of dealing with Shakespeare was to treat his text as that of a corrupt classic; and he claims to be the first to approach any modern author in this manner. He did some scholarly collation, and was often happy in his conjectural emendations. To him we owe "'a babbled of green fields" in the account of Falstaff's death, and the reading, whether right or wrong, is one which alone might make an editor's reputation. His "Shakespeare Restored," in which he exposes the errors of Pope, appeared in 1726; his edition of Shakespeare in 1733.

The "Oxford Edition," in six quarto volumes, was published in 1744. The editor's name did not appear, but he was soon known to be Sir Thomas Hanmer. Collins celebrated the editor and his author in a poetical epistle, and the edition was generally received with favour. A country gentleman of literary tastes, Hanmer had amused his leisure hours, he tells us, with noting the obscurities and absurdities introduced into the text, and according to the best of his judgment restoring the genuine sense and purity of it. The emendations multiplied, and "too partial friends" persuaded him to make them public. Unfortunately he was not equipped with the scholarship essential to editorial work. "He did something to better," as Mr. Grant White has justly said, "and somewhat more to injure the text as Theobald left it." Three years later, in 1747, Warburton's edition, based on that of Pope, appeared. In his preface he extravagantly overrates the value of Pope's work as an editor, and attacks Theobald and Hanmer as having pirated his own manuscript notes. The persuasions of "dear Mr. Pope" induced Warburton to condescend to a task so much beneath his high powers as that of defending the true text of Shakespeare from the wrongs done to it by dulness of apprehension and extravagance of conjecture. "Mr. Pope was willing that *his* edition should be melted down

into mine, as it would, he said, afford him (so great is the modesty of an ingenuous temper) a fit opportunity of confessing his mistakes. In memory of our friendship I have, therefore, made it our joint edition." The modesty of an ingenuous temper certainly was not a characteristic of Warburton. His arrogance repels the reader, and when he goes wrong, which happens very often, he does so with a confidence amounting to effrontery. "Among the commentators on Shakespeare," writes Hallam, with no unjust severity, "Warburton, always striving to display his own acuteness and scorn of others, deviates more than anyone else from the meaning." Yet, having before him the work of Theobald and Hanmer, whom he denounces, his text is in some respects an improvement on that of Pope. The edition drew forth severe criticism from contemporary scholars—Zachary Grey, Heath, Upton, and especially from Thomas Edwards in his satirical "Canons of Criticism." Dr. Johnson, who honoured Warburton above his deserts, describes Edwards as ridiculing the editor's errors with "airy petulance suitable enough to the levity of the controversy;" while Grey attacks them "with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or an incendiary."

In the same year in which Warburton published his edition, 1747, David Garrick pronounced at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre the lines in which Johnson, with a fine extravagance, sounded the praises of Shakespeare:—

> Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
> Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
> Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
> And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

The stage history of Shakespeare's plays will be found by readers of the present edition in the introductions to the several dramas. But we cannot pass on without a word of homage to Garrick as an interpreter of Shakespeare's higher meanings, incomparably more important in the history of the growth of his fame than the Hanmers or the Warburtons. It is, however, of the closet, not the stage, that we have here to speak. Johnson's long-promised edition of Shakespeare was completed in 1765. He consulted the earlier texts to some extent, but was disqualified for the task of minute collation by his defective eyesight. As a conjectural emender he was not happy; he tells us that as he practised conjecture more he learned to trust it less, and after he had printed a few plays resolved to insert none of his own readings in the text. His Preface is an admirable piece of criticism, robust and common-sense, though not illuminated by imagination, or very profound in its philosophical views. "This," he writes, "is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress

of the passions." He defends Shakespeare from the censure incurred by his mingling comic with tragic scenes—here too the poet did no more than hold the mirror up to nature. Particularly noteworthy is Johnson's discussion of the doctrine of the unities of time and place; the spectators "are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage;" knowing which they can make time and place, as well as any other mode of being, obsequious to the imagination. After his manner as a critic Johnson sets his items of condemnation over against his items of praise: as a moralist he is offended by Shakespeare's sacrifice of virtue to convenience, his frequent violation of poetical justice; the plots are often loosely formed; the latter part of his plays especially is often neglected; the poet has little regard to historical accuracy or local colour; his contests of wit are often marred by grossness; in tragedy he is sometimes tumid and sometimes obscure; in narrative he is often pompous and tedious; his set speeches are commonly cold and weak; a quibble has a malignant power over his mind, it is "the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation." Some of Johnson's censures are just, but it is evident that from his eighteenth century standpoint he never quite comprehended the spirit of Elizabethan poetry. His knowledge of human nature renders some of his analyses of Shakespeare's characters of peculiar value: his comment on the character of Polonius is an example of passages which at once elucidate the meaning of Shakespeare and exhibit the mind of his critic.

In the late editions of Johnson (1773 onwards) his work is connected with that of George Steevens. Steevens had previously (1766) reprinted twenty of Shakespeare's plays from the early quarto editions. He was a man of industry, learning, and acute intellect; somewhat wanting in reverence, somewhat wanting in modesty, and perhaps in that literary honesty which goes with freedom from vanity. His influence was a quickening one where dulness and stagnation are dangers; but his animation was not of the best or purest kind. The edition of Johnson and Steevens in fifteen volumes, 1793, often called "Steevens' own," is that which shows his work at its best. In his editorial work he remembered the earlier but not the closing words of the motto found in Spenser: "Be bold, be bold, be not too bold."

The most laborious Shakespearian scholars of the second half of the eighteenth century were unquestionably Capell and Malone. "If the man would have come to me," said Dr. Johnson of Capell's Preface, "I would have endeavoured to endow his purposes with words; for as it is, he doth gabble monstrously." It is true that he expressed himself with awkwardness; but he had a true conception of the scholar's duty, and the preface of which Johnson speaks in this disparaging way has been justly described by competent authorities as the most valuable contribution to Shakespearian criticism that had yet appeared. All the quartos then accessible, and with them the folios, were collated by Capell. His text con-

sequently is one of exceeding value, but unfortunately he did not assign the emendations which he adopted from other editors and critics to their individual authors. His edition is likely to disappoint a reader who comes to it for the first time, because it was issued without the valuable annotations and illustrations subsequently published in part in the year 1774, and after Capell's death in their entirety in three quarto volumes (1783) entitled Notes, Various Readings, and the School of Shakespeare. Valuable service was rendered by Capell in investigating the sources of Shakespeare's plots.

The work of Edmond Malone began with an Attempt to ascertain the Order in which the Plays attributed to Shakespeare were Written, which he handed over as a contribution to Steevens. This was followed in 1780 by a Supplement to the edition of 1778, containing the Poems, the doubtful plays of the Folio of 1664, and among his Prolegomena a study of the early history of the English theatre. In 1790 he published his edition of the Plays and Poems in ten volumes. His industry was amazing; he was as honest as he was industrious; and if he was not brilliant, like his rival Steevens, he was free from the defects which sometimes accompany brilliancy in a critic. The debt of all later Shakespeare students to Malone is incalculable. His studies and annotations are perhaps best seen in the third "Variorum" edition of Shakespeare, 1821, edited by James Boswell from a copy corrected by Malone. The earlier Variorum editions, called also the fifth and sixth editions of Johnson and Steevens, appeared respectively in 1803 and 1813 under the editorship of Isaac Reed.

Malone's erudition was well employed in the exposure of the celebrated Ireland forgeries. The father, Samuel Ireland, has suffered for the misdeeds of his son, Samuel William Henry Ireland, who began his discreditable career by producing for his father's delectation a forged document bearing Shakespeare's signature. With the success of his fraud the ambition of the young conveyancer's apprentice took a higher flight. A large collection of papers and relics obtained from an invisible old gentleman came into the hands of the fortunate youth. These included a love-letter to Anne Hathaway, a lock of Shakespeare's hair, his profession of faith, and many other treasures. Those who desired to believe in the authenticity of the papers looked hard and saw what they wished to see. An ancestor, with superfluous letters in his name, William Henrye Irelaunde had saved Shakespeare from drowning in the Thames, and what less could the grateful poet do than bequeath many papers and books to his preserver for the delight of future generations? In due time a play of the great dramatist came to light. Vortigern was actually presented at Drury Lane Theatre to a full house, but no second night was possible. Finally the impostor came forward in 1796 with a confession; he was still under the age of twenty. His father suffered deeply from the disgrace, and died in 1800. William Henry Ireland survived until 1835.

The critics of the eighteenth century—Grey, Upton, Heath, Ritson, Monck

Mason, and others, were in the main textual critics of greater or less ability. Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare (1767) deserves special mention; in this he aims at proving that Shakespeare's knowledge of the classics was derived from translations: "He remembered," says Farmer, "perhaps enough of his *school-boy* learning to put the *Hig, hag, hog,* into the mouth of Sir Hugh Evans; and might pick up in the writers of the time, or the course of his conversation, a familiar phrase or two of French or Italian: but his *studies* were most demonstratively confined to *nature* and *his own language.*" Another essay of a different kind, Maurice Morgann's Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff (1777), is a genial piece of criticism, maintaining the thesis that Falstaff was no coward. Charlotte Lennox, the friend of Dr. Johnson, did something by her Shakespeare Illustrated (1753–54) to render the materials from which the dramatist formed his plots better known. Another lady, Mrs. Montagu, ventured to come forward with a defence of Shakespeare against the criticism of Voltaire. "When Shakespeare has got Mrs. Montagu for his defender," said Johnson, "he is in a poor state indeed." But Reynolds and Garrick were of a different opinion.

A new school of criticism illuminated the study of Shakespeare in the early years of the present century. Coleridge in his lectures conceived art in general, and the dramatic art in particular, in a truer and higher way than any preceding writer. He was neither in bondage to Aristotle nor in revolt against him. He saw that the same spirit was expressing itself through Æschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare, though by methods which differed with all the differences of epochs and of races. He conceived Shakespeare's work as a whole; he observed the fruit as it hung in living beauty on the tree. And each play and poem he also conceived as a living whole. He studied its parts in their vital relation to one another; he did not murder to dissect. His analyses, or rather interpretations, of the characters of the *dramatis personæ*, are the outcome of a penetrative imagination; they are new creations, as it were, of the Shakespearian personages, transposed from poetry to criticism. He does not measure them by yard and line, but winds himself into their inner being and discovers the secret of their life. Unfortunately his criticisms have reached us, for the most part, in a fragmentary form; but often a sentence of Coleridge is, as it were, a lamp and a key, with the aid of which we can open and explore the mysteries of the dramatist's art for ourselves. Hazlitt's light is not so pure, his leading is not so certain as Coleridge's; but he was ardent, and threw strong gleams upon certain parts of Shakespeare's work. Lamb, who touched nothing that he did not adorn, attempted no systematic body of criticism, but now with a loving phrase, now with a paradox, now with a quip or crank, now with a reminiscence from the stage, now with a brief analysis of character, he helps us to a truer understanding of Shakespeare. The Tales from Shakespeare by Lamb and his sister have served to introduce many young readers to the plays from which the narratives are derived. Among commentators of learning rather

than genius in the first thirty years of this century Francis Douce was perhaps the most eminent. His Illustrations of Shakspeare and of Ancient Manners (1807) is a valuable storehouse of curious information. In 1817 appeared two volumes entitled Shakespeare and his Times, by Nathan Drake, which rendered useful service as a well-arranged compilation of facts, with agreeable comment by one who, though no original thinker, was a cultivated lover of literature.

The most important editions of Shakespeare which have been issued since the Variorum of 1821 are those of Singer (1826),[1] Knight (1838–43), Collier (1841–44), Dyce (1857), Staunton (1857–60), Halliwell (Folio 1853–65), and the Cambridge edition (1863–66). Into the comparative merits of these it is not necessary to enter; but the learning and sound judgment of Dyce deserve a special acknowledgment, and no less the accuracy with which the Cambridge editors have done the work of collation, and the fulness with which they have recorded the conjectural readings of earlier editors and commentators. To these we must add the edition of the German Shakespeare scholar Delius (1854–61), and the American editions of R. Grant White (1857–65), Hudson (1851–56), and Rolfe (1884). Mr. Furness's Variorum Shakespeare (Philadelphia, 1871–88) sums up the work of all his predecessors with respect to the plays included in the volumes which have been issued; each volume is indeed a little library in itself; but work so laborious cannot be hastened, and as yet we have received but thirteen plays from this most judicious and learned editor.

The Shakespeare Society of England, in a series of volumes dating from 1841 to 1853, reprinted many rare and curious pieces of Elizabethan literature. In January, 1852, an eminent member of the society, J. Payne Collier, announced that three years previously he had obtained for a small sum from the bookseller Rodd a copy of the second Folio Shakespeare, containing many annotations—which he had not observed at first—in a hand of about the middle of the seventeenth century. This volume became famous as the Perkins Folio, deriving its name from the fact that it bore on the cover the inscription "Tho. Perkins his Booke." Collier supposed, or pretended to suppose, that the numerous corrections of the text, stage-directions, &c., were the work of an early owner of the volume, who through his connection with the theatre and attendance at performance of the plays had sources of trustworthy information as to the genuine text. Having previously given specimens of the "Old Corrector's" work, Collier, towards the close of 1852, published a volume of "Notes and Emendations" which was alleged to include all the most important of the manuscript readings. When, in 1859, the Perkins Folio was submitted to the scrutiny of experts, the manuscript notes were declared to be modern forgeries. Pencil tracing was found to have guided the pen in its simulation of a seventeenth-century handwriting. Collier still maintained that the annotations were genuine,

[1] The date of the first edition is given; in several instances later editions much altered and improved have appeared.

and controversy waxed warm. Competent authorities, however, could not be deluded, and unfortunately evidence had accumulated to confirm the impression that this really learned and ingenious scholar in not a few instances had yielded to the temptation to win for himself by fraudulent documents a spurious fame. It seemed to be the very wantonness of literary dishonesty.

The "New Shakspere Society," founded by Mr. Furnivall in 1874, applied itself with excellent results to the study of the peculiarities of Shakespeare's versification with a view to determining the chronology of the plays. It reprinted some of the early texts, and issued many interesting papers in illustration of Shakespeare. Indirectly it led to the most important service rendered in recent years to the student—the publication of facsimile reproductions of the early quartos. The first Folio had previously been made generally accessible by Booth's accurate reprint and Staunton's photo-zincographed facsimile; it has since been reproduced in facsimile under the superintendence of Mr. Sidney Lee. Among other aids to scholarship of recent or comparatively recent years the chief are Concordance to the Plays, due to the loving industry of Mrs. Cowden Clarke (who with her husband, Charles Cowden Clarke, the friend of Keats, was also an editor of Shakespeare's works), and the Concordance to the Poems, by the late Mrs. Furness; Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon, a monumental work; Hunter's Illustrations of the Life and Studies of Shakspeare (1845); W. Sidney Walker's Shakespeare's Versification (1854) and his Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare (1859); Professor Ward's solid and judicious History of English Dramatic Literature (1875); Mr. Fleay's Life and Work of Shakespeare (1886), in which the results of much research are united with ingenious, if not always trustworthy, conjecture; and Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare, a work which leaves little to be desired from a biographical point of view. Mr. Lee's A Life of William Shakespeare sums up the result of preceding studies, but his theories with respect to Shakespeare's Sonnets have failed to commend themselves to scholarly readers.

At the same time what has been called the "æsthetic" study of Shakespeare advanced from the point at which it had been left by Coleridge. No critic, indeed, could penetrate more subtly to Shakespeare's meanings than Coleridge did; but his work was fragmentary, a series of admirable but disconnected notes. It remained to attempt the great task of interpreting Shakespeare's work in its totality. To this German students have at least led the way. Around the name of Shakespeare a vast library of German criticism has accumulated, and of this library a considerable portion is neither laboriously dull nor extravagantly theoretical. In Elizabethan days several of Shakespeare's plays were performed in Germany by English companies travelling on the Continent, and adaptations or imitations of them were produced by German playwrights. But our great poet's name was first mentioned in a German book in 1682; and even as late as 1740 Bodmer seems to have known our "Saspar" (so he prints the name) only

as the author of A Midsummer Night's Dream. An attempt to translate Julius Cæsar into rhymed Alexandrines was made in 1741 by C. W. Von Borck, a Prussian minister of state, and seventeen years later an equally unhappy travesty of Romeo and Juliet was published at Basle. It was Lessing who first taught his countrymen to honour Shakespeare aright; opposing himself to the tyranny of French models on the stage, he maintained that judged even by the standards of antiquity Shakespeare, whom Voltaire had styled "le Corneille de Londres, grand fou d'ailleurs," was a higher dramatic poet than the Corneille of Paris. In 1762 appeared the first volume of Wieland's translation of twenty-two plays by Shakespeare, on which the later complete translation by Eschenburg (1775–77) was based. Garrick's acting of Hamlet was described to German readers by Lichenberg, and the manager of the Hamburg theatre, Schröder—a player of great eminence—put several of Shakespeare's tragedies upon the boards. Herder shared in that enthusiasm for our great dramatist which was extravagantly expressed by his younger contemporaries of the days of the Sturm und Drang. Goethe as a youth prepared an oration in Shakespeare's honour; in manhood he illuminated the tragedy of Hamlet by his admirable criticism introduced into Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship; in his elder years he declared that had he been born an Englishman, with Shakespeare's masterpieces in their full might before him, they would have overpowered his imagination, and he would not have known where to turn to find an opening for his creative instinct. Schiller adapted the tragedy of Macbeth, Goethe that of Romeo and Juliet, to the German stage. Two valuable gifts to lovers of Shakespeare came from the Romantic school—Schlegel's and Tieck's incomparable translation of the plays; and the criticism of Schlegel on dramatic art and literature, first offered in 1808 to a Viennese audience in the form of lectures. In later years three important commentaries on the complete works of Shakespeare have appeared in Germany —that of Ulrici, which errs in German fashion by reading into the dramas abstract ideas of the critic's own theoretical mind; that of Gervinus, which is thoughtful and sensible, but somewhat laboriously moralizing; and the lectures of Kreyssig, which seem to me to exhibit German Shakespearian criticism at its best. The "William Shakespeare" of Karl Elze is a work of solid erudition, and for the German student a mine of information. Since 1865 the German Shakespeare-Gesellschaft has published annually a volume of studies, and among these the scholarly articles by Delius deserve a special word of commendation. In Cotta's Morgenblatt of 1864, the year of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth, and in the early numbers of 1865 appeared a series of "Shakespeare Studies by a Realist" which attracted the attention of a wide circle of readers; the articles were brilliant in style, and it was refreshing in the midst of Teutonic enthusiasm and Teutonic earnestness to hear the voice of a critical Mephistopheles who denied the supremacy of the English dramatist. The loyal adherents of Shakespeare directed each his lance against this unknown and profane Paynim, who

before long was discovered to bear the name of Rümelin. His attack rather stimulated than checked the "Shakespeare-mania;" there is yet no diminution of the seemingly inexhaustible stream of German studies of our poet; it is still in Germany, as when Goethe wrote, "Shakespeare und Kein Ende."

In France Voltaire called public attention to the genius of Shakespeare, whom, however, he represented as an intoxicated barbarian, "without the smallest spark of good taste or the least knowledge of the rules." When in 1762 the French Academy thanked Voltaire for his adaptation of Julius Cæsar they confessed that they were unable to obtain a copy of his English original. Ducis adapted several of Shakespeare's plays—Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, and Othello—to the French stage. Hamlet in Ducis' version lives at the close of the play; with the story of the lovers of Verona the adapter entangles that of Dante's Ugolino. The versions, however, did much to make Shakespeare better known. The first French translation of all Shakespeare's plays was that of Letourneur (1776–82). The tone of his author was in some places altered to suit the taste of the age; but his enthusiasm for the English dramatist was evident. The ardent eulogy of Shakespeare by Diderot is characteristic of that great writer, who was in so many ways an initiator in criticism. Madame de Stael declared that while Shakespeare is the type of the English, or rather the Northern genius, the beauties of all countries and of all times may be found in his pages. In later years Guizot contributed to French literature a sober study of Shakespeare, and Victor Hugo a rhapsody of praise. Victor Hugo's son, François-Victor Hugo, executed an admirable translation of Shakespeare, and prefixed to each of the plays and poems an interesting essay. The best fruits of recent Shakespearian scholarship in France, besides Hugo's translation and that of M. Montégut, are the critical studies of M. Mézières, and M. Paul Stapfer whose work on "Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity" has been translated into English.[1]

Among recent English studies Lady Martin's essays on "Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters" have an interest as the critical interpretations of one who was a distinguished interpreter of Shakespeare on the stage; they may be read with advantage in connection with the earlier criticism of Mrs. Jameson in her Characteristics of Women (1832). A series of thoughtful essays by W. W. Lloyd was contributed to the 1856 edition of Singer's Shakespeare, and has since been separately published. Hudson's "Shakespeare; his Life, Art and Characters," a thoughtful and sympathetic piece of work, has achieved a deserved popularity on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Swinburne's "A Study of Shakespeare" (1880), written with ardour and insight, characterizes the three periods of the poet's development, the lyric and fantastic period, the comic and historic, and the tragic and romantic. Mr. Richard Moulton, aiming at

[1] On Shakespeare in France see Lacroix's "Histoire de l'Influence de Shakespeare sur le Théâtre français" (1856).

a popular illustration of the principles of so-called "scientific criticism," has published some excellent essays on "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist" (1885). Two annotated editions of the Sonnets have recently been published, the later, that edited by Mr. Tyler, containing the results of an ingenious endeavour to identify the persons of the "Dark Lady" and "Mr. W. H." A considerable critical literature has been called into existence by Mr. Irving's presentations of Shakespeare's plays, and the great actor has himself made some interesting contributions to Shakespearian criticism. From him and from the first of living actresses, Miss Ellen Terry, our generation has learnt that though Shakespeare's plays can be studied with admirable results in the closet, they live their highest, fullest, and most exquisite life upon the stage.

NOTE ON THE EARLY EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

FOLIOS.

The First Folio was published in 1623, "printed by Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount." It contains thirty-six plays (Pericles not being included in the Folios until 1664), arranged as Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Shakespeare's fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, dedicate the volume to the brothers William, Earl of Pembroke [William Herbert], and Philip, Earl of Montgomery. In their address to the readers they profess to give for the first time the true text, and it is implied that they printed from Shakespeare's manuscripts. As a fact, the text abounds with errors, and in many instances they evidently print from the Quartos. In some cases the Folio gives a better text than the corresponding Quarto. It is the sole original authority for seventeen plays. The First Folio was reprinted by Upcott in 1807, and with great accuracy by Lionel Booth (1862–64). It has been reproduced with the aid of photography by Staunton, and in a reduced form (under the superintendence of Halliwell-Phillipps) by Chatto and Windus.

The Second Folio, 1632.—Lowndes's statement that a copy exists with the date 1631 has not been verified. The printer was Thomas Cotes, and the property was vested in five booksellers. It is a reprint from the First Folio, with some errors corrected, some faultily altered to other erroneous readings, and many new errors added.

The Third Folio, "printed for Philip Chetwinde." There are two issues, 1663 and 1664.

The copies dated 1664 add "seven plays never before printed in Folio," viz.: Pericles, Prince of Tyre; The London Prodigal; The History of Thomas Lord Cromwell; Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham; The Puritan Widow; A Yorkshire Tragedy; The Tragedy of Locrine. These seem to have been selected because either the name of Shakespeare or the initials W. S. appear on the title-pages of the Quartos.

The Fourth Folio, 1685, includes the seven plays added in 1664.

QUARTOS.

In the following table the Quarto editions of the Poems and Plays are arranged in the order of the dates at which the first edition of each appeared. An asterisk points out the Quarto from which the text in the First Folio is printed.

Venus and Adonis, 1593, 1594, 1596, 1599, 1600, 1602, 1602, 1617, 1620, 1627 (at Edinburgh), 1630? (title-page lost), 1636.

Lucrece, 1594, 1598, 1600, 1607, 1616, 1624, 1632 (?), 1655.

Romeo and Juliet, 1597 (pirated and imperfect), 1599, *1609? (without date), 1637.

King Richard II., 1597, 1598, 1608, *1615, 1634.

King Richard III., 1597, 1598, 1602, 1605, 1612, 1622, 1629, 1634.

King Henry IV. Part I., 1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, *1613, 1622, 1632, 1639.

Love's Labour's Lost, *1598 (with Shakespeare's name on title, for the first time on any play), 1631.

The Passionate Pilgrim, 1599, 1612 (called third edition on title-page, but only two extant).

King Henry V., 1600 (pirated and imperfect), 1602, 1608 (both reprinted from 1600).

King Henry IV. Part II., 1600.

Much Ado About Nothing, *1600.

A Midsummer's Night's Dream, 1600 (printed for Fisher), *1600 (printed by Roberts).

The Merchant of Venice, 1600 (printed by Roberts), *1600 (printed for Heyes), 1637, 1652.

Titus Andronicus (? possibly a lost quarto of 1594), 1600, *1611.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602, 1619 (both an imperfect report of the early form of the play), 1630.

Hamlet, 1603 (imperfect report of play in first form), 1604, 1605, 1611, ? undated, 1637.

King Lear, 1608, 1608 (both by same publisher), 1655.

Sonnets, 1609.

Troilus and Cressida, 1609, 1609.

Pericles, 1609, 1609, 1611, 1619, 1630, 1635.

Othello, 1622, 1630.

The "First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster" was printed in 1594 and 1600; the "True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York" in 1595 and 1600; the "Whole Contention" (in two parts) in 1619.

DEDICATION, &c., PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.[1]

DEDICATION.

To the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren, William Earl of Pembroke, &c., Lord Chamberlain to the King's most excellent majesty,
and
Philip Earl of Montgomery, &c., Gentleman of his majesty's bed-chamber;
Both Knights of the most noble order of the Garter, and our singular good lords.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Whilst we study to be thankful in our particular[2] for the many favours we have received from your L.L.,[3] we are fallen upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear and rashness,—rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For when we value the places your H.H.[4] sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles; and while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our dedication. But since your L.L. have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore, and have prosecuted both them and their author living with so much favour, we hope that (they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference whether any book choose his patrons, or find them: this hath done both. For so much were your L.L. likings of the several parts when they were acted, as before they were published, the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians; without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come near your L.L. but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have; and many nations, we have heard, that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach their gods by what means they could: and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remains of your servant Shakespeare, that what delight is in them may be ever your L.L., the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living and the dead as is

Your Lordships' most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

[1] See *Note on the Early Editions*, p. lxxvi of the present volume.

[2] *In our particular*, in our private or personal relationship.

[3] *L.L.*, lordships.

[4] *H.H.*, honours.

ADDRESS PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

To the great variety of readers.

From the most able to him that can but spell: there you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed: especially when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities; and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well, it is now public; and you will stand for your privileges, we know,—to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first: that doth best commend a book, the stationer says. Then how odd soever your brains be or your wisdoms, make your license the same, and spare not. Judge your six-pen'orth, your shillings-worth, your five-shillings-worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jack[1] go. And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Black-friars or the Cock-pit, to arraign plays daily, know, these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals, and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But, since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it: his mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him: and there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough both to draw and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, whom if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

[1] *Jack* here perhaps means the roasting-jack or the smoke-jack.

LIST OF ACTORS IN THE FOLIO OF 1623.

The Names of the principal Actors in all these Plays.

William Shakespeare.	Samuel Gilburne.
Richard Burbadge.	Robert Armin.
John Hemmings.	William Ostler.
Augustine Phillips.	Nathan Field.
William Kempt.	John Underwood.
Thomas Poope.	Nicholas Tooley.
George Bryan.	William Ecclestone.
Henry Condell.	Joseph Taylor.
William Slye.	Robert Benfield.
Richard Cowly.	Robert Goughe.
John Lowine.	Richard Robinson.
Samuel Crosse.	John Shancke.
Alexander Cooke.	John Rice.

COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

To the memory of my beloved, the author, Master William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much:
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage: but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For seeliest[2] ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seem'd to raise:
These are as some infamous[3] bawd or whore
Should praise a matron:—what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,

[2] *Seeliest*, simplest.

[3] *Infa'mous.* Accented like the Lat. *infāmis*, infamous.

Above th' ill fortune of them or the need.
I, therefore, will begin. Soul of the age,
Th' applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:[1]
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,—
I mean, with great but disproportion'd Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line:
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova,[2] dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes[3] of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines:
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit:
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,—
Such as thine are,—and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—
For a good poet's made, as well as born:
And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-tornèd and true-filèd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from thence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

BEN: JONSON.

To the memory of the deceased author, Master W. Shakespeare.

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which out-live
Thy tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still; this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages; when posterity
Shall loathe what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.
Nor fire, nor cankering age,—as Naso said
Of his,—thy wit-fraught book shall once invade:
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
Though miss'd, until our bankrout stage be sped—
Impossible—with some new strain t' out-do
Passions of Juliet and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-sword-parleying Romans spake:
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire, re feeling be express'd,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L[EONARD] DIGGES.[4]

To the memory of Master W. Shakespeare.

We wonder'd, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon

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[1] An allusion to certain lines by William Basse, the first four being as follows:—

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer; and, rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser; to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold fourfold tomb.

[2] Seneca the Younger, born at Cordova.

[3] *Scenes*, stages, theatres.

[4] A member of University College, Oxford, where he died in 1635—a mediocre poet and translator.

From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part:
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite. I. M.[1]

Upon the lines and life of the famous scenic poet, Master William Shakespeare.

Those hands which you so clapp'd, go now and wring,
You Britons brave; for done are Shakespeare's days;
His days are done that made the dainty plays,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring:
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays:
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,
Which crown'd him poet first, then poets' king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this;
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave—
Death's public tiring-house—the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.[2]

COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1632.

Upon the effigies of my worthy friend, the author, Master William Shakespeare and his works.

Spectator, this life's shadow is:—to see
This truer image and a livelier he,
Turn reader. But observe his comic vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragic strain,
Then weep: so, when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise,
Say—who alone effect such wonders could—
Rare Shakespeare to the life thou dost behold.

An epitaph on the admirable dramatic poet, W. Shakespeare.[3]

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones,
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulchrèd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

On worthy Master Shakespeare and his poems.

A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear
Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent:
To outrun hasty Time, retrieve the Fates,
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of Death and Lethe, where confusèd lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In that deep dusky dungeon to discern
A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wondering how oft they live;
What story coldly tells, what poets feign
At second hand, and picture without brain,
Senseless and soul-less shows: to give a stage—
Ample, and true with life—voice, action, age,
As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse,
Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage;
Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start, and by elaborate play
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crab-like way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort

[1] Believed to be the initials of James Mabbe, a fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and latterly prebendary of Wells; died in 1642.

[2] A Welshman, who became fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; wrote some poor poems, and died in 1633.

[3] These lines, as is well known, are by Milton, but his name was not attached to them in the edition of 1632.

Disgorging up his ravin for our sport:—
While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire;
To steer th' affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew, stol'n from ourselves:—
This, and much more which cannot be express'd
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,
Was Shakespeare's freehold; which his cunning brain
Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train;
The buskin'd Muse, the comic queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The silver-voicèd lady, the most fair
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants;
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another,—
Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother,—
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright;
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring,
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk; there run
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun;
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice;
Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled; not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn,—
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the Muses know
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy
In mortal garment spent,—"Death may destroy,"
They say, "his body; but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes our hands shall give:
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak; with laurel crown'd
Which never fades; fed with ambrosian meat,
In a well-linèd vesture, rich and neat."
So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stain nor envy tear it.
The friendly admirer of his endowments,
I. M. S.[1]

TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.

There are several erasures and interlineations in this document which render it difficult to convey to the reader's mind an exact idea of the original; but if he will carefully bear in mind that, in the following transcript, *all words inserted in square brackets are those which have been erased, and that all the italics represent interlineations*, he will be able to derive a tolerably clear impression of this valuable record.

Vicesimo quinto die [Januarii] *Martii*, anno regni domini nostri Jacobi, nunc regis Anglie, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotie xlix° annoque Domini 1616.

T. Wmi. Shackspeare.—In the name of God, amen! I William Shackspeare, of Stratford upon Avon in the countie of Warr. gent., in perfect health and memorie, God be praysed, doe make and ordayne this my last will and testament in manner and forme followeing, that ys to saye, First, I comend my soule into the handes of God my Creator, hoping and assuredlie beleeving, through thonelie merittes of Jesus Christe my Saviour, to be made partaker of lyfe everlastinge, and my bodye to the earth whereof yt ys made. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my [sonne and] daughter Judyth one hundred and fyftie poundes of lawfull English money, to be paied unto her in manner and forme followeing, that ys to saye, one hundred poundes *in discharge of her marriage porcion* within one yeare after my deceas, with consideracion after the rate of twoe shillinges in the pound for soe long tyme as the same shalbe unpaied unto her after my deceas, and the fyftie poundes residewe thereof, upon her surrendring *of*, or gyving of such sufficient securitie as the overseers of this my will shall like of to surrender or graunte, all her estate and right that shall

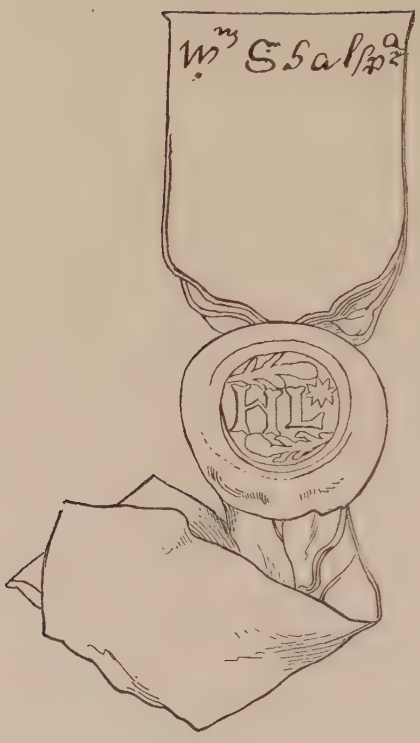
[1] Malone conjectured that these initials were intended to stand for "Jasper Mayne, Student;" and this was also the view of Mr. Bolton Corney, who pointed out to Dyce copies of verses by Mayne, exhibiting, as he considered, resemblances to this poem. One of these is signed "Jasper Mayne, Student of Christ Church." Mayne died in 1672, canon of Christ Church and archdeacon of Chichester.

discend or come unto her after my deceas, or *that shee* nowe hath, of, in or to, one copiehold tenemente with thappurtenaunces lyeing and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaied in the saied countie of Warr., being parcell or holden of the mannour of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall and her heires for ever. Item, I gvye and bequeath unto my saied daughter Judith one hundred and fyftie poundes more, if shee or anie issue of her bodie be lyvinge att thend of three yeares next ensueing the daie of the date of this my will, during which tyme my executours to paie her consideracion from my deceas according to the rate aforesaied; and if she dye within the saied terme without issue of her bodye, then my will ys, and I doe gyve and bequeath one hundred poundes thereof to my neece Elizabeth Hall, and the fiftie poundes to be sett fourth by my executours during the lief of my sister Johane Harte, and the use and proffitt thereof cominge shalbe payed to my saied sister Jone, and after her deceas the saied l.li. shall remaine amongst the children of my saied sister equallie to be divided amongst them; but if my saied daughter Judith be lyving att thend of the saied three yeares, or anie yssue of her bodye, then my will ys and soe I devise and bequeath the saied hundred and fyftie poundes to be sett out *by my executours and overseers* for the best benefitt of her and her issue, and *the stock* not *to be* paied unto her soe long as she shalbe marryed and covert baron [by my executours and overseers]; but my will ys that she shall have the consideracion yearelie paied unto her during her lief, and, after her deceas, the saied stock and consideracion to bee paied to her children, if she have anie, and if not, to her executours or assignes, she lyving the saied terme after my deceas, Provided that if such husbond, as she shall att thend of the saied three yeares be marryed unto, or att anie after, doe sufficientlie assure unto her and thissue of her bodie landes awnswereable to the porcion by this my will gyven unto her, and to be adjudged soe by my executours and overseers, then my will ys that the saied cl.li. shalbe paied to such husbond as shall make such assurance, to his owne use. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my saied sister Jone xx.li. and all my wearing apparrell, to be paied and delivered within one yeare after my deceas; and I doe will and devise unto her *the house* with thappurtenaunces in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her naturall lief, under the yearelie rent of xij.d. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto her three sonns, William Harte, ... Hart, and Michaell Harte, fvye poundes a peece, to be payed within one yeare after my deceas [to be sett out for her within one yeare after my deceas by my executours, with thadvise and direccions of my overseers, for her best proffitt untill her marriage, and then the same with the increase thereof to be paied unto her.]. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto [her] *the saied Elizabeth Hall* all my plate *except my brod silver and gilt bole*, that I now have att the date of this my will. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto the poore of Stratford aforesaied tenn poundes; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russell esquier fyve poundes, and to Frauncis Collins of the borough of Warr. in the countie of Warr. gent. thirteene poundes, sixe shillinges, and eight pence, to be paied within one yeare after my deceas. Item, I gyve and bequeath to [Mr. Richard Tyler thelder] *Hamlett Sadler* xxvj.s. viij.d. to buy him a ringe; to *William Raynoldes, gent., xxvj.s. viij.d. to buy him a ring;* to my godson William Walker xx.$^{s.}$ in gold; to Anthonye Nashe gent. xxvj.$^{s.}$ viij.$^{d.}$, and to Mr. John Nashe xxvj.$^{s.}$ *viij.*$^{d.}$ [in gold]; *and to my fellowes, John Hemynges, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, xxvj.*$^{s.}$ *viij.*$^{d.}$ *a peece to buy them ringes.* Item, I gyve, will, bequeath and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, *for better enabling of her to performe this my will, and towardes the performans thereof*, all that capitall messuage or tenemente, with thappurtenaunces, *in Stratford aforesaied*, called the Newe Place, wherein I nowe dwell, and twoe messuages or tenementes with thappurtenaunces, scituat lyeing and being in Henley streete within the borough of Stratford aforesaied; and all my barnes, stables, orchardes, gardens, landes, tenementes and hereditamentes whatsoever, scituat lyeing and being, or to be had, receyved, perceyved, or taken, within the townes, hamlettes, villages, fieldes and groundes of Stratford-upon-Avon, Oldstratford, Bushopton, and Welcombe, or in anie of them in the saied countie of Warr. And alsoe all that messuage or tenemente with thappurtenaunces wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, scituat lyeing and being in the Blackfriers in London nere the Wardrobe; and all other my landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever, To have and to hold all and singuler the saied premisses with their appurtenaunces unto the saied Susanna Hall for and during the terme of her naturall lief, and after her deceas, to the first sonne of her bodie lawfullie yssueing, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied first sonne lawfullie yssueinge, and for defalt of such issue, to

the second sonne of her bodie lawfullie issueinge, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied second sonne lawfullie yssueinge, and for defalt of such heires, to the third sonne of the bodie of the saied Susanna lawfullie yssueing, and of the heires males of the bodie of the saied third sonne lawfullie yssueing, and for defalt of such issue, the same soe to be and remaine to the fourth [sonne], fyfth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes of her bodie lawfullie issueing one after another, and to the heires males of the bodies of the saied fourth, fifth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes lawfullie yssueing, in such manner as yt ys before lymitted to be and remaine to the first, second and third sonns of her bodie, and to their heires males, and for defalt of such issue, the saied premisses to be and remaine to my sayed neece Hall, and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie yssueing, and for defalt of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie issueinge, and for defalt of such issue, to the right heires of me the saied William Shackspeare for ever. *Item, I gyve unto my wiefe my second best bed with the furniture.* Item, I gyve and bequeath to my saied daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goodes, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuffe whatsoever, after my dettes and legasies paied, and my funerall expences discharged, I gyve, devise, and bequeath to my sonne in lawe, John Hall gent., and my daughter Susanna, his wief, whom I ordaine and make executours of this my last will and testament. And I doe intreat and appoint *the saied* Thomas Russell esquier and Frauncis Collins gent. to be overseers hereof, and doe revoke all former wills, and publishe this to be my last will and testament. In witnes whereof I have hereunto put my [seale] *hand* the daie and yeare first above written.—By me William Shakspeare.

Witness to the publishing hereof,—Fra: Collyns; Julius Shawe; John Robinson; Hamnet Sadler; Robert Whattcott.

1



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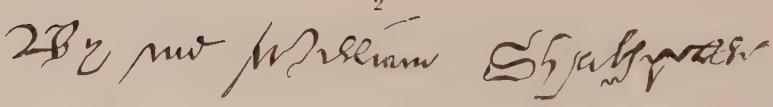

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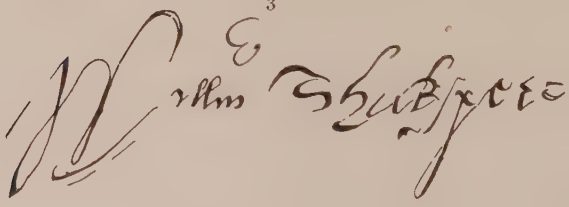


SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING.

1, From a mortgage dated 11 March 1612.

2, From his Will in the Prerogative Office.

3, From a leaf in Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays, edition of 1603, in the British Museum.

SHAKESPEARE AS A PLAYWRIGHT.

I daresay that it will appear to some readers a profanation of the name of Shakespeare to couple with it the title of playwright. But I have chosen this title for my introduction because I am anxious to show that with the mighty genius of the poet was united, in a remarkable degree, the capacity for writing plays intended to be acted as well as read. One often finds that the very persons who claim most to reverence Shakespeare, not only as a poet but also as a dramatist, carry that reverence to such an extent that they would almost forbid the representation of his plays upon the stage, except under conditions which are, if not impossible, certainly impracticable.

Shakespeare was one of the most practical dramatists whom the world has ever seen, and this notwithstanding that he lived in an age when the drawbacks which existed to the proper representation of stage plays were very many. It must not be thought that in claiming for him this quality one necessarily detracts, in the slightest degree, from his greater qualities as a poet. But surely the end of all plays is to be acted, and not to be simply read in the study. It is no reproach against a dramatist, whose object it is to produce plays, that he should prove himself a good playwright; for that is only equivalent to saying that he does his work well. Indeed there is no reason why we should praise him as a dramatist if his plays will not bear acting. During his lifetime Shakespeare took extraordinary pains to prevent his plays being published; not that he feared the literary test, but because it diminished their value as works for the stage, inasmuch as it enabled other companies, in which he was not interested, to act them without his deriving any profit. It is quite possible that, had Shakespeare lived, he would have brought out an edition of his plays as literary works, and would have bestowed upon their revision the greatest care. But, unfortunately, if such was his purpose, he did not live to fulfil it; and the consequence is that to the actors, and not to the ingenious publishers who "conveyed" his plays into print, we owe the preservation of the complete dramatic works of William Shakespeare. If his plays had not been successful in the staging, if they had not been frequently represented in action, we may venture to say that only a very few of them would have come down to us. It was surely on account of their popularity as acting plays that they were published without the author's consent. There can be no better test of the skill of a playwright than that his work should be popular, not only in his own time,

but also with posterity, and in countries where the language in which he wrote is almost unknown. It must be admitted that Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, were considered superior to Shakespeare by many persons, both during his lifetime and for some considerable time after his death. Yet, as far as we can discover, in his own day, Shakespeare more than held his own; and, with the exception of a period after the Restoration, when the worst taste in dramatic literature prevailed, Shakespeare's popularity has ever since increased; while that of Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Chapman, and all his other contemporaries, has declined, till, at the present time, their plays have almost ceased to be represented on the stage.

It is fortunate that we have the means of practically testing Shakespeare's excellence as a playwright by comparing his work with the old plays which he used as materials. Take, for example, "The Taming of the Shrew," in which, as Shakespeare's adaptation resembles the original so very closely both in plot and in the principal characters, we have a very good opportunity of judging his capacity by reading the old play side by side with his own. In Mr. Marshall's notes to this edition there will be found many instances of the skill which Shakespeare has shown, not only in important modifications in the language of that play, but also in the action. In King John and King Lear it is scarcely possible to recognize the crude originals as transformed by Shakespeare's genius. There are, indeed, many plays which, though not suggested by the work of other dramatists, as far as we know, were founded on stories which fortunately have been preserved to us. In these we can see with what unerring tact Shakespeare selected the most effective incidents for treatment on the stage, with what wide and deep knowledge of human nature he brought to life the characters of history, and how thoroughly he knew the greatest secret of a successful dramatist—how to enlist the sympathies of an audience for his hero or heroine, without making them prodigies of consistent virtue. It is with Shakespeare's heroes and heroines, as it is in real life: those we love the best have the least pretension to perfection; we love them all the more for their inconsistencies and their faults; perhaps because their very defects make us acknowledge them the more readily as our fellow-creatures. In this human imperfection of character lies much of the fascination of Hamlet. Equally striking is the effective use which Shakespeare makes of a situation, when he finds one in the story on which he has founded his plot, or invents one for himself. In nothing is the instinct of a true dramatist more forcibly exemplified. It is a common experience that a play which is excellent in all other respects, often falls short of success because the writer either fails to recognize a situation, when it naturally occurs, or, if he do recognize it, is unable to turn it to the best account.

Of the stage traditions of Shakespeare we know nothing, though we are told they descended from Burbage, Taylor, and Lowin to Davenant, and were given by him to Betterton. For fifty years Betterton held the position of the

greatest actor of his day; and during that half-century, although the prejudices and predilections of the literary taste of the day were alike hostile to Shakespeare's works, Betterton had only to appear in Mercutio, Macbeth, or, above all, in Hamlet, to draw the town. It was not till after the Restoration that the idea seems generally to have prevailed that Shakespeare wanted improving; that, in order to be acted, his plays must be adapted by some literary genius of that day. Even Dryden, great poet as he was, and sincere admirer of Shakespeare, did his best to spoil The Tempest; while such inferior men as Davenant, Crowne, and, later on, Cibber, found a congenial task in degrading as much as possible the poetry of Shakespeare to the level of commonplace. Anyone who is interested in these labours will find the fruits of them in such pieces as Davenant's Law against Lovers (a fusion of *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado*), and his version of Macbeth; Crowne's Miseries of Civil War (*Henry VI.*); Colley Cibber's Papal Tyranny (*King John*), and his bombastic Richard III. Even in Garrick's day the public, which eagerly applauded his acting, and welcomed his purer and wholesomer style of dramatic art, continued to tolerate mutilated versions of the works of our greatest dramatist; Garrick himself supplying a version of Romeo and Juliet. There is an old engraving representing Mr. Holman and Miss Brunton in the scene at Capulet's tomb. Underneath this picture are these lines:—

Juliet.—You fright me . . . Speak . . . O, let me hear some voice
Besides my own in this drear vault of death,
Or I shall faint. . . Support me . . .
Romeo.— . . O, I cannot . . I have no strength . . but want
Thy feeble aid. . . Cruel poison!

SHAKESPEARE.

It will puzzle the reader to find this passage in any edition of the dramatist; and yet there is no doubt that many persons in all innocence accepted these words as having been written by Shakespeare.

It is well known that for many years Cibber's Richard III. was the only version of that play with which the majority of Englishmen were acquainted; indeed, Porson said that for one man who knew Shakespeare's play there were more than ten who knew only Cibber's; and the inflated commonplaces of the latter were accepted as the work of the great poet himself.

All the principal comedies were, at one time or other, most recklessly manipulated; while of the tragedies, Romeo and Juliet, Lear, and Macbeth suffered much from these improvers of our poet. Perhaps, if we were asked to name the ideal representative of Hamlet, we should say Betterton was the actor who seems to have satisfied most fully the fastidious requirements of such intellectual lights as Dryden, Steele, and Pope, and who enjoyed the advantage, as has already been said, of having received, only at second hand, the poet's own ideas as to the mode of realizing on the stage his great creation. Yet to those

who have always been ready to believe that Betterton, even when comparatively an old man, was the best representative of Hamlet, it is humiliating to find, on examining the acting text which was in use at his theatre, that the greatest liberties were taken with the author's language. In many plays of Shakespeare the omission of passages, the modification of certain words or phrases, and the transposition of some scenes, are all absolutely necessary before they can be acted; but the popular taste nowadays would not permit an actor to take such liberties with the text as were once thought not only pardonable but commendable; and indeed, the more the actor plays Shakespeare, the more he must be convinced that to attempt to improve the language of our greatest dramatist is a very hopeless task.

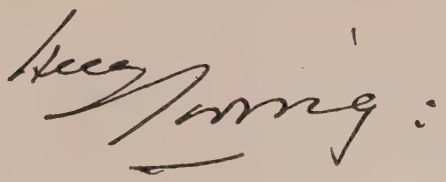
Much objection has been made to the employment of the sister arts of music and painting in the stage representation of Shakespeare, and to the elaborate illustrations of the countries in which the various scenes are laid, or of the dress and surroundings of the different characters. I do not contend that a play, fairly acted, cannot be fully effective without any of these aids and adjuncts. But, practically, their value has ceased to be a matter of opinion; they have become necessary. They are dictated by the public taste of the day — not by the desire for mere scenic display, but that demand for finish in details which has grown with the development of art in all its phases. A painter who should neglect truthful detail, however broad and powerful his method, would nowadays be exposed to severe criticism. This is not a proof of decadence; it is a striving after completeness. The stage has become not only a mirror of the passions, but also a nursery of the arts, for here students of the past learn the form and colour of the costumes and the decorations of distant ages. To all this there are clear limits. It is not always possible to reproduce an historic period with exactness. Macbeth, and Lear, and Hamlet belong to history too remote for fidelity of costume. But a period has, in such cases, to be chosen and followed with conscientious thoroughness, tempered by discrimination. Above all, the resources of the picturesque must be wholly subordinate to the play. Mere pageant apart from the story has no place in Shakespeare, although there may be a succession of truthful and harmonious pictures which shall neither hamper the natural action, nor distract the judgment from the actor's art. In fine, there is no occasion to apologize for the system of decoration. True criticism begins when the manager carries ornament to excess, for then he sins against the laws of beauty as well as against the poet. Tried by this standard, a successful representation of a Shakespeare play may be ranked as a worthy tribute to the genius which commands the homage of all art, and which has laid on us the memorable injunction of "an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine."—(Hamlet, ii. 2. 165–167.)

I suppose the vexed question whether Shakespeare disliked his vocation as an actor will never pass out of the region of controversy. We shall always be

told that the lament in the Sonnets over the "public means which public manners breeds" marked the poet's sense of his own degradation on the stage. But against this theory I would enter an earnest protest. First, because it is by no means established that the allusions in the Sonnets are personal to Shakespeare; and, secondly, because they are wholly inconsistent with his masterly exposition of the actor's art in Hamlet's well-known speech to the players. On the first point there is undeniably a conflict of cultivated opinion; on the second there is not, and cannot be, any dispute whatever. The players are "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time." It is their noble function to "hold the mirror up to nature;" and the whole scope and subtlety of their art receive from Shakespeare the most apt, eloquent, and comprehensive definition. No player, who despised his calling, and solemnly charged fortune with the "harmful deeds" which that calling compelled him to commit, could have put upon immortal record this vindication of the art which was both his pride and his livelihood. No doubtful expression which escaped him can be set against the weight of his own authority. You might as well say that Macbeth's

> poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more.
> —Macbeth, v. 5. 24–26.

is a fit companion for the "idiot," in the same speech, whose tale is "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," and that such symbols are appropriate to the undying fame of Roscius or Burbage, of David Garrick or Edmund Kean. "If there is amongst the defective records of the poet's life," says Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, "one feature demanding special respect, it is the unflinching courage with which, notwithstanding his desire for social position, he braved public opinion in favour of a continued adherence to that which he felt was in itself a noble profession, and this at a time when it was not merely despised but surrounded by an aggressive fanaticism that prohibited its exercise even in his own native town." The stage cannot be dissociated from Shakespeare, either as the poet or as the man. It was the lever with which he moved the world; and, while we accord to him the supremacy of literature, it is but just to remember the practical aid he derived from his judgment and experience as playwright and player.



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.

BIRON,[2]
LONGAVILLE,[3] } Lords attending on the King.
DUMAIN,

BOYET,[4]
MERCADE,[5] } Lords attending on the Princess of France.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO,[6] a Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a Curate.
HOLOFERNES, a Schoolmaster.
DULL, a Constable.
COSTARD,[7] a Clown.
MOTH,[8] Page to Armado.
A FORESTER.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

ROSALINE,[9]
MARIA,
KATHARINE, } Ladies attending on the Princess.

JAQUENETTA, a Country Wench.

Lords, Attendants, &c.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN NAVARRE.

HISTORICAL PERIOD: about the year 1427.[10]

TIME OF ACTION,

TWO DAYS:[11]—First day, Acts I. and II.; Second day, Acts III. to V.

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[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: first enumerated by Rowe.

[2] BIRON, spelt *Berowne* in Q. 1, F. 1, Q. 2: the accent is invariably on the last syllable. On the title-pages of the two plays of Chapman founded on the history of the celebrated Duc De Biron, the name is spelt in both instances *Byron*.

[3] LONGAVILLE, spelt *Longavill* in Q. 1, F. 1, Q. 2; made to rhyme with *ill* in iv. 3. 123.

[4] BOYET, pronounced with the accent on the last syllable; made to rhyme to *debt* in v. 2. 334.

[5] MERCADE, printed *Marcade* in Qq. and Ff.

[6] ARMADO, sometimes written *Armatho;* in Q. 1 and F. 1 often called the *Braggart*.

[7] COSTARD, often called in Q. 1, F. 1 simply *Clown*.

[8] MOTH. Grant White suggests that *Moth* should be written *Mote*, "as it was clearly thus pronounced." Certainly *mote* is written *moth* both by Q. 1 and F. 1, in iv. 3. 161.

[9] ROSALINE, made to rhyme with *thine*, iv. 3. 221.

[10] See Hunter's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 257 and note 41.

[11] This is Mr. P. A. Daniel's calculation, and is manifestly right.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST was published for the first time in quarto with the following title:—

"A | Pleasant | Conceited Comedie | called | Loues labors lost. | As it was presented before her Highnes | this last Christmas | Newly corrected and augmented | By W. Shakespere. | Imprinted at London by *W. W.* | for *Cuthbert Burby*, 1598."

The folio edition is, more or less, a reprint of this quarto, differing mainly in its being divided into acts. The Cambridge editors add, "and as usual inferior in accuracy;" but in that sweeping judgment I cannot agree.[1] In some cases the readings of the Quarto are preferable, in others those of the Folio. The Second Quarto (Q. 2) is reprinted from the First Folio.

It bears the following title:—

"Loues Labours lost. | A wittie and pleasant | comedie, | As it was Acted by his Maiesties Seruants at | *the* Blacke-Friers *and the* Globe. | *Written* | By William Shakespeare. | London, | Printed by W. S. for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be | sold at his shop in Saint Dunstones Church-yard vnder the Diall. | 1631."

The date of this play may be fixed with tolerable accuracy about 1589–90. It certainly is one of Shakespeare's earliest, if the evidence, afforded by metre and style, is worth anything. As compared with The Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour's Lost has nearly twice as many rhymed lines as blank verse, while the former play has only one rhyme in three. In the scarcity of eleven-syllable lines among the blank verse; in the quantity of doggerel and of alternate rhymes, this play bears the usual characteristics of Shakespeare's earliest style more strongly marked than The Comedy of Errors or The Two Gentlemen of Verona The allusions contained in Love's Labour's Lost, which help to settle the date of it, are the references to "Bankes's horse" (i. 2. 57), whose first exhibition is said to have been in 1589; to "Monarcho," a crazy Italian,[2] so called because he claimed to be the monarch of the world, to whom allusions may be found in an epitaph by Churchyard (1580), and in A Brief Discourse of the Spanish State, 4to, 1590; as well as the adoption by Shakespeare of names for some of his principal characters from those of persons who figured prominently in French politics from 1581 to 1590, such as Biron, Longaville, Dumain (Duc du Maine). (See S. L. Lee's communication, given in Furnivall's "Forewords" to Facsimile of First Quarto.)

This play is mentioned, in 1598, by two writers; by Meres in the well-known passage in Palladis Tamia, and by Robert Tofte in a poem called Alba: or the Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover, who speaks of it as a play he "once did see," implying that he saw it some time before. Dr. Grosart, in his edition of Robert Southwell's poems (written about 1594), professes to find an adaptation of a passage from this play (iv. 3. 350–353) in a description of the eyes of our Saviour. Drummond of Hawthornden enumerates among the books he read in 1606, *Loues Labors Lost.*

As to the source from which Shakespeare derived the story of Love's Labour's Lost, no-

[1] See Mr. Furnivall's admirable analysis of the differences between Q. 1 and F. 1, in his "Forewords" to Griggs' Facsimile of Q. 1.

[2] His real name was Bergamasco, as appears from A Brief Discourse of the Spanish State, &c., 4to, quoted by Staunton.

thing is known. No older play on the same subject has yet been discovered, nor any story upon which it could have been founded.[1] Undoubtedly it was revised and altered by Shakespeare, considerably, between the date of its first production and that of its publication. The last two acts, especially, bear unmistakable marks of the author's revision. The lines (iv. 3. 299–304)[2] are evidently the first version of the subsequent lines 320–323, and 350–353; as are the lines v. 2. 827–832,[2] of lines 850–863 in the same scene. In both cases the earlier versions are very much inferior to the later amplifications.

STAGE HISTORY.

Very little is known of the stage history of this play. From the title-page of the first quarto we know that it was acted at court at Christmas, 1597, before Queen Elizabeth; that it was revived in 1604 we know from a letter[3] of Sir Walter Cope, addressed to Lord Cranborne, and endorsed 1604.

"I have sent and been all this morning hunting for players, jugglers, and such kind of creatures, but find them hard to find; wherefore, leaving notes for them to seek me, Burbage is come, and says there is no new play which the queen hath not seen; but they have revived an old one, called *Loves Labore Lost*, which for wit and mirth he says will please her exceedingly. And this is appointed to be played to-morrow night at my Lord of Southampton's, unless you send a writ to remove the corpus cum causa to your house in Strand. Burbage is my messenger. Ready attending your pleasure.—Yours most humbly, WALTER COPE."

No mention of this play having been acted occurs in Henslowe's Diary, 1591–1609, nor in Pepys, nor in Genest, whose work embraces the period between 1660 and 1830. In October, 1839, under the management of Madame Vestris, Love's Labour's Lost was played at Covent Garden. The cast of this performance, as given in Duncombe's acting edition, included, among other well-known names, Mr. Harley as *Don Adriano*, Mr. Keeley as *Costard*, Mrs. Nisbett as the *Princess*, and Madame Vestris as *Rosaline*. It was also acted in 1857 at Sadlers Wells, under the management of Mr. Phelps, who himself took the part of *Don Adriano*. The comedy has found no favour with modern playgoers; though it has been revived in New York twice: at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, February 21st, 1874, and at Daly's Theatre, March 28th, 1891.

Genest mentions a play called Students, and dated 1762, but never acted. He says: "This is professedly Love's Labour's Lost adapted to the stage; but it does not seem to have been ever acted—the maker of the alteration (as is usual in these cases) has left out too much of Shakespeare, and put in too much of his own stuff—Biron is foolishly made to put on Costard's coat—in this disguise he speaks part of what belongs to Costard, and is mistaken for him by several of the characters. The curate and schoolmaster are omitted, but one of the pedantic speeches belonging to the latter is absurdly given to a player. One thing is very happily altered; Armado's letter to the king is omitted as a letter, and the contents of it are thrown into Armado's part. The cuckoo song is transferred from the end of the play to the 2d act, in which it is sung by Moth. It is now usually sung in As you Like it."

CRITICAL REMARKS.

It may be difficult to point out Shakespeare's best play, but there is little difficulty in pointing out his worst. Love's Labour's Lost, whether we consider it as a drama, or as a study of character, or as a poetical work, is certainly the least to be admired of all his plays. How little real attraction it possesses as a drama is proved by the fact that, during the whole period over which Genest's record extends, Love's Labour's Lost was never once acted. It appears to have been fortunate enough to please Queen Elizabeth; but considering that Lilly's plays found so great favour with that

[1] Hunter gives a passage from Monstrelet, in which a payment of "two hundred thousand gold crowns" by the King of France to Charles, King of Navarre, is spoken of. See ii. 1. 129-132, in the note on which passage I have given the quotation in full.

[2] The references here are to the lines in the Globe Edition, as in this edition the redundant lines are omitted altogether.

[3] Ingleby's Centurie of Prayse, second edition, p. 62.

learned and virtuous sovereign, this fact does not say much for the intrinsic merits of Love's Labour's Lost. There is scarcely one scene which contains any real dramatic interest. Perhaps the best is the one, in which Biron overhears the confessions of love on the part of the king and the other two lords. His stepping forth to whip hypocrisy is very amusing, considering that he has already confessed to the audience his own passion for Rosaline, and that he is almost immediately convicted of being equally false to his vows with those whom he has denounced, through the clumsy intervention of Costard and Jaquenetta. In all Shakespeare's other plays, not excepting Timon of Athens, there is a gradually increasing dramatic interest; but in this play no one who reads it, or who sees it acted, can care very much about the fate of any character in it. None of the female characters are developed sufficiently to enlist our sympathies; while the male ones produce, for the most part, only a sense of weariness in the reader or spectator. The individuality of each character is very slight. Biron and Boyet, Armado and Holofernes, Costard and Dull, Rosaline and Maria, are each like faint reflections of the other; they run in pairs, as it were, and the power which should have been concentrated on the one is frittered away on both. The end of the play is, to an audience, eminently unsatisfactory; no definite result is attained, and the spectator is simply left to imagine that, in the course of a year or so, the various couples, male and female, are joined together in holy matrimony. The comic element is infinitely weaker even than in The Two Gentlemen of Verona; while, for construction and situation, The Comedy of Errors ranks far above Love's Labour's Lost.

It would seem that Shakespeare had two main objects in writing Love's Labour's Lost; first, to ridicule the euphuistic school, to satirize the pedantic tone and tedious antitheses of Lilly's plays; secondly, to laugh good-humouredly at the clumsy and ineffective pageants, which it was then the custom for the country people to present at the houses and in the gardens of the nobility, or at village fairs and festivals. One can well imagine that Shakespeare, when quite a young man, feeling within himself the latent power of a great dramatist, must have been more or less incensed at the ridiculous extravagance of the praise awarded to John Lilly, who was at that time, undoubtedly, the most popular playwright. Lilly's comedies, or whatever he was pleased to call them, were performed by companies of boys in the presence of her gracious majesty Queen Elizabeth, who led the applause. The laborious and sententious style of dialogue, the vulgarly paraded scholarship—if we may use such a term for the lavish sprinkling of Latin phrases,[1] which Lilly puts into the mouth of every character, whether heathen god, or Christian clown—the utterly affected and unnatural sentiments, the absence of any real passion, all these points were just of the nature which Queen Elizabeth could thoroughly appreciate. Whatever the talent of her courtiers might be, they were far too submissive to dispute her judgment; and the lower classes, as far as they took any interest in the matter, followed suit: so that, during the period when Shakespeare was growing from boyhood to manhood, John Lilly was accepted as the leading dramatist of the age. It cannot be denied that Lilly had talent, or that his plays contain, here and there, flashes of merit and even of poetry; but his was essentially a false and unwholesome style of writing; and, indeed, had it been otherwise, he would scarcely have found favour at court then, or in later days. It is also true that Queen Elizabeth made some pretence, at a subsequent time, of appreciating Shakespeare;[2]

[1] Dr. Landmann in his interesting paper on "Shakspere and Euphuism" (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, Feb. 10, 1882), makes the astounding statement that "Lilly's style is free from Latin and foreign-English, nor does he *indulge in Latin quotations.*" No one who reads Lilly's plays can fail to notice the ridiculous abundance of Latin quotations and sentences, assigned to every character, without the slightest regard to their appropriateness in the mouth of the person who speaks them.

[2] Although Queen Elizabeth's style is generally oversententious and affected, yet some of her writings—her letter to Essex, for instance (Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 302)—are so clear and masterly, that one cannot well believe she really held Lilly superior to Shakespeare. But her vanity was so great, that she would not show any marked favour to one who declined to condescend to such adulations as Lilly did in his Cynthia's Revels, or Peele in his Arraignment of Paris. It is to Shakespeare's honour that his writings are nowhere disfigured by such sycophancy.

that is not the question at present. What I wish to point out is, that the extravagance and tediousness of Love's Labour's Lost may be attributed, in a great measure, to the over-anxiety of a young writer to satirize one, whose popularity he felt to be undeserved; and whose superior he knew himself to be, not with the self-conceit of a merely clever man, but with the intuition of genius. Shakespeare, however, fell into the fault which young writers, actuated by similar motives, generally display. His satire was so elaborate, that it became equally tedious with that which it sought to ridicule. Armado is quite as great a bore as Sir Tophas in Lilly's Endymion, and Moth may rival for his impertinence—in the strict sense of the word—any of the numerous young prodigies who, under the title of "pages," infest Lilly's plays. But, in spite of all its faults, the satire of Love's Labour's Lost was, no doubt, very effective. The popularity of Lilly seems to have faded before the rising star of those dramatists who, like Shakespeare, imitated his epigrammatic force, while they infused into *their* characters what *his* wanted, life and nature. For some time conceits had their day. It was a long day; but, by the time Shakespeare's genius had begun to mature, he was able to discard such adventitious aid and ornament.

The character of Holofernes has been supposed by some commentators to have been intended for John Florio, the author of many works, and especially of the well-known Italian-English Dictionary which bears his name. Apart from other reasons, it may be doubted whether Shakespeare would have ridiculed one who was so especial a protégé of the Earl of Southampton as Florio was. It is more probable that under cover of a character found, as The Pedant, in many old Italian comedies, Shakespeare intended to satirize the silly display of Latinity which Lilly was so fond of making in his plays. Doubtless, as Dr. Landmann points out, the Spanish bombastic style is more specially ridiculed in Don Armado, and, in the king and his courtiers, the love-sick affectations of the school which professed to follow Petrarch.

In his ridicule of such pageants as the clowns of Warwickshire presented before their liege lords, Shakespeare was more happy, because less tedious; of course, in the admirable "Clown's scenes" of Midsummer's Night's Dream he reaches a far higher point than he does in this play. One can easily imagine the humorous, thoughtful face of the young lad from Stratford-upon-Avon amongst the crowd of spectators at one of those "*pleasant interludes;*" one can picture him as he notes down in his mind the amusing blunders of the rustic actors, and evolves from such scanty materials the rich humour of "Pyramus and Thisbe."

As to the bearing of this play on the social questions of Shakespeare's day, I doubt if he had any intention to treat such serious matters, as the intellectual position of women compared with that of men, in the work before us; nor can we draw any parallel between this play and Tennyson's Princess, without stretching conjecture to unjustifiable limits.

In all Shakespeare's earlier plays there is some idea imperfectly worked out which foreshadows one of his later and more perfect creations. The weak wit-combats, if they can be called so, of Biron and Rosaline, of Boyet and Maria, contain the feeble embryo of those matchless creations, Benedick and Beatrice.

It would be unfair to dismiss this play without noticing the great superiority, as far at least as poetical merit goes, of the two last acts, which were, undoubtedly, much enlarged and improved by Shakespeare, at some period later than that of their original production. There is an elevation in the language of the Princess, in the last act, which belongs to a later period of Shakespeare's career; and some of Biron's speeches contain evidence of a far more skilful touch, both in the metre and in the matter, than the writer possessed when executing the earlier portions of the play.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The king of Navarre's park.*

Enter FERDINAND, *king of Navarre*, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over:
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there;
And one day in a week to touch no food
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrolled there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day—
When I was wont to think no harm all night.

And make a dark night too of half the day—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!
King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.
Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
[*Long.* You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.
Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.
King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.
King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small[1] have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.
King. How well he 's read, to reason against reading!
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!
Long. He weeds the corn and still lets grow the weeding.
Biron. The spring is near when green geese are a-breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhyme.
King. Biron is like an envious sneaping[2] frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.]
King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu.
Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
[And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I 'll keep what I have swore
And bide the penance of each three years' day.]

[1] *Small,* small or little (gain). [2] *Sneaping,* checking.

Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I 'll write my name.
King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
Biron [*reads*]. "Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court:" Hath this been proclaimed?
Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let 's see the penalty. [*Reads*] "On pain of losing her tongue." Who devised this penalty?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!
[*Reads*] "Item, if any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise."
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, complete in majesty—
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.
King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should,
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'T is won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.
King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie[1] here on mere necessity.
Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;
I am forsworn on "mere necessity."
So to the laws at large I write my name:
[*Subscribes.*

And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions[2] are to others as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick[3] recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements,[4] whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new[5] words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And so to study; three years is but short.

Enter DULL *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow: what would'st?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough:[6] but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme — Arme — commends you. There 's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.
Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!
Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?

[1] *Lie*, reside.

[2] *Suggestions*, temptations. [3] *Quick*, lively.
[4] *Complements*, ornamental accomplishments.
[5] *Fire-new*, bran-new.
[6] *Tharborough*, third borough, a peace-officer.

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately: or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.[1]

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner

Dull. . . . There 's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.

of a man to speak to a woman: for the form, —in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King [*reads*]. "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron."

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King [*reads*]. "So it is,"—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King [*reads*]. "So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when. About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is ycliped thy park. Then for the place where; [where,

[1] *With the manner*, in the fact.

I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place where;] it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,"—

Cost. Me.

King [*reads*]. "that unlettered small-knowing soul,"—

Cost. Me.

King [*reads*]. "that shallow vassal,"—

Cost. Still me.

King [*reads*]. "which, as I remember, hight Costard,—

Cost. O, me.

King [*reads*]. "sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,—

Cost. With a wench.

King [*reads*]. "with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation."

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony Dull.

King [*reads*]. "For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

[*King.* It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed "damsel."

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed "virgin."

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.]

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.
My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertin-

ent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

[*Moth.* How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

Moth. [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses[1] love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put "years" to the word "three," and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.]

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. [If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devis'd courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid.] Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

[*Arm.* Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known,
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;

[1] *Crosses*, money.

For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.[1]
A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.]

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but I think now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by

Arm. I love thee. *Jaq.* So I heard you say.

some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside*] To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance; but he must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allow'd for the day-woman.[2] Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

Jaq. Man?

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

1 *Owe*, possess.

2 *Day-woman*, dairy-maid.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

[*Cost.* I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.]

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. [Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men.] Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Scene I. *The same.*

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
[Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.]
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace:
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so. [*Exit Boyet.*
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
First Lord. Lord Longaville is one.
Prin. Know you the man?
Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solémnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
In arts well fitted, glorious in arms:

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits.

Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
[Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.]
Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't so?
Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.
Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
[Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.]
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.
Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:

His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue—conceit's expositor—
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

First Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors[1] in oath
Were all address'd[2] to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies, all except Princess, put on their masks.*]

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. "Fair" I give you back again; and "welcome" I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he 'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
[*Gives him a paper.*

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you 'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'T is 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

[*Biron.* What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.]

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but th' one half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we—as neither have—
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.

[1] *Competitors*, confederates. [2] *Address'd*, prepared.

If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
[But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart[1] withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.]

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I 'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deni'd fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort[2] your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

[*Biron.* I would you heard it groan.
Ros. Is the fool sick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Ros. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Ros. My physic says "ay."
Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?
Ros. No *poynt*, with my knife.
Biron. Now, God save thy life!
Ros. And yours from long living!
Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving.]

[*Retiring.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same? [*Indicating Katharine.*

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white? [*Indicating Maria.*

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [*Exit Longaville.*

Biron. What 's her name in the cap? [*Indicating Rosaline.*

Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir: adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you. [*Exit Biron—Ladies unmask.*

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:

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[1] *Depart*, part. [2] *Consort*, accompany.

Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
[*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry.
Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.
[*Offering to kiss her.*
Mar. Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 't is abus'd.]
Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.
Prin. Your reason?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
[All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendring their own worth from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did quote such amazes
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.]
I 'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd.[1]
Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclos'd.
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
Ros. Thou art an old love-monger and speakest skilfully.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather and learns news of him.
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I. *The same.*

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.
Moth. Concolinel.[2] [*Singing.*
Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately[3] hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.
[*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a French brawl[4]?

[1] *Dispos'd*, merry.
[2] *Concolinel* (?), perhaps the name of the song to be sung.
[3] *Festinately*, hastily.
[4] *Brawl*, a kind of dance.

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms cross'd on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note—do you note me?—that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. "The hobby-horse is forgot."

Arm. Callest thou my love "hobby-horse?"

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathiz'd; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away!
Moth. As swift as lead, sir.
Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?
Moth. Minimè, honest master; or rather, master, no.
Arm. I say lead is slow.
Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?
Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that 's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.
Moth. Thump then and I flee. [*Exit.*
Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here 's a costard[1] broken in a shin.
Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy; begin.
Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in these all, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!
Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?
Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?
Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There 's the moral. Now the l'envoy.
Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

[1] *Costard*, head.

Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
[Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.]
Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose: would you desire more?
[*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that 's flat.
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see; a fat l'envoy; ay, that 's a fat goose.]
Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?
Moth. By saying that a costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the l'envoy.
Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.
Arm. But tell me; how was there a costard broken in a shin?
Moth. I will tell you sensibly.
Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy:
I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.
Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.
Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.
Cost. O, marry me to one Frances: I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.
Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.
Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation and let me loose.
Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee

nothing but this: bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Biron. Hark, slave, it is but this.

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony[1] Jew! [*Exit Moth.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—"What's the price of this inkle?[2]—"One penny.—"No, I'll give you a remuneration:" why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

Biron. Stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. This afternoon.

Cost. Well; I will do it, sir: fare you well.

Biron. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[*Giving him a shilling.*

Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, a 'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration! [*Exit.*

Biron. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled,[3] whining, purblind, wayward boy;

[1] *Incony*, delicate.

[2] *Inkle*, tape

[3] *Wimpled*, veiled or hooded.

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Don Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting paritors[1]:—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What, I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
[A whitely[2] wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:]
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
Some men must love my lady and some Joan.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Scene I. *The same.*

Enter the Princess, *and her train, a Forester,* Boyet, Rosaline, Maria, *and* Katharine.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.
[Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what? first praise me and again say no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit!
O heresy in fair[3], fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And out of question so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curst[4] wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

[1] *Paritors,* apparitors, officers of the ecclesiastical courts.
[2] *Whitely,* pale.
[3] *Fair,* beauty.
[4] *Curst,* cross-grained.

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.]
Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter COSTARD.

Cost. God dig-you-den all![1] Pray you, which is the head lady?
[*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
Prin. The thickest and the tallest.
Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.]
Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?
Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.
Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.[2]
Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.
Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet [*reads*]. "By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon; [and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici;* which to anatomize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar!—*videlicet*, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enrich'd: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both.] I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

"Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den."

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?
Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.
Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.
Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasime, a Monarcho,[3] and one that makes sport
To the prince and his bookmates.
Prin. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?
Cost. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom should'st thou give it?
Cost. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord to which lady?
Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.
Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exeunt Princess and train.*

[1] *God dig-you-den*, God give you good even.
[2] *Break up this capon*, open this letter.
[3] *Monarcho*, a mad enthusiast of the time.

[*Boyet.* Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?[1]

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow. Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry, Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry. Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near. Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man,

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady! Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown! Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down! O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit! When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit. Armador at th'one side,—O, a most dainty man! To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan! To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear! And his page at other side, that handful of wit! Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit![2] Sola, sola! [*Shout within.*

Exit Costard, running.]

Scene II. *The same.*

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, *and* Dull.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguigno*, in blood; ripe as the pomewater,[3] who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cielo*, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo;* 't was a pricket.[4]

[1] *Suitor*, formerly pronounced "shootor."

[2] *Nit*, the egg of an insect.

[3] *Pomewater*, a kind of apple.

[4] *Pricket*, a buck in his second year.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather, unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation!

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo;* 't was a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;
he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts: And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be, which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

[For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.]

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,
And raught[1] not to five weeks when he came to five-score.

[1] *Raught*, reached.

Th' allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'T is true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, th' allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 't was a pricket that the princess kill'd.

[*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call the deer the princess killed a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good Master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter,[1] for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore;[2] but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel[3] jumps from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores o' sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dull. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur;* a soul feminine saluteth us.]

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Person[4].

Hol. Master Person, quasi pers-one[5]. An if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. O—piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a tuft of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 't is pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. [*Fauste, precor, gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat,*—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. *Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*] Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his—(*looking over Nathaniel's shoulder*) What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *lege, domine.*

Nath. [*reads*]

"If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
[Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;

[1] *Affect the letter*, practise alliteration.
[2] *Sore*, "soare," a buck in his fourth year.
[3] *Sorel*, a buck in his third year.
[4] *Person*, the old form of parson.
[5] *Pers-one*, pierce-one.

Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.]
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
That singeth heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue."

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* [Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tyred[1] horse his rider.] But, *damosella* virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript:

"To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline."

I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

"Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON."

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

[*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours.[2] But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [*To Dull*] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter BIRON, *with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: [they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, sit thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side!] I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye, —by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan! [*Conceals himself among the branches of a tree.*

Enter the KING, *with a paper.*

King. Ay me!

Biron. [*Aside*] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King [*reads*].

"So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,

[1] *Tyred,* adorned with trappings.
[2] *Colourable colours,* specious appearances.

As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot[1]
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triúmphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell—"
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here? [*Conceals himself.*
What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn!

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.[2]

King. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:

[Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.]

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O, rhymes are guards[3] on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his shape.

Long. This same shall go.— [*Reads.*

"Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?"

Biron. This is the liver-vein,[4] which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' th' way.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Conceals himself.*

Biron. All hid, all hid; an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hair for foul hath amber coted.[5]

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoops, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

[1] *Smot* = *smote*, so all the old copies. The rhyme requires this obsolete form.

[2] *Papers*, papers describing the crime worn on the breast of the condemned perjurer.

[3] *Guards*, ornaments, trimmings.

[4] *Liver-vein*, the liver was supposed to be the seat of love.

[5] *Coted*, surpassed.

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

[*Dum.* I would forget her; but a fever she Reigns in my blood and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!]

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

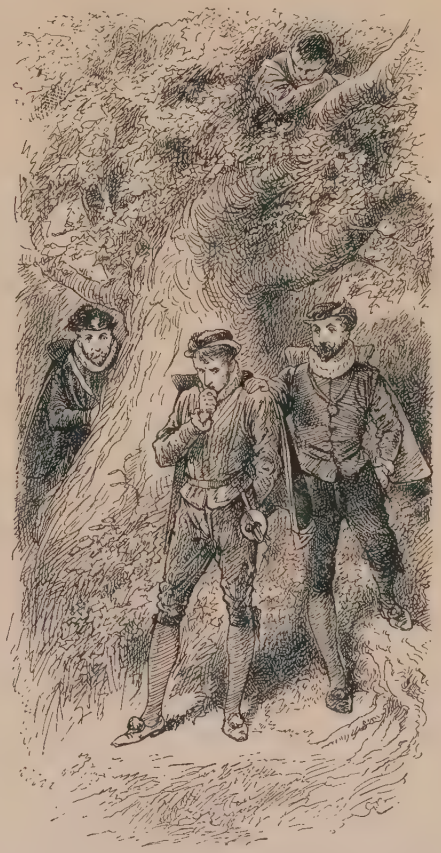
Dum. [*reads*]

"On a day—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Ah! would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom great Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. [*advancing*]. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. [*advancing*]. Come, sir, you blush; as his, your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much;
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush
And mark'd you both and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion,



Long. [*advancing*]. . . . You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hair 's gold; crystal the other's eyes:
[*To Long.*] You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To Dum.*] And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

What will Biron say when that he shall hear
A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.— [*Advancing.*

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches[1]; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 't is a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found this mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen![2]
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betrayed by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betrayed, by keeping company
With men, like men—of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning[3] me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?

King. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our person[4] misdoubts it; 't was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over.

[*Giving him the paper.*

Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

[*Biron tears the letter.*

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let 's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name. [*Gathering up the pieces.*

Biron. [*To Costard*] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four.
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away!

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*

[1] *Coaches.* See above in King's sonnet.
"No drop but as a '*coach*' doth carry thee."

[2] *Teen,* grief.

[3] *Pruning,* as a bird "pruning" his feathers.

[4] *Person,* parson.

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
Biron. Did they? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the georgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head, and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

Biron. [*advancing*]. . . . Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
[Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.]
A withered hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 't is the sun that maketh all things shine.
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the school of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
[Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.]
Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.[1]
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
King. 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.
[*Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.]
King. But what of this? are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets[2], how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. O 't is more than need.
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?[3]
[Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?]
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is:
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
[It adds a precious seeing to the eye;

[1] *Crack*, boast.

[2] *Quillets*, legal quibbles.

[3] Lines 299–304 Globe Ed. omitted here.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind:
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled[1] snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would rávish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.]
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

[*Biron. Allons! allons!* Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.]

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I. *The same.*

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, *and* Dull.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection[2], audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed[3], his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and

[1] *Cockled,* furnished with shells.
[2] *Affection,* affectation.
[3] *Filed,* over-polished.

thrasonical[1]. He is too picked[2], too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate[3], as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise[4] companions: such rackers of orthography, as to speak "dout," fine, when he should say "doubt;" "det," when he should pronounce "debt,"—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a "calf," "cauf;" "half," "hauf;" "neighbour" *vocatur* "nebour;" "neigh" abbreviated "ne." This is abhominable,—which he would call abbominable: it

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

insinuateth me of insanie—*ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.

Hol. Bone?—bone, for *benè:* Priscian a little scratch'd; 't will serve.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

Arm. Chirrah! [*To Moth.*

Hol. Quare "chirrah," not "sirrah?"

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon[5].

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-

[1] *Thrasonical*, bragging. [2] *Picked*, foppish.
[3] *Peregrinate*, like a foreigner; literally, travelled.
[4] *Point-devise*, over-exact, very precise.
[5] *Flap-dragon*=snap-dragon.

book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head? 51

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

[*Hol.* *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u. 60

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew[1] of wit! snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig[2]. 70

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*, —a gig of a cuckold's horn.]

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. [O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me!] Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say. 82

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; "dunghill" for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate; we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house[3] on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain. 90

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure. 99

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward[4] between us, let it pass. [I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass.] By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance. 123

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies. 130

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself—and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass as Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club. 139

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present

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[1] *Venew*, a hit at fencing. [2] *Gig*, a top.
[3] *Charge-house*, school-house.
[4] *Inward*, confidential.

Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge[1] not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hey.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The same.*

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, *and* Maria.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madame, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff[2];
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

[*Ros.* Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for "past cure is still past care."]

Prin. Well bandied both; a set[3] of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pensils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not so full of O's[4]!

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[1] *Fadge*, suit.

[2] *In snuff*, in anger.

[3] *A set*, a set (at tennis).

[4] *Full of O's*, referring to the round pit-marks of small-pox.

Kath. Pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.
Prin. But, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam, and moreover
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.
Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go:
O that I knew he were but in by th' week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service all to my behests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter BOYET.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where 's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madàm, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you 'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil."
With that, all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:
One rubb'd his elbow—thus, and fleer'd[1] and swore
A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, "*Via!* we will do 't, come what will come;"
The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well;"
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

[With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.]

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they 'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?

Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,
But while 't is spoke each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There 's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,

[1] *Fleer'd*, grinned.

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking, intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame. [*Trumpets sound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come. [*The Ladies mask.*

Boyet. . . . I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear.

Enter Blackamoors with music; MOTH; *the* KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits, and masked.*

Moth.
All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames [*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes."

Moth.
That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!—
Out—

Boyet. True; out indeed.

Moth.
Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold

Biron. [*Aside to Moth*] "Once to behold," rogue.

Moth.
Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
——with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it "daughter-beamed eyes."

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue! [*Exit Moth.*

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 't is our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure, then, of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,
Those clouds remov'd, upon our watery eyne.
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure but vouchsafe one change.
Thou bidd'st me beg: this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon. [*Music plays.*
Not yet!—no dance!—thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she 's chang'd.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers and come here by chance,
We 'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.
King. Why take we hands, then?
Ros. Only to part friends:
Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.
Ros. In private, then.
King. I am best pleas'd with that. [*They converse apart.*
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,
Metheglin[1], wort[2], and malmsey: well run, dice!
There's half-a-dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog, I 'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.

[1] *Metheglin*, a drink made of honey and water fermented.
[2] *Wort*, a sweet unfermented beer.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.
Prin. Gall, bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I 'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*
Kath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard half.
[*Kath.* Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not "veal" a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady!
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let 's part the word.
Kath. No, I 'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.]
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry. [*They converse apart.*
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, wind, thought, swifter things.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.
[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*
[Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
Ros. Well-liking[1] wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!]
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.
Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No *point*, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,

[1] *Well-liking*, plump.

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
[*Prin.* How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask's[1] sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing[2] clouds, or roses blown.]
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.*

Re-enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?
Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty
Command me any service to her thither?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*
Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails,[3] meetings, markets, fairs;
[And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;]
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean[4] most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
[This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whalés bone;]
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of "honey-tongu'd Boyet."
King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!
Biron. See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this mad man show'd thee? what art thou now?

Re-enter the PRINCESS, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, *and* KATHARINE.

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. "Fair" in "all hail" is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be

[1] *Damask's*, cheek's. [2] *Vailing*, making to sink.
[3] *Wassails*, health-drinkings.
[4] *Mean*, tenor part.

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
A mess[1] of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam! Russians!
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady, to[2] the manner of the days,
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
Ros. All the fool mine?

In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

[1] *A mess*, a party of four. [2] *To*=according to.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye,—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you less.
Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.
King. We are descried; they 'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your highness sad?
Ros. Help, hold his brows! he 'll swoon! Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, law!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans *sans*, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:
Write, "Lord have mercy on us" on those three;
They are infected; in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now, disguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not[1] to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto moreover
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith and this the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on 't: here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
[Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she 's dispos'd,
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,]
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you
[*To Boyet.*
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squier[2],
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

[1] *Force not*, care not. [2] *By th' squier*, by the rule.

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;[1]
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir—they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us[2], sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost. O Lord, sir!—it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.
Biron. How much is it?
Cost. O Lord, sir—the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man, one poor man—Pompion the Great, sir.
Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.
Biron. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit.*

King. Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.
Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.
King. I say they shall not come.
Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.
Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words. [*Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.*
Prin. Doth this man serve God?
Biron. Why ask you?
Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.
Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna del la guerra.* I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit.*
King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus:
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.
Biron. There is five in the first show.
King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.
Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy:—

[1] *You are allow'd,* you are a licensed fool or jester.
[2] *Beg us,* beg us as idiots.

Abate a throw at novum,[1] and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD, *armed and accoutred, as Pompey.*

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,— [*Bowing.*

Boyet. With libbard's[2] head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big,—

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is, "Great," sir:—
Pompey surnam'd the Great;
That oft in field, with targe[3] and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
[*Bows to the Princess, and lays his arms at her feet.*
If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'T is not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I made a little fault in "Great."

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL, *armed, as Alexander.*

Nath.

When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might: [*Pointing to his shield.*
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells "no" in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander,—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. [*To Sir Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: [your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy.] A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires.*] There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted[4]. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey. [*Costard retires to back of stage.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, *as Judas; and* MOTH, *as Hercules.*

Hol.
Great Herc'les is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canus;*
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus.*
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.
[*Moth retires.*
Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.
Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

[1] *Novum*, a game played with dice.
[2] *Libbard*, leopard.
[3] *Targe*, a shield. The tautology is intentional.
[4] *O'erparted*, overweighted in his part.

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.
Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern-head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A Death's face in a ring.
[*Long.* The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.
Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.
Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.]
And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False; we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
[And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him: —Jud-as, away!]
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble. [*Hol. retires.*
Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO, *armed, as Hector.*

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.
Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this Hector?
King. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.
Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.
Dum. More calf, certain.
Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.
Biron. This cannot be Hector.
Dum. He 's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
Arm.
The armipotent Mars, of lances[1] the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—
Dum. A gilt nutmeg.
Biron. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. Peace!—
The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd[2], that certain he would fight ye
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—
Dum. That mint.
Long. That columbine.
Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.
Dum. Ay, and Hector 's a greyhound.
Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [*To the Princess*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.
Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.
Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.
[*Boyet.* [*Aside to Dum.*] Loves her by the foot.
Dum. [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.
Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—
Cost. [*Coming forward*] The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.
Arm. What meanest thou?
Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away: she 's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 't is yours.
Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.
Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Ja-

[1] *Lances,* lance-men. [2] *So breath'd,* so vigorous.

quenetta that is quick by him, and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I 'll slash; I 'll do it by the sword. I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I 'll do it in my shirt. [*Begins to undress himself.*]

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for 't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward[1] for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I 'll be sworn he wore none, but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.]

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits;
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince[2],
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs hear dully.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—

[1] *Woolward*, with wool next the skin.

[2] *Convince*, overcome.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST
Act V. Scene 2. line 726

Marcade I am sorry madam, for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue

As love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,
Form'd by the eye and therefore, like the eye,
Full of stray shapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested[1] us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And e'en that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast[2], and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote[3] them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial and last[4] love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
[*Giving him her hand.*]
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast[5].

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?

Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn agen.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for my love.

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[1] *Suggested,* tempted.
[2] *Bombast,* padding.
[3] *Quote,* regard.
[4] *Last,* remain.
[5] Lines 827–832, Globe Edit., omitted here.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear[1] groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. [*To the King*] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 't will end.

Biron. That 's too long for a play.

Re-enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Re-enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, Winter,—this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

THE SONG.

SPRING.

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo; O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,

[1] *Dear* = painful, that cost much pain.

When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-who.
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit to-who.
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way: we this way. [*Exeunt.*

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

NOTES TO LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Line 23: *Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.*—Similar instances of the use of *it* may be found. Dyce very aptly quotes I. Henry VI. i. 1. 162–165.

> *Exeter.* Remember, Lords, your *oaths* to Henry sworn,
> Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
> Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
> *Bedford.* I do remember *'t*, and here take my leave,

where it is evident *them* never could be intended. "It" may be referred to "subscription" understood. See also III. Henry VI. iii. 2. 31, 32.

> *K. Edw.* 'T were pity they should lose their father's lands.
> *L. Grey.* Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant *it* them.

2. Line 62: *When I to fast expressly am* FORBID.—So both the Quartos, and all the Folios, read.

The meaning of the line in our text is perfectly intelligible—*forbid*, in this instance, being equal to *bidden under certain penalties* (to fast); and there is no more violence done to grammar or common sense than in the following passage:

> You may as well *forbid* the mountain pines
> To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
> When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven.
> —Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 75–77.

Instances may be found in old English writers where *forbid* is used in a similar sense, the *for* simply augmenting the force of *bid*.

3. Line 82: *Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his* HEED. —Johnson rightly terms this passage "unnecessarily obscure." He explains it thus: "When he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that *fairer* eye shall be his *heed*, his *direction* or *lodestar*, and give him light that was blinded by it." *Dazzle* is used as an intransitive verb in III. Henry VI. ii. 1. 25:

Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Heed, in this passage, seems to mean "object of special regard." For another instance of the use of *heed* as a substantive, in a peculiar sense, compare Henry VIII. iii. 2. 80:

A *heed*
Was in his countenance.

4. Line 87: *Save* BASE *authority from others' books.*—*Base* here may be used, not so much in the sense of *low* as of *base-born;* compare King Lear, i. 2. 9, 10:

Why brand they us
With *base?* with *baseness?* bastardy? *base, base?*

In which case, the meaning of the whole passage would be "continual plodders discover nothing new, but only learn to take other persons' opinions as their own."

5. Line 95: *Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!* —It is an open question if the verb *proceed* here be used in its academical sense, to proceed from one degree to another, or no. Steevens gives a passage quoted by Dr. Farmer, but says he cannot find the book from which it is taken—"such as practise to *proceed* in all evil wise, till from Batchelors in Newgate, by degrees they *proceed* to be *Maisters*, and by desert be preferred at Tyborne." If this is from some work contemporary with Shakespeare, it certainly proves that the academical sense of the word was well known.

6. Line 106: *Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled* SHOWS.—So all the old copies read. Various emendations have been suggested, on the supposition that the line is corrupt, and that it ought to end with a word rhyming to *birth* in line 104, which is now left without any line to rhyme to it: but instances of single and "forlorn" lines, occurring in the middle of rhymed passages, are not uncommon. In the only passage in which Shakespeare uses *fangled* alone, he uses it evidently in the sense of *gaudy:*

Be not, as is our *fangled* world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. —Cymbeline, v. 4. 134.

"May's *new-fangled shows*" would therefore mean May's first gaudy shows (of flowers).

7. Lines 108, 109:

So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

This is the reading of Q. 1. All Ff. and Q. 2 read

That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate.

To understand the meaning of these two lines we must go back and see what Biron's argument really was. It may thus be paraphrased: "I only swore," he says, "to study with you for three years, you have appended conditions useless and absurd. 'What is the end of study?' To know things hid from common sense, to know what I am forbid to know: then I will study to dine well when I am obliged to fast, to meet my mistress when all women are forbidden to come near us," and so on. To this the king replies that these are "vain delights." "All delights are vain," answers Biron, "and most vain those which, painfully purchased, do but bring pain: poring over books and continual plodding teach you very little indeed; —real study is the result of observation, by men free to mix with their fellows:—go you then, grown men as you are, to study like boys—when it is too late to begin life over again; you might as well climb over a house to unlock a little gate; for you are going a very laborious way to gain knowledge, to which a short cut lies open before you. You are going to shut yourselves from the world, under absurd restrictions, and study books, when you might learn much more by remaining in the world, and studying human nature." This would seem to be the meaning of the passage, though it is very obscurely expressed in the sententious form which Shakespeare here affects.

8. Line 110: *Well, sit you out.*—So Qq. and F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, but F. 1 reads "fit you out," a reading which some defend, but "*sit* you out," an expression taken from games of cards (still used of those who wait to cut in at a rubber of whist), is more appropriate. Dyce gives a very apposite quotation from The Tryall of Chevalry, 1605, sig. G. 3:

King of Navar, will onely *you sit out?*

The suggestion that *sit* is a misprint for *set* is plausible, but I think untenable. It would certainly make the line singularly commonplace.

9. Line 129: *A dangerous law against* GENTILITY!—Theobald first assigned this line to Biron, and he is followed by nearly all the modern editors. Qq. Ff. give it to Longaville, and Staunton supports them. *Gentilitie* is the reading of Ff. and Q. 2. Q. 1 reads *gentletie. Gentility* occurs in only one other passage in Shakespeare. In As You Like It, i. 1. 22, "he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my *gentility* with my education," where it evidently means gentle breeding, a "gentle-born nature." Here it may mean either "people of gentle rank," or, as Theobald suggests in his first note, "the quality of politeness" (equivalent to French *gentilesse*). Certainly such a brutal penalty could not be enforced by any gentleman.

10. Lines 143–145:

So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should.

These lines form a most excellent vindication of the opinions uttered before by Biron. The *study* he speaks of here is that exaggerated habit of studious industry, which neglects for labours, excessive but comparatively useless, the wholesome work of everyday life. He also means to point out the absurdity of retiring from the world, as the king proposed; because, while imposing duties on themselves which were not necessary, they neglected those necessary ones which their station imposed on them.

11. Line 169: *complements.*—This word as used here should not be confounded with the modern word *compliments;* for although it is impossible to resist the evidence

that *compliments*, used in its ordinary sense, was written *complements*, yet the word would seem to have had two distinct meanings, which were, however, not distinguished by different spelling until later times. Here "a man of *complements*" does not mean what we call "a man of *compliments*," but rather "a man of accomplishments." There is a passage in Chapman's comedy An Humerous Dayes Mirth, 1599 (Works, vol. i. p. 53):

Colenet.—Why Lemot I thinke thou sendst about of purpose for yong gallants to be acquainted withal, to make thy selfe merry in the maner of taking acquaintance.

Lemot.—By heauen I do, Colenet, for there is no better sport than to obserue the *complement*, for that 's their word, *complement*, do you marke sir.

From this it would appear that the word *complement* was used in some especially affected sense by the fine gentlemen of that time. Compare in this play: "These are *complements*, these are humours" (iii. 1. 23).

12. Line 179: *fire-new.*—So Richard III. i. 3. 256:

Your *fire-new* stamp of honour is scarce current.

and Lear, v. 3. 132:

Despite thy victor sword and *fire-new* fortune.

Compare *bran-new*, i.e. *brand-new*, both which words mean new from the fire.

13. Lines 196-198:

Long. *A high hope for a* LOW HEAVEN: *God grant us patience!*

Biron. *To hear? or forbear* LAUGHING?

This passage is one which has evidently suffered from the printers' errors. Both Qq. and Ff. read in the second line "*forbear* hearing," which is manifestly wrong, as Longaville's reply shows that *laughing* was the word used. Capell is to be credited with this admirable emendation. Biron says, "I hope in God for high words;" and Longaville may mean by his answer "a high hope," *i.e.* in God, "for a *low* or (worthless) *heaven.*" Certainly *heaven* seems used here very naturally in connection with Biron's "hope in God."

14. Line 201: *as the* STYLE *shall give us cause to climb.*—An obvious play on the words *style* and *stile.*

15. Line 204: *taken with the manner.*—A corruption of the legal phrase "taken with the *mainour.*" See Blackstone, book iv. chapter 23: "A thief 'taken with the *mainour*,' that is with the thing stolen upon him in *manu*, &c." The phrase originally was, "cum manuopere captus;" *manœuvre* and *mainour* are the same words.

16. Line 249: *curious-knotted garden.*—This expression probably refers to the curious *knots*, or intricately-devised beds, in which flowers were planted in the old-fashioned gardens. Shakespeare alludes to these in another passage, when the speaker is comparing England to a neglected garden:

Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd. —Rich. II. iii. 4. 45.

Steevens quotes two old works, Thomas Hill's Profitable Art of Gardening, 4to, 1579, and Henry Dethicke's Gardener's Labyrinth, 1586, in which directions are given for making "proper *knots*" in gardens.

17. Line 263: *With—with.*—Qq. and Ff. read *which with;* but the correction made by Theobald has been pretty universally adopted: *which with* does not seem to make any sense.

ACT I. Scene 2.

18. Line 5: *dear* IMP.—This word originally meant a *scion, offspring, graft*, hence the old infinitive *impen*, to graft. Spenser uses it in its original simple sense of "offspring:"

And thou most dreaded *impe* of highest Jove.
—Fairy Queen, Int. to book i. st. 3.

How it came to be used only in a bad sense as "a child of Satan," or a "demon," is doubtful. In Chapman's Monsieur D'Olive two pages are introduced to D'Olive: Pacque says (of Digue) "he hath as good Court breeding as anie *Impe* in a Countrie," iv. 1 (Works, vol. i. p. 232). Hence it seems specially applied to a page, such as Moth was.

19. Line 10: *tough* SENIOR.—Q. 1 reads *signeor* and F. 1 *signeur.* Malone says, "signior appears to have been the old spelling of *senior*," but there is little doubt that a pun was intended here, and *signior* might be the right reading. The Spanish title corresponding to *signior* is *señor;* but it is hardly ever written correctly in any old English play.

20. Line 36: *crosses love not him.*—This pun occurs more than once in Shakespeare. The old penny "had a double *cross* stamped on it so that it might easily be broken into half or into quarters." Many other coins were marked with a *cross* on the one side, hence *crosses* came to be used as equivalent to money. The gypsies' practice of *crossing* the hand with a piece of money is to be referred to the same origin.

21. Line 57: *the dancing horse.*—This was Bankes' celebrated performing horse "Morocco," of which mention is made by many writers of the time, amongst others by Ben Jonson, Hall, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. &c. Morocco appears to have been a very accomplished animal; he is said to have gone up to the top of St. Paul's in 1600; and Sir Kenelm Digby mentions many of the clever tricks which he performed. Steevens gives the following quotation from Chrestoloros, or Seven Bookes of Epigrames (by Thomas Bastard), 1598:

Of Bankes's Horse.

Bankes hath a horse of wondrous qualitie
For he can fight, and dance, and lie,
And find your purse, and tell what coyne ye have:
But *Bankes* who taught your horse to smell a knave?

22. Line 90: GREEN *indeed is the colour of lovers.*—This may refer to jealousy = "the *green-eyed* monster;" or to "*green* willows;" or to *melancholy*, as Douce suggests, quoting:

And with a *green* and yellow melancholy.
—Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 116.

But it is very probable that *green* was said to be "the colour of lovers," simply because it implies freshness or youth.

23. Line 94: *she had a green wit.*—Possibly, as the Cambridge Editors suggest, an allusion to the *green withes* with which Samson was bound.

24. Line 114: *Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?*—This is the ballad of "King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid." There is a further allusion to it in this play. See iv. 1. 65.

25. Line 123: *the* RATIONAL *hind Costard.* — By *the rational hind* Armado means nothing more than "that reasoning beast," playing upon the double meaning of *hind*, the animal, and *hind*, a boor, a menial. Shakespeare uses *hind*, as a word of the masculine gender, in the following passage:

> He were no lion, were not Romans *hinds*.
> —Jul. Cæs. i. 3. 106.

26. Line 136: *day-woman.* — That is, the *dairy maid. Deye* or *dey* (Swedish *deja*) was an old term for a dairy-maid or servant, whose duty it was to attend to the young calves and the poultry, and to make cheese and butter. Wedgwood says, "in Gloucestershire a dairy is still called a *dey-house*."

27. Line 141: *That's hereby.*—Jaquenetta uses hereby in the sense of "as it may happen." Armado takes it to mean "close by."

28. Lines 187, 188: *rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love.*—The word *manage* is frequently used in relation to weapons:

> Yea, distaff-women *manage* rusty bills.
> —Rich. II. iii. 2. 118.

and again in II. Henry IV., iii. 2. 292:

> Come *manage* me your caliver.

29. Line 190: *I shall turn* SONNET.—So Qq. and Ff. Hanmer proposed *sonneteer;* Capell, *sonneter;* Amyot, *a sonnet;* Dyce reads *sonnetist;* Grant White adopted *sonnets*, the suggestion of an American critic, Dr. Verplanck; Staunton at first warmly welcomed this emendation and printed *sonnets* in his first edition, but afterwards reverted to the old reading. No instance of the use of the verb "to turn," in such a sense, is to be found in Shakespeare. I would propose *tune sonnets;* the verb *tune* being used frequently by Shakespeare in a metaphorical sense, the expression being not unsuitable to Armado's style. Compare:

> —to a pretty ear she *tunes* her tale.
> —Venus and Adonis, line 74.
>
> And to the nightingale's complaining notes
> *Tune* my distresses and record my woes.
> —Two Gent. of Verona, v. 4. 5.

But the old reading is explained, "I shall turn *sonnet*," *i.e.* "I shall turn all poetry from top to toe." (See Schmidt's Lexicon *sub voce.*) The passage in Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 3. 21, *now is he turned orthography*, is quoted as being apposite.

ACT II. Scene 1.

30. Line 1: *your dearest spirits.—Dearest* is here used in the sense of *highest, noblest.* Compare note 223.

31. Line 16: *chapmen's tongues.—Chapman* here means a *seller;* not, as it is explained usually, a *buyer*, a *customer.*

32. Line 19: *In spending your wit in the praise of mine.*—So Qq. F. 1. The three later Folios read—*thus your wit in praise of mine,* to avoid the emphasis necessary on *your* in order to make the line scan: but the older reading is preferable, as it is more emphatic.

33. Line 25: *Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course.* —So both Qq. and Ff.; but it would be a much better line if we could venture to read

> Therefore *to us it seems* a needful course.

34. Line 39: *Lord Longaville is one.*—Qq. Ff. omit *Lord,* probably by an oversight, as the name of the speaker is written simply *Lor.—Lord* is necessary to the scansion.

35. Line 42: *Of Jaques Falconbridge, solémnized.—Jaques* is always used as a dissyllable in Shakespeare. *Solémnized* must be pronounced as a quadrisyllable (sŏl-émnizéd), with the accent on the second and last syllables, as in The Tempest, v. 1. 309. In the other passages where the verb occurs (in verse), viz., in Merchant of Venice, ii. 9. 6, also iii. 2. 194; King John, ii. 1. 539; I. Henry VI., v. 3. 168; it is pronounced *sólemniz'd*, with the accent on the *first* syllable; and in *all* these latter cases the *e*, which is not elided in F. 1 in the first two cases, is carefully elided; showing the importance of paying attention to the elision of the *e* in words ending in *ed*, so much insisted on in this edition.

36. Line 44: *A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd.*— —So Ff. Q. 2: but Q. 1 reads "of soveraigne *peerelsse* he is esteemd," *i.e.* "sovereign *peerless*," a reading which various endeavours have been made to explain, but not very successfully. In this instance Q. 1 appears to be wrong.

37. Line 45: *In arts well fitted, glorious in arms.*—Qq. F. 1 read *well fitted in arts;* F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, read *well fitted in* THE *arts*, which certainly makes a better line. The transposition, as we have printed it in the text, was made before seeing Grant White's similar suggestion. It is a slight alteration, but greatly improves the line; as it avoids the rhyming of *arts* with *parts* in the middle of the previous line.

38. Line 82: *competitors.*—Shakespeare uses the word as=*associate* in Antony and Cleopatra, in three passages, and elsewhere: *e.g.*—

> *Menas.* These three world-sharers, these *competitors.*
> —Ant. and Cleo. ii. 7. 76.

39. Line 88: *unpeopled house.*—So Ff. Q. 2; Q. 1 reads *unpeeled*, which the Cambridge editors adopted; but it makes no sense; while *unpeopled* does, for the king's palace was *unpeopled*, in the sense that he admitted no visitors.

40. Line 114: *Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?*—This speech is given by Q. 1 to *Katharine.* The characters are much confused in this scene in the old copies.

41. Lines 129, 130:

> King. *Madam, your father here doth intimate*
> *The payment of a hundred thousand crowns.*

For this claim of the King of Navarre on the King of France there appears to have been historical authority. We give here the passage[1] quoted, by Hunter, from

[1] The Chronicles of Enguerraud de Monstrelet, &c., translated by Thomas Johnes, Esquire, 8vo, 1810. Vol. i. p. 108.

Monstrelet, and alluded to in the introduction to this play:

> Charles, King of Navarre, came to Paris to wait on the king. He negotiated so successfully with the king and privy-council that he obtained a gift of the castle of Nemours, with some of its dependent castle-wicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the king the castle of Cherburgh, the county of Evreux, and all other lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France, renouncing all claims or profits in them to the king and to his successors, on condition that with the duchy of Nemours the king of France engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of the king our Lord.

42. Line 145: *On payment of, &c.*—Qq. Ff. read *one.* Theobald first corrected the mistake, and at the same time explained the passage. Navarre's father had lent the King of France 200,000 crowns, on the mortgage of the province of Aquitaine. The King of France says that half the sum has been paid, and now wants it refunded—Navarre to keep Aquitaine; but the latter does not see it: he says the king should rather pay the other half of the debt, and demand Aquitaine back again. This is the gist of Theobald's explanation; but it would seem that Navarre only held part of Aquitaine:

> *One part of* Aquitaine is bound to us,

and he says it is not worth the money yet owing (100,000 crowns); and further, he says he would rather have the money his father lent the king,

> Than Aquitaine so *gelded* as it is.

From which it seems clear that the *whole* province was not held by him as security.

43. Line 147: *depart withal.*—The most remarkable use of "depart" in the sense of "to part" or "to separate" is found in the Old Liturgy of the Church of England, in the Marriage Service:—"I, N. take thee M. to my wedded wife, &c. &c., tyl deth us depart," which, in 1661, was altered into "till death us *do part.*" The original form of the marriage vow is found in George Wilkins' play, The Miseries of Enforced Marriage, 4to, 1607, i. 1.

> *Scar.* This hand thus takes thee as my loving wife.
> *Clare.* For better, for worse.
> *Scar.* Ay, till death us *depart*, love.
> —Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 479.

44. Line 190: *No poynt.*—There is a wretched pun here on the French negative *point.*

45. Line 195: *The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.*—Qq. and Ff. all read *Rosaline,* and below (line 210) *Katharine* instead of *Rosaline.* But the confusion of names in this scene, as was remarked above, is very great; and there seems no object in making Dumain inquire after *Rosaline* and Biron after *Katharine,* especially as Longaville seems to succeed in detecting his Maria. *Katharine* says, speaking of Dumain, in this scene (line 61):

> I saw him at the Duke *Alençon's* once.

While Maria says (lines 40–44), that she saw Longaville at the marriage of the "beauteous heir of Jaques *Falconbridge.*" Boyet speaks of Maria, without doubt, as "an heir of *Falconbridge;*" and therefore most probably he is speaking of *Katharine* when he says "the heir of *Alençon,*" and not of *Rosaline.*

46. Line 223: *My lips are no common, though several they be.—Several* meant a part of the common land, set apart for *several* or *separate* use; distinct from the rest of the common, which was available for all beasts to graze on that belonged to the various commoners. What Maria means to say is—punning on the word *several* in its sense of *separate* or *parted,*—"My lips are not common for every beast to pasture on, but are *several* or *set apart* for those whom I choose to let kiss them." Boyet evidently takes the word as meaning "the property of a separate person;" for he answers Maria, "Belonging to whom?" to which she replies, still keeping up the idea of the *several,* in its agricultural sense, "To my fortunes and me." In Travailes of The three English Brothers there is a passage very similar to the one in the text:

> *Harlequin.* But shee shall bee no *common* thing, if I can keepe her *severall.* —Day's Works, p. 58 (of play).

47. Line 229: *the heart's still rhetòric.*—Here *rhetoric* must be pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, *rhetòric.*

48. Line 236.—*His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd.*—This refers to the small figures which were carved upon *agates* set as rings. Compare Much Ado, iii. 1. 6:

> If low, an *agate* very vilely cut.

49. Line 238: *His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see.*—The meaning of this and the following lines is, that his tongue was impatient at not being able to see; and that all the senses were absorbed in that of sight, desiring to look on the beauty of the princess.

50. Line 246: *His face's own margent did quote such amazes.*—Alluding to the custom then existing of writing all notes, quotations, &c., in the margin of the page. Compare:

> And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies
> Find written in the *margent* of his eyes.
> —Rom. and Jul. i. 3. 85, 86.

51. Line 249: *dispos'd* = "inclined to mirth." So Nares: yet, notwithstanding the passages given by him in support of this interpretation of the word, it may be doubted if it ever had any such distinct sense, and is not used merely in an elliptic form. But Dyce, who gives the sense of the word "inclined to rather loose mirth, somewhat wantonly merry," adduces four passages from among many others, which, in his opinion, put the question beyond any possibility of doubt.

ACT III. Scene 1.

52. Line 3: *Concolinel.*—Doubtless this represents the first word, or words, of a song intended to be sung here. Hunter suggests that it may be the corruption of *cantat Italicé.* Certain it is that the stage direction is often found in old plays, *Cantat* or *Cantant;* or, as in Marston's Dutch Courtesan, *Cantat Gallicé.* In God's Promises (Dodsley, vol. i. p. 306) there is a stage direction *Vel Anglicè canat.* I would suggest that *Concolinel* is a corruption of the beginning of some French song, the first words, or, perhaps, the refrain, of which might have been *Quand Colinelle.* Moth says immediately afterwards, "Master, will you win your love with a *French* brawl?"

53. Line 9: *brawl.*—Ben Jonson uses this word, and it occurs frequently in old writers. It is thus described by Cotgrave under *bransle*—"a *brawle*, or daunce, wherein many (men and women), holding by the hands sometimes in a ring, and otherwhiles at length, move all together."

54. Line 12: *canary to it with your feet.*—The canary was a favourite dance, especially in Spain, and was said to be so called because it was originally introduced from the Canary Islands. It is described as containing "various strange fantastic steps, very much in the savage style" (see Douce, p. 136).

55. Line 18: *your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes.*—Compare Westward Hoe, i. 1., "Wear their *hats o'er their eyebrows* like politic penthouses" (Webster's Works, vol. i. p. 73). The *penthouses* or *pentices* which overhung the open shops of Shakespeare's time, may be seen figured very clearly in the copy of the "View of Cheapside in 1638, taken from Historie de l'Entrée Royalle de la Reyne Mère du Roy très-christien (Marie de Medicis) dans la ville de Londres" (folio 1639), prefixed to part ii. of Harrison's Description of England, published by the New Shak. Soc. (1878). These penthouses projected, apparently, about half-way over what we should now call the pavement, and under them was the open shop. Above, on a straight pole at right angles to the house, hung the sign of the shop. The word *penthouse* is still preserved, in common use, to describe the sloping roof of the galleries and "dedans" of our tennis-courts.

56. Line 20: *thin-belly doublet.—Thin-belly* is used in contradistinction to *great-belly*, a species of doublet described in the following passage from Stubbes' Anatomie of Abuses: "Their dublettes are no less monstrous than the reste; for now the fashion is to have them hang down to the middest of their thighes, beeing so harde-quilted and stuffed, bombasted and sewed, as they can verie hardly either stoupe downe, or decline themselves to the grounde, so styffe and sturdy they stand about them." The most familiar instance of the *great-bellied doublet* is in the figure of our old friend Punch. Planché (Cyclopædia of Costume, vol. i. p. 174) mentions that Bulwer, writing in 1653, called them *pease-cod bellied doublets.*

57. Line 25: *make them men of note—do you note me?*—This emendation of Hanmer's is now generally adopted. Qq. and Ff. read *men of note: do you note* MEN *that*, &c. Malone adhered to this reading, printing it thus (*do you note, men?*) *that*, &c. It may be that the passage was intended to read thus: "Make them men of note—do you note?—men that most are affected with these?"

58. Line 28: *By my penny of observation.*—Q. 1, F. 1, F. 2, read *penne* here, and Q. 2, F. 3, F. 4, alter it to *pen. Pen* does not make very good sense; unless we take it to mean the *pen* with which Moth noted down his observations of mankind. *Penny* was undoubtedly used as a general term for money, and is now, especially in Scotland.

59. Line 30: *"The hobby-horse is forgot."*—A quotation from some popular ballad. In the old May-games of Robin Hood, among other characters, there appeared Maid Marian and the *hobby-horse;* the latter being managed by some youth, who took great pride in displaying his skill in imitating "the prancings and curvettings" of a spirited horse. But these two characters, together with the Friar, were suppressed after the Reformation. This egregious reform was the subject of much banter on the part of unregenerate dramatists in Shakespeare's time. Hamlet's allusion to it will be readily remembered:

> For O, for O the *hobby-horse* is forgot. Hamlet, iii. 2. 142.

60. Line 62: *You are too swift, sir.—Swift* had a special meaning, "ready at replies," or, as we should say, "good at repartee." So in As You Like It, v. 4. 65: "he is very *swift* and sententious;" and in Taming of the Shrew, v. 2. 52–54:

> *Tra.* O sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
> Which runs himself and catches for his master.
> *Pet.* A good *swift* simile but something currish.

61. Line 67: *voluble.*—So Ff. and Q. 2; Q. 1 reads *volable.* The latter word does not occur in any other passage; it must be supposed to have been coined by Holofernes from *volare*, to fly, on the model of *amabilis* from *amare.* It does not make any particular sense here; therefore we prefer to follow the Folios.

62. Line 71: *costard*, properly a kind of apple, but used for the *head* by Shakespeare and older writers. "I 'se try whether your *costard* or my bat be the harder," Lear, iv. 6. 247. So nowadays, in slang, we use *nut* for *head.*

63. Line 72: *l'envoy.*—Cotgrave defines *envoy* "the conclusion of a ballet or sonnet; in a short stanza by it selfe, and serving, oftentimes, as a dedication of the whole." In Chapman it is used as meaning the conclusion of a letter.

> *Mug.* Well said, now to the *L'envoye.*
> *Rhod.* Thine, if I were worth ought; and yet such, as it skils not whose I am if I be thine; Ieronime.
> —Monsieur D'Olive, act iv. (Works, vol. i. p. 239).

The word is used pretty often by the English authors of this period, but always with the English article prefixed, as A *l'envoye*, THE *l'envoye.*

64. Line 74: *no salve in these all.*—Qq. F. 1, read *in* THEE *male;* F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, *in* THE *male.* Johnson conjectures "in the *vale.*" *Male* or *mail* is French *malle*, and means a bag; we still use the word for the *mail*=the letter bag: and so for the cart or train which conveys the letters. But how, in that sense, is the word appropriate here? The reading in the text is a slight alteration of Tyrwhitt's conjecture *in them all.* The *plantain* was supposed to have great healing powers. Compare the following passage in Albumazar, iv. 11:

> *Trincalo.* Bring a fresh *plantain leaf*, I have *broke my shin.*
> —Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 399.

The resemblance to Costard's words in the text is too close to be accidental. Albumazar was first acted (probably) in 1614.

65. Line 81: *is not l'envoy a salve?*—It seems evident that Moth here intends a pun upon *salve*, Lat.; a word used by the Romans at parting, as well as meeting. I can find no other sense in the question; unless Moth means to be satirical, and to suggest that the compli-

ments, contained in *l'envoy*, were a kind of salve, which healed the defects of a bad poem or play.

66. Lines 85–93.—These lines from *I will example it* to *adding four* are omitted in F. 1.

67. Line 111: *And he ended the market.*—Alluding to the proverb, "Three women and a goose make a *market.*" Ital. "*Tre donne è un occo fan un mercato*" (see Bohn's Dict. of Proverbs, p. 144: from Ray).

68. Line 136: *incony Jew.*—*Incony* is supposed to be an intensified form of the word *canny* or *conny*, a word used in the North of England and Scotland in many senses, and sometimes in that of "nice, fine." *Incony* is found in many of the Elizabethan writers. Some editors alter *Jew* to *jewel;* but *Jew* seems to be used here as a term of endearment; comp. Mids.-Night's Dream, iii. 1. 97:

> Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely *Jew;*

but it is possible, in both passages, it is merely a clownish abbreviation of *jewel.*

69. Line 140: *inkle.*—In Gower's prologue to act v. of Pericles occur the following lines:

> and with her neeld (*i.e.* needle) composes
> Nature's own shape of bud, bird, branch or berry;
> That even her art sisters the natural roses;
> Her *inkle*, silk, twin with the rubied cherry.

Inkle is usually explained as "a sort of tape;" but Steevens, in his note on the above passage, says: "*Inkle*, as I am informed, anciently signified a particular kind of *crewel* or *worsted* with which ladies worked flowers, &c." An *Inkle factory* existed in Glasgow not long ago.

70. Lines 171–174: *Gardon, O sweet gardon!* &c.—Dr. Farmer pointed out a passage from A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving Men, &c., so closely resembling this, that it is evident Shakespeare must either have seen it, or derived this speech from the same source. A gentleman staying at a friend's house gives one of the servants a *three farthing piece*, saying, "Here is a *remuneration* for thy paynes." Another guest gives the same servant a shilling, saying, "Here is a *guerdon* for thy deserts; now the servant payd no deerer for the *guerdon* than he did for the *remuneration;* though the *guerdon* was xid farthing better."

71. Line 181: *wimpled.* — The *wimple* from French *guimple, i.e.* "a cloth going from the hood round the neck" (Nares). Originally it meant "the linen cloth which nuns wear about their neck" (Fr. *guimpe*). Biron probably alludes to the muffler with which Cupid is sometimes represented as being blindfolded.

72. Line 182: *This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.*—Qq. Ff. read "*signior Junios.*" The same misprint is found in Comedy of Errors, just at the end of the play:

> *S. Drom.* Not I, sir; you are my elder.
> *E. Drom.* That 's a question, how shall we try it?
> *S. Drom.* We 'll draw cuts for the *signior.*

No better description of Cupid can be well conceived than *senior-junior, giant-dwarf,* as one who, to use the words of the Princess (v. 2. 11)—

> has been five thousand years a boy.

In the old tragedy of Gismonde of Salerne (MS.) a similar epithet is used of Cupid, "the *little greatest* god" (Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 6).

73. Line 188: *paritors.*—"An *apparitor* or *paritor*, is an officer of the bishop's court who carries out citations; as citations are most frequently issued for sins against chastity, the paritor is put under Cupid's government." (Johnson). It was the lowest ecclesiastical office.

74. Line 189: *a corporal of his field.*—An officer according to Tyrwhitt (on the authority of Lord Stafford's Letters) similar to our aide-de-camp, and employed "in taking and carrying to and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." But Douce gives an extract from Styward's Pathway to Martiall Discipline, 1581, 4to (taken from a chapter on the office of *maister of the campe*, and another on *the electing and office of the foure corporalls of the fields*), from which it appears that "two of the latter were appointed for placing and ordering of shot, and the other two for embattailing of the pikes and billes, who according to their worthinesse, if death hapneth, are to succeede the great sergeant, or sergeant major" (Douce, p. 138).

75. Line 190: *And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!—Tumbler's hoops* were bound with ribands, and worn over one shoulder and under the opposite arm, as a military scarf is now worn. So Benedick says to Claudio: "What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck like an usurer's chain? or under your arm like a lieutenant's scarf?" (Much Ado, ii. 1. 197).

76. Line 191: *What,* I! *I love! I sue! I seek a wife!* — Tyrwhitt's conjecture, generally accepted. Qq. Ff. omit the first *I.*

77. Lines 192, 193:

> *—like a German clock,*
> *Still a-repairing.*

So in Westward Hoe (by Dekker and Webster), i. 1: "No *German clock* nor mathematical engine whatsoever requires so much reparation as a woman's face" (Webster's Works, vol. i. p. 70).

78. Line 198: *whitely.*—Qq., F. 1, F. 2, read *whitley*, but F. 3, F. 4, *whitely.* Cambridge editors print *wightly* = nimble. Shakespeare does not use *whitely* or *wightly* in any other passage. *Whitely* certainly seems the preferable reading.

79. Line 207: *Some men must love my lady and some Joan.—Joan* and *my lady* were constantly contrasted, as representatives of the poor and rich woman. In Quarles' Song by Anarchus, in Shepheard's Oracles (4to, 1646) there is a verse:

> Our cobblers shall translate their souls
> From caves obscure and shady;
> We 'll make Tom T. as good as my Lord,
> And *Joan* as good as *my Lady.*

ACT IV. Scene 1.

80. Line 4: *a mounting mind.*—Dyce notes that this expression occurs in Peele's Edward I., "Sweet Nell, thou should'st not be thyself, did not with thy *mounting mind*, thy gift surmount the rest."—Works, page 379.

81. Line 22: *in fair.*—This abstract use of the adjective as a substantive was common enough in the Elizabethan authors. We find it in Shakespeare, among other passages, in

> my decayed *fair*
> A sunny look of his would soon repair.
> —Com. of Er. ii. 1. 98.

82. Line 35: THAT *my heart means no ill.*—*That* is here equivalent to *to whom*, or *to which*.

83. Line 36: *self-sovereignty.*—"Not a sovereignty *over*, but *in* themselves, so *self*-sufficiency, &c." (Malone).

84 Lines 46–51.—All this miserable joking, about the *greatest lady* being *the thickest and the tallest*, derived what little humour it might have, from the fact of the women's parts being played by men or lads. The part of the Princess would be taken by the chief representative of women, who probably was the broadest and the tallest of that portion of the company.

85. Line 56: *Break up this capon.*—In French *poulet* is used for *a love-letter*, and so, in Italian, was *pollicino*. To *break up* is *to carve;* so, "*Break* not *up* the wildfowl till anon."—Westward Hoe, ii. 1 (Webster's Works, vol. i. p. 88). In The Wounds of Civil War *break up* is used in the sense of *open*, without any double meaning.

> Laborius read, and *break these letters up*.
> —Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 132.

86. Line 67: *Penelophon.*—The Qq. and Ff. read *Zenelophon*. But the name of the beggar, whom King Cophetua marries in the ballad, is *Penelophon;* and there seems no reason why Armado should have written the name incorrectly.

87. Line 68: *anatomize.*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. Qq. and F. 1 read *annothanize*, which is nonsense. No such word can be formed on any Greek or Latin basis. Knight says "evidently a pedantic form of *annotate;*" but Dyce shows from a passage in The Tragedie of Claudius Tiberius Nero (1607), that *anatomize* is written *anotamize*. *Anatomize* is a sufficiently affected synonym for *to analyze*.

88. Line 90: *Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar.*—Compare the passage in Hamlet, i. 4. 83:

> As hardy as the *Nemean lion's* nerve.

Lines 90–95 evidently form a kind of postscript to the letter; and do not belong to Boyet, to whom they are often wrongly assigned.

89. Line 109: *who is the suitor?—Suitor* here is pronounced *shooter* for the sake of the pun. The verb *suit* was, apparently, often pronounced like that, and written *shute, e.g.* in Chapman's All Fooles, ii. 1:

> Steale up a match *unshuting* his estate.
> —Works, vol. i. p. 132.

90. Line 146: *Armado at th' one side.*—The text here is corrupt. Q. 1 reads *ath toothen;* F. 1, Q. 2, *ath to the;* F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, *ath to*. Rowe altered it to *o' th' one*. Dyce reads *o' the one*. We have preferred *at th' one* as being nearest the hieroglyphic in F. 1 and Q. 1. Below (line 149) we have kept the reading of Qq. Ff., which all agree in printing *at other* altered to *o' t' other* (we think unnecessarily) by most modern editors. An instance of the use of *other* for *the other* may be found in Chapman's Bussy D'Ambois:

> Each took from *other*.
> —Works, vol. ii. p. 23.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

91. Lines 3–8: SANGUIGNO, *in blood*, &c.—The reading that I have ventured to substitute for the ordinary one in this passage requires some explanation. Let me state, as briefly as possible, the reasons for believing that Holofernes, in this speech, is intended to use Italian and not Latin words, both in this case and in that of *cielo* and *terra* (lines 5 and 7). Qq. and Ff. all read SANGUIS *in blood*, for which Capell first, and, after him, most modern editors read *in sanguis, blood;* a reading which, when we come to consider it, is really nonsense. *In blood* is an expression of the chase, and means "to be fit for killing." It also means "in a state of perfect health and vigour." The expression occurs in Shakespeare in three other passages. In I. Henry VI., iv. 2. 48, 49:

> If we be English deer, be then *in blood;*
> Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch.

In Coriolanus (twice):

> Thou rascal, that art worst *in blood* to run.
> —i. 1. 163.

But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man *in blood*, they will out of their burrows, &c.—iv. 5. 225.

It is manifestly ridiculous to separate *in* from *blood* in this passage. What possible sense can be made of *sanguis?* It is not Latin for *in blood*, or for any adjective that could bear that sense; but there is an Italian adjective, *sanguigno*, or, as it was written sometimes in Shakespeare's time, *sanguino*, which means *full of blood, sanguine;* and which might well be translated by *in blood*. Below, at line 5, all the old copies (Qq. and Ff.) read *celo the sky, &c.*, not *cælo;* for which, as it is very unlikely Holofernes would have used the dative or ablative case, the modern editors substitute *cælum*. Is it not most probable that the word meant was the Italian word *cielo? Terra* is the same in Italian and Latin, so that no alteration is required. Holofernes uses Italian words more than once. The printers corrected *sanguigno*, or *sanguino* to *sanguis*, taking the *in*, very likely, to be a repetition of *in*. But another point is that Holofernes is evidently quoting from a dictionary, when he says, "CIELO, *the sky, the welkin, the heaven.*" On turning to Florio we find under *cielo*—"*The Heaven, the sky*, the firmament, THE WELKIN," which, to say the least, is rather a curious coincidence.

92. Line 9: *a buck of the first head.*—Steevens quotes from Parnassus, or A Scourge for Simony (1606)—a play of which the authorship is unknown—a very interesting passage which explains all the terms relating to deer used in this scene:—"*Amoretto.* I caused the keeper to sever the *rascal deer* from the *bucks of the first head*. Now, sir, a *buck* is the *first* year, a fawn; the *second* year, a *pricket;* the *third* year, a *sorrell;* the *fourth* year, a *soare;* the *fifth*, a *buck of the first head;* the *sixth* year, a *compleat* buck."

93. Line 37: *Dictynna.—Dictynna* or *Dictinna* is a

name for Diana, which occurs in Ovid's Metamorphoses. book ii. l. 441:

Ecce suo comitata choro *Dictynna* per altum.

94. Line 53: CALL *the deer.*—Cambridge Edd. read *Call I the deer;* Qq. Ff. read *call'd.* Rowe reads, *I have call'd;* Singer, *I will call.* We have ventured to print simply *call,* as being nearest the reading of the old copies and as making good sense. It may be *I have call'd* is the true reading, the *I have* having been dropped out by the printers; or, perhaps, we ought to read *call't* for *call it,* in which case the passage would run, "*call it,* the deer the Princess killed, a pricket."

95. Line 85: *Master Person.—Person* was the old form of *parson,* and occurs constantly, in old English writers, in that sense. In fact, they are virtually the same word—*parson* meaning nothing more than *persona ecclesiæ,* "the representative of the church." It is worth remarking that the word *person* is printed *parson* six times in Chapman's Monsieur D'Olive (Works, vol. ii. pp. 210, 217, 218). Holofernes makes a wretched, elephantine joke on the word *person,* quasi *perse-one,* i.e. *pierce one;* the appreciation of which joke is, apparently, confined to himself.

96. Line 89: *O—piercing a hogshead!*—Qq. and Ff. *Of persing.* The Cambridge Edd. take *Of* to have been part of the name of the speaker, Holofernes, printed *Hol of;* but this is rather far-fetched. The reading in the text seems the most probable one Holofernes does not understand the joke for a moment or two, and says, *O—piercing a hogshead!* The *O* might very easily have become *Of* in the hands of the old printers.

97. Line 97: *Ah, good old Mantuan!*—Not Virgil, but Mantuanus the Carmelite, whose Eclogues, translated into English, with the Latin on one side, were a school-book in Shakespeare's days.

98. Lines 99, 100:

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Here Holofernes is showing off his Italian again. The proverb is not given in Bohn's Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs. Shakespeare doubtless took it from Florio's Second Frutes.

99. Line 105: *What, my soul, verses?*—There is a bit of character-painting in this whole speech of Holofernes which seems to have been missed. Holofernes is rather hurt in his vanity by Jaquenetta giving the letter to the parson to read, instead of to him; and he is on tenter-hooks of curiosity to know what the contents are. While Sir Nathaniel puzzles over the verses, Holofernes walks restlessly up and down, airing his scraps of Latin and Italian, keeping his eyes still on the curate; till at last he asks, point blank, "What are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his"—(he is going to quote—I know not what lines of Horace)—when, unable to restrain his curiosity, he peeps over Nathaniel's shoulder, and sees that the letter contains verses: his self-conceit is more than ever aggrieved that such matters as "verses" should be submitted to any one but to him, the learned *arbiter elegantiarum,* &c. The happy way in which the intense self-conceit of Holofernes is portrayed in this scene, and in v. 1, is one of the most marked promises of Shakespeare's future excellence which this early work of his displays. The pedant must be showing off, or he is miserable.

100. Line 122: "*That* SINGETH *heaven's praise,*" &c.—We have ventured to print *singeth* in preference to SINGS THE *heavens,* as Dyce—following Walker—reads. Q. 1 has *singes,* which, doubtless, was the right reading, pronounced, as in Chaucer, as a dissyllable.

101. Line 130: *tyred horse.*—Not necessarily Bankes' horse, but any horse *tyred, i.e.* clothed in its trappings. We prefer *tyred,* which is a distinct word, to *'tired,* for *attired;* because the confusion with *tired, i.e.* weary, is avoided: although it is possible *to tyre* is merely an old abbreviation of *to attire.* In Lilly's Mother Bombie (iv. 2) there is a passage of words between Hackney-man and some of the servant-boys, in the course of which Hackney-man asks, "But why didst thou boare him (the horse) through the ears?" to which Halfpenny answers, "it was for *tiring.*" A *tyred horse* may be said to imitate his rider in what is called the *manége,* when he steps, with the right or left foot, to a rhythmical pace, directed by the pressure of the right or left foot of the rider.

102. Line 133: *Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron.*—Mason was quite right in pointing out that Shakespeare forgot himself in this passage. Jaquenetta says above, the letter "was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado;" and up to this time she has not, as far as we know, seen Biron, who gave the letter (iii. 1. 168, 169) to Costard with a shilling: Don Armado having given him one for Jaquenetta, just previously, with a "remuneration" of three farthings. Costard has already delivered the latter missive to Rosaline, by mistake; having, probably, given the present letter previously to Jaquenetta, who, being unable to read, brings it to the Parson to be interpreted. Costard may have told her Biron had given him a letter to deliver, and so she may have known the name; but the slip on the part of the author is none the less obvious.

103. Line 146: *Trip and go, my sweet.*—The burthen of an old song: Ritson mentions an ancient musical medley beginning *Trip and go hey!*

ACT IV. Scene 3.

104. Line 3: *I am toiling in a pitch.*—Alluding to the dark complexion of Rosaline; of which we shall hear a good deal more presently.

105. Line 4: *sit thee down, sorrow!*—Qq. and Ff. all read *set,* but in the former passage (i. 1. 317) they all read *sit;* and as Biron refers especially to those words, as having been spoken by Costard, it is better to adhere to *sit.*

106. Line 7: *as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep.*—Alluding to the madness which came upon Ajax, after his defeat by Ulysses in the contest for the armour of Achilles, when he killed the sheep of the Greek army, fancying they

were his enemies. Shakespeare alludes to this madness again, II. Henry VI. v. 1. 26, 27:

York. And now, like *Ajax* Telamonius,
On *sheep* or oxen could I spend my fury.

107. Line 20: *I would not care a pin, if the other three were in.*—This is always printed as prose; but I think it was very probably intended for a rhymed couplet, and should be printed as such.

108. Line 23: [*Conceals himself in the branches of a tree.*—The old stage direction in Q. 1 and F. 1 is, *He stands aside.* Capell added, after line 23, [*gets up into a tree;* which direction is retained in Duncombe's Acting Edition. The reason for this somewhat awkward piece of "business" is, apparently, to be found in lines 79, 80, where Biron says:

Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

But it is a question whether the expression "*sit I in the sky*" is not entirely figurative.

109. Line 23: *sweet Cupid: thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt,* &c.—The bird-bolt was "a short thick arrow with a broad flat end, used to kill birds without piercing. Frequently ascribed to Cupid" (Nares). So in Much Ado, Beatrice says of Benedick, "He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the *bird-bolt*" (i. 1. 42).

110. Line 48: *he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.*—*Perjure* for "perjurer." Dyce says, "this word was formerly common enough (which I mention because here some editors print 'perjured.')" I cannot find any instance of the use of this word *perjure* for "perjurer," or "perjured," except in the passage, from the old play of King John, act ii., quoted by Staunton:

But now black-spotted *Perjure* as he is,
—Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. part ii. vol. i. p. 251.

The word *perjure* occurs neither in Nares' Glossary, nor in Halliwell's Dictionary of Archaic Words. Perjurers were obliged to wear papers on their breasts describing their offence. (See passages quoted in Steevens' Note—Var. Ed. vol. iv. p. 366.)

111. Lines 53, 54:

Thou makest the triumviry, the CORNER-CAP *of society,*
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Corner-cap has been explained as "chief ornament." It really means the *beretta*, or *three-cornered cap* of a Roman Catholic priest, as is proved by the following passage in New Custom, 1573 (Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 11):

It is a pestilent knave, he will have priests no *corner-cap* to wear;

and by another in Middleton's Family of Love, iv. 1 (Works, vol. ii. p. 164). The *three corners* of the *beretta* are arranged something like the triangular part of the *gallows*, which explains the allusion in the latter of the two lines quoted above.

112. Line 59: *Disfigure not his* SHAPE.—Qq. and Ff. read *shop.* Theobald's conjecture *slop* is followed by Cambridge, Globe, and other modern editions. (See Cotgrave; a *slop*—"haut de chausse;" which, sub voce *chausse* he explains as "a breek or breech, in which sense it is most commonly plural in contradistinction to *bas de chausse*, hose or stockings." I agree with Staunton in preferring *shape;* we find *shope* often written for *shaped: shape* is a manuscript correction in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the First Folio. *Slops* generally mean loose wide breeches. It is true *slop* is used in the singular, in Romeo and Juliet (ii. 4. 47), "your French *slop.*" *Slop* is "a smock frock, any kind of outer garment made of linen." Strutt (vol. ii. p. 211) quotes, from a manuscript, "a *sloppe* is a mourning cassocke for ladies and gentlewomen, not open before." My objection to the reading *slop* is that, neither in the singular nor plural, can *slop* mean *hose;* and, taking the *guards*, or ornaments, from Cupid's hose could not disfigure his breeches. The guards, or embroidery, put upon hose are generally for the purpose of improving the shape of the leg; therefore I think the reading *shape* on the whole preferable. It may be noted that *shape* is often used, in the sense of a costume or dress, by the old dramatists.

113. Line 74: *This is the liver-vein.*—The *liver* was held in Shakespeare's time to be the special seat of love; there is no doubt of this fact, although we should hardly expect that organ to be selected as the seat of amatory passion. Here are two of the passages from our old dramatists which illustrate this belief. From Lilly:

Sir Tophas.—I brook not this idle humour of love, it tickleth not my *liver*, from whence the love-mongers in former age seemed to inferre they should proceed.—Endimion, i. 3. (vol. i. p. 12).

From Chapman (speaking of a woman who will not respond to his courtship):

Monsieur.—Sh'as a *liver* as hard as a bisket.
—Bussy D'Ambois, iii. 1 (Works, vol. ii. p. 51).

114. Line 78: *All hid, all hid.*—Taken from the cry of children when playing "Hide and Seek."

115. Line 86: *By earth, she is not, corporal.*—This is the reading of Qq. and Ff. Most modern editors adopt Theobald's conjecture "she is *but* corporal," taking *corporal* to mean *corporeal*, and to be a contradiction of the epithet *divine.* But before (iii. 1. 189) Biron calls himself "*a corporal* of his (love's) field:" again in this scene (line 290) he says, addressing his three fellow-academics,

Have at you, then, affection's *men-at-arms.*

It seems probable enough that he might have applied the term *corporal* to Dumain, perhaps intending some play on the word at the same time.

116. Line 87: *Her amber hair for foul hath amber* COTED.—Dyce, Staunton, and the Cambridge Edd. all read here *quoted*, which reading Douce supports in his Illustrations (page 142), although he prints the word *coted.* The verb *quote* occurs nine times in Shakespeare, five times in the present tense, twice in the past tense, and twice in the past participle. In all these passages, with the exception of the two which occur in this play, the verb is spelt *quote.* In ii. 1. 246, 247,

His face's own margent did *quote* such amazes
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes,

it is spelt in F. 1, Q. 1, *coate.* In the other passage, v. 2. 796, "we did not *quote* them so," it is spelt *cote* Q. 1; *coat* F. 1. Putting aside the question whether, in

these two passages, the verb intended is *quote*, or *cote*, there can be little doubt that, in the passage before us, *cote* is the right reading. In Nares' Glossary the verb *to cote* is rightly explained as derived from *costoyer*, old French, and being the same as *coast*. In the well-known passage in Hamlet—the only other instance of the occurrence of this word in Shakespeare—"we *coted* them on the way, and hither are they coming," Hamlet, ii. 2. 330, the sense is clearly "we passed them on the way."

117. Line 89: *Stoops, I say.*—The old reading is *stoope*. Dyce gives *stoops* from the conjecture of Swynfen Jervis.

118. Line 106: *gan passage find.*—*Can* is the reading of Qq. and Ff. The Passionate Pilgrim (1599) and England's Helicon (1600) both read *gan*.

119. Line 108: *Wish'd.*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, and Passionate Pilgrim. Qq. and F. 1 read *wish*.

120. Line 110: *Ah!*—Johnson's conjecture. *Air* is the reading of the old copies.

121. Line 117: *Thou for whom* GREAT *Jove would swear.*—I had inserted the word *great* before I saw Collier's emendation to the same effect. All the old copies read

Thou for whom Iove would swear;

a line which will not scan, unless *Iove* be pronounced as a dissyllable *I-ove*.

122. Line 142: *One, her hair's gold; crystal the other's eyes.*—All the old copies read, *hairs* WERE *gold*. F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, omit the *one* (which F. 1 prints *on*), and so make the line scan. The Cambridge Edd. read *One, her hairs were gold*, which makes a dreadfully inharmonious line; Dyce adopts Walker's conjecture, ONE'S *hairs were gold*. We prefer omitting the *were*, which was, perhaps, inserted originally by mistake.

123. Line 146: *A faith infringed.*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: in spite of the fact mentioned by Cambridge Edd. that in Q. 1 this line stands at the top of a page, and *Fayth* is the catchword on the preceding page, we believe *a faith* to be the right reading.

124. Line 166: *To see a king transformed to a* GNAT!—"Alluding to the singing of that insect suggested by the poetry the king had been detected in."—*Heath*. Theobald conjectured *knot;* Johnson *sot;* and Becket *quat*, which Staunton supports, quoting Iago's speech (Othello, v. 1. 11): "I have rubb'd this young *quat* almost to the sense." The First Quarto in that passage reads *gnat*. *Quat* meant originally *a pimple*, and then was used for *a simpleton* or *an insignificant fellow*. Certainly *quat* is a very plausible suggestion; but the following passage from Pericles affords a strong indirect testimony to the correctness of the old reading:

Simonides. O, attend my daughter:
Princes in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes not doing so are *like to gnats*,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
—Pericles, ii. 3. 58-63.

125. Line 180: *With men, like men—of strange inconstancy.*—Qq. and F. 1 read

With men like men of inconstancy.

The three later Folios insert *strange*, which makes the line scan; but they print the latter part of the sentence, *like men of strange inconstancy*, without any stop. Various have been the conjectures put forward, *moon-like men; vane-like men; men, like you;* the latter being adopted by the Cambridge Edd. Certainly it is plausible enough, but, on the principle we have adopted, we prefer the correction of the Second Folio.

126. Line 182: *Or groan for* JOAN?—Many editors read *love* instead of *Joan*, on the authority of a copy of Q. 1 in possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The Cambridge Edd. give three other variations, found in the same copy, which certainly do not impress one with any exalted idea of its superior accuracy: *pader* for *paper*, and *croporall* for *corporal*, are not very happy emendations. For *Joan*, see last line of act iii.:

Some men must love my lady and some *Joan*.

127. Line 185: *a gait, a state,* &c.—Steevens says, "*State*, I believe, in the present instance, is opposed to *gait* (*i.e.* the motion), and signifies the act of *standing*." So in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 3. 22:

Her motion and her *station* are as one.

128. Line 207: *you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess.*—A *mess* originally meant a party of four. See Nares, *sub voce*. "As at great dinners or feasts the company was usually arranged into fours, which were called *messes*, and were served together, the word came to mean a set of four, in a general way." So in Peele's Edward I. (Works, p. 393), "I'll be Robin Hood, . . . thou shalt be little John, and here is Friar David as fit as a die for Friar Tuck. Now, my sweet Nell, if you will *make up the mess* . . . for Maid Marian."

129. Line 212: *Hence,* SIRS; *away!*—As addressed to Costard and Jaquenetta, the word *sirs* seems rather out of place; but although *sir* was, originally, only a term of respect (derived from Latin *senior*); it is used in Shakespeare frequently, in the plural number, as a term of address to those of lower rank than the speaker. In Grim the Collier of Croydon, *sir* is used addressed to a woman (*Joan*):

Clack. . . . now, *sir*, if you make too much haste to fall foul, &c.
—Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 414.

130. Line 221: *Did they? Who sees,* &c.—Qq. and Ff. read *Did they,* QUOTH YOU? but the latter words are better omitted as unnecessary, and as spoiling the metre.

131. Line 233: *O, but for my love,* &c.—For a similar example of an accent on the possessive pronoun, as on *my* in this line, see Chapman in Bussy d'Ambois, v. 1:

See how she merits this, still sitting by
And mourning *his* fall more than her own fault.
—Works, vol. ii. p. 94.

132. Line 247: *black as ebony.*—The ridiculous theory that all *black* or dark-complexioned women were ugly, and all fair or light-complexioned women were beautiful, was one of those monstrous tributes to Queen Elizabeth's vanity, offered up daily by her obsequious subjects.

Then will I sweare beauty herself is *black*
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.
—Sonn. cxxxii. 13, 14.

Perhaps this prejudice against dark complexions was the

survival of an old sentiment; compare Song of Solomon, i. 5, "I am *black* but comely."

133. Line 255: *school of night.*—So Qq. and Ff. This is certainly not a very intelligible expression; but anything is better than Warburton's conjecture, "the *scowl* of night." *Suit* is the plausible conjecture of the Cambridge Edd. *Stole* is Theobald's conjecture, adopted by Staunton. Whether *school* is here used in a technical sense, and *black* is said to be "the *school* of night," as if it were the master from whom night learned her darkness, it would be hazardous to decide.

134. Lines 259, 260:

It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect.

One of the many complaints, to be found in contemporary writers, of the practice of painting or dyeing the hair, and of wearing false hair, so prevalent during Elizabeth's reign. Compare Sonnet lxviii. 3–7:

Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head.

135. Line 268: *And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion* CRACK.—The word *crack* (or *crake*) in the sense of "to boast" was formerly common. In Ralph Roister Doister (1550) we find:

All the day long is he facing and *craking*
Of his great acts in fighting and fray-making.
—Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 58.

In the North of England and Scotland, the word is used as a substantive, meaning a gossip, a friendly chat. It is also used in Cumberland and Westmoreland of the wind, when it gets very violent, and is pent up in the hollows of the mountains—"Ay, the wind's on the *crack.*"

136. Line 284: *Then leave this chat.*—For a similar use of *chat* compare the following passage in Greene's Comical History of Alphonsus, King of Aragon (Works, p. 235):

Whate'er you see, be not aghast thereat,
And bear in mind what Amurack doth *chat.*

137. Line 288: *some quillets.*—*Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. The origin is said by Warburton to be from the French pleadings, because in them "every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer began with the words *qu'il est,*" hence *quillet;* compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 155:

crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his *quillets* shrilly.

138. Lines 299–304.—In Qq. and Ff. the following six lines are found here, being part, evidently, of the original draught of the speech, and quite unnecessary; we have followed Dyce and others in omitting them:

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

These lines are simply the unexpanded form of lines 320–323 and 350–353 respectively, the latter being almost word for word a repetition of the three latter lines given above. But in omitting lines 309–315 it seems to us Dyce, following Capell, goes too far, and we have therefore retained them.

139. Lines 344, 345:

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Numberless have been the efforts to make sense of this passage. The question is whether the *harmony* is the voice of *Love,* or the *voice of all the gods.* The most successful attempt to make plain sense of it is Farmer's suggestion that *of* and *make* are transposed, and we ought to read

And when Love speaks, the voice *makes* all the gods
Of heaven drowsy with the harmony.

But perhaps Biron means to say that, when Love speaks, the harmonious concert of praise from the gods, addicted as they were to the gentle passion, "makes heaven drowsy with the harmony." The use of the plural verb with a singular nominative followed by a plural genitive is common in Shakespeare.

140. Lines 350–353.—The passage alluded to in the Introduction, which Dr. Grosart thinks Robert Southwell (in St. Peter's Complaint) founded on these lines is as follows:

O sacred eyes! the springs of living light,
The earthly heavens where angels joy to dwell,
. . . . . .
Sweet volumes, stoard with learning fit for saints,
Whose blissfull quires imparadize their minds;
Wherein eternall studie never faints
Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds:
How endlesse is your labyrinth of blisse,
Where to be lost the sweetest finding is!
—Ingleby's Centurie of Prayse, p. 14.

141. Lines 368, 369:

but be first advis'd
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

A reference to the necessity of placing the archers, in battle, whenever possible, with the sun at their back. It was mainly owing to the English having secured this advantage, that they won the battle of Agincourt.

ACT V. Scene 1.

142. Line 2: *your reasons.*—Johnson notes that *reason* here signifies *discourse;* so Ital. *ragione, ragionare;* the latter word particularly, being more commonly used in the sense of "to discourse," "to talk."

143. Line 5: *affection.*—i.e. *affectation.*—Compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 464: "No matter that might indite the author of *affection;*" and in Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 160, Malvolio is called "an *affection'd* ass." So in this play, v. 2. 407, "spruce *affectation,*" where Qq. and Ff. have *affection.*

144. Line 15: *thrasonical.*—This word is derived from Thraso, a braggart soldier, in Terence's Eunuch. The only other passage in Shakespeare where we find it is in As You Like It, v. 2. 34, when Rosalind says, "And Cæsar's *thrasonical* brag of—I came, saw, and overcame."

145. Line 15: *picked* means *nicely-dressed,* and is derived

from the habit of birds who *pick out*, or *prune* their broken feathers. Nashe in his Apologie of Pierce Penniless (1593), writes of a "*picked* effeminate Carpet Knight."

146. Line 21: *point-devise.*—Skeat has the following explanation of this word: "*Point-device*, L. L. L. v. 1. 21, a shortened form of the older phrase, *at point device*=with great nicety or exactitude; as, 'With limmes (limbs) wrought at *point device*,' Rom. of the Rose, l. 830; a translation of O. F. *à point devis*, according to a point [of exactitude]; that is, devised or imagined, *i.e.* in the best way imaginable." The expression does not occur in Cotgrave or Florio, in any form, French or English.

147. Lines 23-27.—It is curious to compare these affectations of nicety in pronunciation, mentioned by Holofernes, with those existing in the time of our fathers and grandfathers. *Obleege* for *oblige*, *goold* for *gold*, *cowcumber* for *cucumber* were among the peculiarities of precisians fifty years ago. In A Mad Couple Well Match'd, by Brome, occurs the following passage: "and his Methodicall, Grave, and *Orthographicall speaking* friend . . . *that cals People Pe-o-ple*," i. 1 (Works, vol. i. p. 5). This was published in 1653.

148. Line 28: *it insinuateth me of insanie.*—Dyce reads "It insinuateth *one* of *insanire—to wax* frantic." The alteration of *insanie* to *insanire*, of course, involves an alteration of *to make*, because *insanire*, both in Latin and Italian, is *to be* not *to make* mad. On referring to the old copies, Qq. Ff. both print *infamie*, but not in italics; which seems to me to prove that it is not meant for a Latin or French word, because in these old copies Latin and foreign words or sentences are invariably printed in italics. Steevens produces a passage from an old work—The Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion from Time to Time, &c.—written by Wilfride Holme (no date), in which *insanie* occurs:

> In the days of sixth Henry, Jack Cade made a brag,
> With a multitude of people, but in the consequence
> After a little *insanie* they fled tag and rag.
> For Alisander Iden he did his diligence.

It is quite in keeping with the affected rubbish which Holofernes speaks, that he should use such a phrase as *it insinuateth me of insanie* for *it makes me mad*.

149. Line 31: *Priscian a little scratch'd.*—Alluding to the common phrase, "To break *Priscian's* head," a mediæval expression signifying, "To be guilty of a violation of the rules of grammar."

150. Line 41: *alms-basket of words.*—It was the custom first of the religious houses, and then of rich families, to put the broken meat and bread into a basket for the benefit of the poor beggars who came to the door, at a certain time every day, to profit by this bounty. In Day's Ile of Guls (1606) we find the following passage:

> *Violetta.* And the Presence were not exceeding empty-stomackt it would never disgest such *Almes-basket-scraps.*—i. 1.
> [Works, p. 11 (of play).]

151. Line 44: *honorificabilitudinitatibus.*—Hunter says in a note on this word, "The mind of Shakespeare, when he was engaged on this play, was full of recollections of schools and school-keeping. He talks of a text B, and to this is to be referred the *honorificabilitudinitatibus* of Costard, a mere arbitrary and unmeaning combination of syllables and devised to serve as an exercise in penmanship." To this may be added, that it occurs in Marston's Dutch Courtezan, "His discourse is like the long word *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*, a great deal of sound and no sense" v. 1 (Works, vol. ii. p. 182). I once had an old (MS.) common-place book, about the date of 1740–50, on one page of which was recorded the fact that "the longest word in the English language(!) is '*Honorificabilitudinity.*'" It is given in Bailey's Dictionary.

152. Line 45: *flap-dragon.*—Any burning substance made to float in a bowl or glass of liquor, and swallowed whole and flaming by the person drinking. Candles' ends were sometimes used, when the courage of the drinker was to be specially tested. Raisins in hot brandy were the commonest *flap-dragons*. It would appear, from the following passage in Marston's Dutch Courtezan, that to swallow *flap-dragons* was one of the feats performed by lovers in honour of their mistresses, "—been drunke to your health, *swalowd flap-dragons*, eate glasses, . . . stabd armes, and don all the offices of protested gallantrie for your sake," iv. 1 (Works, vol. ii. p. 163).

153. Line 62: *venew.*—Douce's learned note on this word in his Illustrations of Shakespeare, pages 143–145, settles the question as to the meaning of *venue*, or *venie*, or *venew*. In most cases it undoubtedly means "a single hit," and here I think, in spite of Steevens' positiveness, it means no more.

154. Line 65, &c.—Those who care to see how much, or how little, Shakespeare owes to Lilly in this play, can compare this slight passage of arms between Moth and Holofernes with the ponderous bantering of Sir Tophas by the pages in Endimion, i. 3 (Works, vol. i. p. 13). Sir Tophas is both pedant and braggart; but he has not the amusing self-conceit of Holofernes, nor the elaborate courtesy of Armado.

155. Line 72: *circum circa.*—This is another of Theobald's ingenious emendations. Qq. and Ff. have *unum cita*, which is nonsense.

156. Line 85: *preambulate.*—Qq. and Ff. read *preambulat* (in italics); it may possibly have been mistaken for a stage direction in Latin, meaning, *he walks in front* (of Holofernes). The reading of the text, however, is supported by the following passage in Chapman's comedy, An Humerous dayes mirth: *Besha*, who is an affected fop, says:

> Mistris will it please you to *preambulate*?
> —Works, vol. i. p. 57.

157. Line 87: *charge-house.*—Steevens says, "I suppose is the *free-school.*" The word is not found in any other passage. Most probably it means simply the common or grammar school. It may be only an affected expression for a school where the young "*charges*" were. Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 2. 6:

> How now, my *charge*,

and Pericles, iii. 1. 27.

158. Line 103: *remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head.*—The scene between Hamlet and Osric will occur to everybody in connection with this passage.

Hamlet says, after he has already told Osric to "put his bonnet to its right use," "I beseech you *remember*"—when Osric interrupts him. Probably Hamlet was going to have used this very phrase—*remember your courtesy.* See Hamlet, v. 2. 108.

159. Line 110: *dally with my* EXCREMENT, *with my mustachio.*—Shakespeare applies this word, which means, literally, an outgrowth, in three other passages to *hair:*

Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being as it is so plentiful an *excrement*?—Com. of Er., ii. 2. 79.

Again in Merch. of Venice, iii. 2. 87; and Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 734.

160. Line 133: *myself—and this gallant gentleman.*—Some word or words seem to have dropped out of the text. As we have printed it, Holofernes stops short, as if he had not made up his mind what part he was going to take; below, he says he himself will play three of the worthies. Capell, followed by Dyce, reads *myself or*, a very simple way of getting out of the difficulty. In the pageant Holofernes plays Judas Maccabæus himself; and Nathaniel, who is now cast for Joshua, plays Alexander; while Armado plays Hector. The Nine Worthies were: three Gentiles, Hector, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar; three Jews, Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus; three Christians, King Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon. Hercules was not included among them.

161. Line 135: *pass as Pompey.*—Qq. and Ff. read *pass Pompey.* Capell inserted *for;* the reading in the text is the Cambridge Edd. conjecture. The word *as* is more likely to have escaped the printers' notice than *for.* Steevens suggests that PASS *Pompey the Great* means WALK AS *his representative.*

162. Line 154: *fadge.*—This word is used in only one other passage of Shakespeare, in Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 34, "how will this *fadge?*" Wycherley uses the word in the same sense in the Country Wife, "How *fadges* the new design?"

163. Line 156: VIA, *goodman Dull!*—Steevens says *via* means *courage! come on!,* but it does not; it has various meanings, according to the word to which it is joined. Here it is used as *Dì via—say on, speak out.* (See Florio, *sub voce.*)

164. Line 161: *dance the hey.*—Q. 1 and F. 1 both spell the dance *hey,* so does Sir J. Davies in his Orchestra:

He taught them rounds, and winding *heys* to tread.

It may have been abbreviated from the *Hay-degyes* or *hey-deguyes* or *hey-day-guise,* a dance, the orthography of which is involved in mystery. If it was French in origin, it soon became nationalized, at least in Ireland, for allusions are found in the old dramatists to the *Irish hay; e.g.* in Day's Law Tricks, iv. 2: "a found him in his study and a company of botlnos'd devils dauncing the *Irish hay* about him" [Works, p. 63 (of play)].

ACT V. Scene 2.

165. Line 12: *a shrewd unhappy gallows.*—It would seem that *gallows* here is used somewhat as we use *gallows-bird.* Cotgrave gives under *pendard* and *garnement,* "one for whom the *gallowes* groanes." Shakespeare uses *gallows* in a peculiar sense in the Tempest, i. 1. 32, "he hath no drowning mark upon him, his complexion is perfect *gallows.*"

166. Line 22: *in snuff.*—Staunton says, in his note on this passage, "To take anything *in snuff,* was *to take it in dudgeon, to be in ill temper.* Hence the equivoque, which was sometimes in allusion to *snuff* for the nose, and sometimes to the *snuff* of a candle." See Mids.-Night's Dream, v. 1. 254:

He dares not come there, for the candle; for you see, it is already *in snuff.*

167. Line 42: *Fair as a* TEXT B *in a copy-book.*—See Hunter's remark quoted above (note 151, v. 1. 44). The beautifully executed capital letters, with elaborate flourishes, were once the glory of writing-masters. Now that glory is departed.

168. Line 43: *'Ware pensils, ho!*—Q. 1 reads *pensalls,* F. 1 *pensals,* and Q. 2, F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *pensils.* Qq. and Ff. all read *How?* Most modern editions, following Rowe, read *pencils.* Mason explains Rosaline to mean, "Beware of *pencils,* that is, of drawing likenesses." But I believe the word *pensils* or *pensals* was not intended for our modern *pencils;* but rather for *pensell, pensil,* or *pencel,* from Fr. *pennoncel,* diminutive of *pennon,* "a little flag or pennon fastened to the end of a lance." *'Ware pensils, ho!* would mean, "Be on your guard! she means fighting." There may be a pun intended on the two words *pencil=pen* and *pensil.* Dyce gives several instances of the misprint *how* for *ho* in Shakespeare. By *red dominical* and *golden letter* Rosaline means to refer to the "fashionable" colour of Katharine's hair.

169. Line 61: *he were but in by th' week!*—So in Webster's Vittoria Corrombona, "What are you *in by the week?* so, I will try now whether thy wit be close prisoner," iii. 2 (Works, vol. ii. p. 50). It refers probably to the hiring of servants, &c., by the week.

170. Line 65: *all to my behests.*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. Qq. and F. 1 read "wholly to my *device,*" another instance of the folly of editors dogmatically condemning the emendations of F. 2 as of no value. Walker and Dyce, it is difficult to understand for what reason, print *wholly to my hests,* a sort of compromise between the two readings.

171. Lines 67, 68:

So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Q. 1 reads *perttaunt*-like, Ff. and Q. 2 *pertaunt*-like. *Portent*-like is Hanmer's emendation; Singer reads *potent*-like, and Mr. Collier's venerable friend *potently.* It is quite possible that all these are conjectures beside the mark, and that either *pertaunt*-like, or *pertaunt-lye,* may have been the word intended. "So, *by taunts,* as it were, could I o'ersway his state." Gifford, in a note on Ben Jonson's Masque of Christmas, apropos of the game "Post and Pair," gives an extract from a scarce volume of poetry by John Davies, called Wittes Pilgrimage.

MORTALL LIFE COMPARED TO POST AND PARE.

. . . . . .

Some, having lost the double Pare and Post,
Make their advantage on the *Purrs* they haue;

Whereby the Winner's winnings all are lost,
Although at best the other's but a knaue.

PUR *Ceit* deceaves the expectation
Of him, perhaps, that tooke the stakes away;
Then to PUR *Tant* hee's in subiection
For Winners on the Losers oft do play.
—Ben Jonson's Works, vol. vii. p. 278.

The expression is very remarkable, and it is just possible that the reading of the old copies is right after all. The meaning of the word *pur*, though mentioned in several places in connection with this game, is a mystery.

172. Line 74: *to wantonness.* This is another of the emendations from F. 2. Qq. and F. 1 read *to wantons be*, which is nonsense.

173. Line 109: *fleer'd.—To fleer* is explained as "to laugh, to grin, to sneer." Palsgrave explains it, "I *fleere*. I make an yvell countenance with the mouthe by uncovering of the tethe." There is no doubt it was generally used in a worse sense than in this passage, where it means nothing more than *laughed* or *grinned*.

174. Line 117: *this spleen ridiculous.*—The spleen was supposed to be the seat of laughter. See Lilly's Endimion, ii. 2, "Is not Love a lurcher, that takes men's stomachs away that they cannot eate, *their spleene that they cannot laugh?*" (Works, vol. i. p. 22).

175. Line 118: *To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.*—This is as Theobald "stopped" the sentence, and he has been pretty generally followed. Qq. and F. 1 have no stop, while F. 2 reads *folly passions, solemn tears*, Staunton proposed *folly's passion*. It is quite possible that *folly passion* might be equivalent to "paroxysm of folly;" the meaning, however, is clear enough,—they laughed till they cried.

176. Line 122: *Their purpose is to* PARLE.—This verb is here used in the simple sense of "to talk," not in the special sense of "to parley" with an enemy. So in Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 2. 5:

Julia. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with *parle* encounter me.

Where the substantive PARLE is used for conversation.

177. Line 155: *So shall we stay, mocking, intended game.*—This line is usually printed—

So shall we stay, *mocking intended game;*

but is not the sense, "So shall we stop, by our mocking, their intended game or sport?" The next line seems to indicate that this is the right way of "stopping" the passage, for it furnishes a complete contrast:

And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

178. Line 159: *Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.*—This line, given to Biron by Qq. and Ff., was rightly assigned to Boyet by Theobald. Line 165, "True, out indeed," is given to Biron by F. 2, F. 3, F. 4; but to Boyet by Qq. and F. 1. Again, lines 170, 171 are given by the same last three folios to Biron; by Qq. and F. 1 to Boyet. It seems clear that it is inconsistent with the part Biron is playing, for him to ridicule the speech of Moth—which probably he had himself composed—at the same time that he endeavours, so honestly, to correct his mistakes.

179. Line 209: *but vouchsafe.*—Q. 1, do *but vouchsafe:* Q. 2 and Ff. *vouchsafe but.* We prefer the reading of Q. 1, omitting the *do;* the accent being always on the second syllable in following lines; while if we read *vouchsafe but*, it necessitates the accent being on the first syllable.

180. Line 233: *wort.*—This word has no connection with *wort, i.e.* any kind of herb; it means "new beer."

181. Line 237: *griev'st.*—F. 1 reads *griev'st*, Q. 1 *griev-est;* one of the instances of the superior correctness of F. 1 in some points. The Cambridge Edd. take no notice of the difference between the two copies, though *grievest* quite spoils the metre.

182. Line 247: *Veal, quoth the Dutchman.*—The same joke occurs in the Wisdome of Dr. Dodypoll, ii. 2.

Doctor. Hans, my very speciall friend; fait and trot me be right glad for see you *veale.*
Hans. What, do you make a Calfe of me, M. Doctor?
—Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 116.

183. Line 261: *Fleeter than arrows, wind, thought, swifter things.*—In Qq. and Ff. *bullets* is inserted between *arrows* and *wind*, thereby spoiling the metre of the line. Capell first proposed to omit it, in which course he was followed by other editors.

184. Line 268: *Well-liking.*—Compare Job xxxix. 4: "Their young ones are in *good liking.*" Cotgrave gives, under *liking:* "*good-liking, embonpoint, potelée,*" which latter he translates "*fulnesse* or *plumpiness of flesh.*" Florio gives "*good-liking, buon gradimento.*" *Liking* = condition of body, is used by Shakespeare in Merry Wives, ii. 1. 57:

Mrs. Ford. . . . I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's *liking.*

185. Line 269: *kingly-poor.*—For *kingly-poor* Staunton reads *poor-liking*, with great ingenuity—a most probable emendation, if emendation be needed. Grant White says that the Princess refers to the King's speech, "Farewell. mad wenches; you have simple wits" (v. 2. 264). *Kingly* might be used as an intensitive, to signify, in this instance, *very poor*, but I can find no instance of the word ever being used by Shakespeare in such a manner. In Qq. and Ff. it is written *Kingly poor* in two words; the capital *K* would seem to settle the question.

186. Line 281: *statute-caps.*—These were flat caps of wool, worn by the citizens of London on Sabbath-days and holidays, according to a protective statute issued by Queen Elizabeth to encourage the trade of the cappers. In The Family of Love, by Middleton, v. 3, we find, "Why, 't is a law enacted, by the common council of *statute-caps*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 192).

187. Line 296: *their* DAMASK'S *sweet commixture shown.*—*Damask* is applied by Shakespeare to the cheek, in three passages besides this: in Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 115; in Coriolanus, ii. 1. 232; and in the following passage in As You Like It, iii. 5. 120–123, where Phœbe is describing Rosalind as a boy:—

There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that *mix'd* in his cheek; 't was just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled *damask.*

Here we have almost the same expression as in the text.

188. Line 297: *Are angels vailing clouds, &c.—To vail* is the same as French *avaler* or *avaller* (L. *ad*, to, *vallis*, a valley), as Cotgrave spells it, one meaning of which he gives as "to let *fall* down," evidently the sense of *vail* here; so in Fairfax: "The virgin gan her beavoir *vale*" (Godfrey of Boulogne, book xiii. st. 48).

189. Line 315: *This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease.*—Ff. and Q. 2 read *pickes;* Q. 1 *pecks*, which is the more characteristic word. Shakespeare has taken these lines almost word for word from an old proverb:

> Children pick up words as pigeons peas
> And utter them again as God shall please.

190. Line 324: *kiss'd away his hand.*—So Ff. and Q. 2. The reading of Q. 1 is *kissed his hand away.*

191. Line 332: *whalés.*—The Saxon genitive case, pronounced as a dissyllable. To print it *whale's* is an error. Compare Greene's Radagon in Dianam:

> Legs as white as *whalés* bone
> So white and chaste were never none.
>
> —Works, p. 302.

192. Line 338: *mad man.*—Most modern editions have

> Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

reading *man*, instead of *mad man*, for the sake of the metre. In the old copies the line stands:

> Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?

In Q. 1 we have it printed as two words, *mad man.* Possibly the original word may have been *maid-man, i.e.* "a man half a maid or woman," alluding to Boyet's finicking manners as described above. The *and* should be omitted, as it is not wanted, and may have slipped up from the line below quite as easily, if not more so, than the *Mad-* of *Madam.*

193. Line 346: *Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.*—Rowe altered *delights*, the reading of Qq. and Ff., to *delight. God* being the "worthier" person, the reading might be defended, even on grounds of grammar. If we read, *Nor God delights, nor I*, we should get rid of the awkwardness altogether.

194. Line 361: *A* MESS *of Russians.*—See note 128 (iv. 3. 207).

195. Line 419: *Write, "Lord have mercy on us."*—This was the inscription put upon the doors of the houses infected with the plague. Malone quotes from Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, 1632: "*Lord have mercy on us* may well stand, for debt is a most dangerous city *pestilence.*" At line 423 Biron says he sees the "Lord's *tokens*" on the lady, a metaphor also taken from the plague, the *tokens* of which "are the first spot, or discoloration, by which the infection is known to be received."

196. Line 440: FORCE *not to forswear.*—In Like Will to Like (1568) we find an instance of this use of *to force* = *to care:*

> *New.* Then who shall hold my stirrup, while I go to horse?
> *Lu.* Tush, for that do thou *not force!*
> Leap up I say, leap up quickly.
>
> —Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 356.

197. Line 465: *That smiles his cheek in years.*—Q. 1 reads *yeeres*, on the ground of which Malone supports Theobald's conjecture, *jeers.* But Malone is wrong in saying that the old *copies* read *yeeres*, for F. 1 has *yeares* distinctly. The expression in the text is explained, smiles his cheek *into years, i.e.* wrinkles. Compare Twelfth Night, iii. 2. 84, "he doth *smile his cheek* into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies."

198. Line 474: *by th' squier* (or *squire*).—So in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 348, "Not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the *squire.*" In the latter passage it is spelt *squire;* in this passage both Q. 1 and F. 1 have *squier.* The expression in the text is equivalent to our common saying, "he has got the length of her foot."

199. Line 488: *For every one pursents three.*—Shakespeare certainly seems to have got into some confusion with this pageant of the Nine Worthies. First he introduces Hercules and Pompey, who had no business among the worthies at all; then he makes out *eleven* worthies, for three of the players were to represent three worthies each, besides Costard and Moth, who were content with one character each. Perhaps the confusion is intentional, and meant to ridicule the clumsy and ignorant way in which those pageants were got up among the village celebrities of Shakespeare's time.

200. Line 490: *You cannot* BEG *us, sir.*—The practice of *begging* the wardship of *idiots*, in order to get hold of their property, is constantly alluded to in the old dramatists. It was a valuable piece of patronage among the many in the king's gift; and greedy courtiers eagerly sought to obtain such precious charges. It was an early form of the Private Lunatic Asylum abuse, on a limited scale.

201. Lines 518, 519:

> *Where zeal strives to content, and the contents*
> *Dies in the zeal of that which it presents.*

The various emendations which have been made on this passage are almost innumerable. Let us try and see what Shakespeare means to say, and whether the words in the text express that meaning. The Princess says, in answer to the objection that the show will be a very bad one, in fact worse than the efforts of the royal amateur company that had just now appeared as "a mess of Russians"—

> That sport best pleases that doth *least* know how.

(Q. 1 reads *best* for *least*, but Ff. and Q. 2 read *least*, undoubtedly the right reading.) She continues, "Where zeal does its best to content the audience, and the contents (*i.e.* the meaning of the representation) dies in the zeal of that (*i.e.* that medium or instrument) which presents *it* (the contents or meaning)." This, certainly, is a clumsy sentence; but it is intelligible, accepting the strained and artificial style in which so many of these speeches are written. It may be that the error, if there be one, lies in the second *zeal*, which was the result of the same word, in the former line, catching the printer's eye. However we interpret the passage, it must be confessed that it is by no means a bad description of amateur performances of all kinds; in which *zeal* (to distinguish themselves) *strives to content* the people who have paid their money; and the meaning of the play represented

dies (for the time at least) in the *zeal* of the amateur company which *presents it.*

202. Line 528: *He speaks not like a man of God's making.*—This line cannot fail to recall Hamlet's expression, in his speech to the players, "I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably" (iii. 2. 37–39).

203. Line 547: *Abate a throw at* NOVUM.—This game of dice, according to Douce, was "properly called *novum quinque*, from the two principal throws of the dice, nine and five." The French name was *quinque nove*, which, according to Nares, Prevost describes as "un jeu qui se joue à deux dés," and which is further explained by a passage in Dekker's Bell-men of London (1640), "The principal use of langrets is at *novum;* for so long as a payre of bard cater treas be walking, so long can you cast neither 5 nor 9—for without cater treay 5 or 9 you can never come."

204. Line 548: *Cannot* PRICK *out five such.—Prick out,* so Ff. and Q. 2. *Picke out,* Q. 1. The expression *prick out* is much more characteristic. An instance of the use of the term, in this sense, is found in "*pricking* for the office of sheriff." The specific use of the word is exemplified in Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 216:

> Will you be *prick'd* in number of our friends?

205. Line 551: *With* LIBBARD'S *head on knee.*—The libbard was the male of the "panther," according to Steevens; it is an old form of "leopard," and is used by Spenser. The leopard's head was used, commonly, for ornamenting armour at the joints.

206. Line 556: *with targe and shield.—Targe,* Anglo-Saxon, *targ.* A word common to French, Italian, and Spanish; thus described by Cotgrave, "*targe,* a kind of shield, almost square, and much in use along the Spanish coast lying over against Affrick, from whence it seems the fashion of it came." It was made of animals' hides.

207. Line 580: *your lion, that holds his poll-axe.*—For an explanation of this description see the illustration of the arms of Alexander, as given by Douce from the Roman des neuf preux, Abbeville, 1487, folio (Douce, p. 150).

208. Line 614: *A cittern-head.*—A *cittern,* or *gittern,* was a kind of guitar. They were kept in barbers' shops for the customers to play on who were waiting their turn. (See a picture in Brandt's Emblems.) The heads were carved in various fantastic shapes, and often in that of a man's face. In Marston's Scourge of Villanie we find:

> Shall brainlesse *cyterne-heads,* each jobernole,
> Pocket the very genius of thy soule?
> —Works, vol. iii. page 242.

209. Line 616: *A Death's face in a ring.*—We may note that rings with death's heads engraved on them were commonly worn by bawds. See Marston's Dutch Courtesan, i. 2. "As for their death how can it be bad, since their wickednesse is always before their eyes, and a *deathe's head* most commonly on their middle finger?" (Works, vol. ii. p. 118).

210. Line 639: *Hector was but a Troyan.*—We preserve the old spelling as given in all the old copies. *Trojan,* as Steevens notes, was a cant term for thief. The form *Troyan* is very common in the works of the old dramatists.

211. Line 652: *A gilt nutmeg.*—So Ff. and Q. 2; but Q. 1 has a "*gift* nutmeg." In Ben Jonson's Masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies, I find:

> *Meg.* And I have lost an inchanted *nutmeg, all gilded over,* was inchanted at Oxford for me, to put in my sweet-heart's ale a'mornings.
> —Works, vol. vii. p. 404.

Walnuts are gilded, nowadays, and hung on to Christmas trees as presents. Oranges or lemons, stuck with cloves, were used to hang in wine vessels. (See Steevens note.) Allusion to an orange stuck with cloves is made in Jonson's Masque of Christmas.

212. Line 659: *A man so* BREATH'D.—Compare As You Like It, i. 2. 230, in the wrestling scene:

> *Duke.* No more, no more.
> *Orlando.* Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well *breath'd.*

The meaning of the word *so breath'd* in the text is equivalent to our modern expression, "in such good wind." We often hear it said of a runner at athletic meetings that he "has not got his second wind," which is much the same as saying "he is not *breathed.*"

213. Line 707: *Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.*—There may be some play upon words intended here. In Peele's Edward I. there is a passage in which a very similar phrase is used:

> *Mortimer.* O, friar, you grow choleric; well you'll have
> No man to court your mistress, but yourself.
> On my word, I'll take you down a *button-hole.*
> —Works, p. 395.

214. Line 717: *woolward, i.e.* with the *wool* next the skin. Fisher, in his Seven Psalms (Ps. cxliii. part ii.), speaks of St. Paul, "in cold going *woolward.*"

215. Line 747: *A heavy heart bears not a* HUMBLE *tongue.*—So Qq. and Ff., but Theobald, most unnecessarily, altered *humble* to *nimble.* The Princess means to say that when your heart is heavy, your tongue is not apt to find polite words in which to acknowledge a great benefit. She is excusing herself for not thanking the King sufficiently for having granted her suit about Aquitaine and its ransom (see ii. 1. 159–169), on which occasion she would like to use courteous phrases. Compare:

> Ourself will mingle with society
> And play the *humble* host.
> —Macbeth, iii. 4. 4.

And in this very scene (line 636), "This is not generous, not gentle, not *humble.*"

216. Line 750: *The extreme part of time,* &c.—This is a very difficult passage. The old copies read, *The extreme* PARTS *of time.* We have adopted Dyce's reading, *part,* in preference to altering *forms* into *form,* which would also necessitate substituting *decide* for *decides* (in line 752)—a necessity which all the commentators who adopt *form* have overlooked. Staunton, very plausibly, suggests *dart,* observing that the expression "at his very loose," is one taken from archery. Every one has heard of the darts, or arrows, of Death and of Love; but Time is always represented with no other equipment but wings, a

scythe, and an hour-glass. Moreover, *the dart of Time* could scarcely be said to *form* anything. Singer conjectures *haste*, which is good sense enough. I would suggest *pace*, but do not venture to embody it in the text. It seems to me that the expression *Time's pace* is the most natural expression. We have it in As You Like It, in the well-known speech of Rosalind: "*Time's pace* is so hard that it seems the length of seven year" (iii. 2. 234). There is a sense in which *part* is used by Shakespeare more than once—that of an action or general conduct (see II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 64):

> This *part* of his conjoins with my disease,

in which the king refers to Prince Henry's conduct, or action, in taking the crown away. If *part* has that meaning here, the sense is pretty clear—the *extreme* action of Time, using *extreme* in the sense of severe. An interesting attempt to explain this passage by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson will be found in the New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1874, part ii. p. 513.

217. Line 762: *my griefs hear dully.*—Qq. and Ff. read *are double.* This is Staunton's conjecture, which, if the text is to be amended at all, seems preferable to Collier's *are dull*, as Biron says in the next line—

> Honest plain words best pierce the *ears* of grief,

which makes Staunton's reading, *hear*, more plausible than *are;* while *dully* preserves the double ending, and it is used by Shakespeare in Sonnet L. 6; Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 7; and Much Ado, ii. 1. 379.

218. Line 773: *Full of stray shapes.*—Qq. and Ff. read *straying.* Capell conjectures *strange.* Coleridge first suggested *stray*, which is nearer the old reading than *strange*, much more forcible, and corresponds more with the sense of the following lines.

219. Line 792: *this in our respects.*—Hanmer's conjecture. Q. 1, *this our.* Ff. Q. 2 *these are our.*

220. Line 796: *We did not* QUOTE *them so.*—The old copies read *cote*, but in this instance *quote*, from French *coter*, "to mark," "to set down," is evidently intended; and not *cote* from *costoyer.*

221. Line 826.—The following six lines are omitted from the text, as being evidently only a rough draft of lines 850–863 of the same act:—

> *Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?
> *Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd,
> You are attaint with faults and perjury:
> Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
> A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
> But seek the weary beds of people sick.

222. Line 850: *for my love.*—Q. 1 reads *thy*, evidently a misprint from the *thy* in the line above having caught the printer's eye. "For *my* love" means "for my love (to perform)."

223. Line 874: DEAR *groans.*—Johnson wanted to read here *dere*, i.e. *sad.* But there are many uses of the word in this sense. Compare Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 196:

> Shall it not grieve thee *dearer* than thy death,
> To see thy Antony making his peace,
> Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes.

224. Line 875: *continue* THEM.—Qq. and Ff. read *then;* Collier *them*, which seems to be the right reading. The absolute use of *continue* here seems hardly tenable. Shakespeare constantly uses the verb in its transitive sense, governing an accusative and not an infinitive: *continue then* is very weak.

225. Lines 905, 906:

> *And lady-smocks all silver white,*
> *And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue.*

It is not so easy to determine exactly what flowers are meant here. Prior, in Popular Names of British Plants, says, "*Lady's smock* is the *Cardamine pratensis*, so called from the resemblance of its white flowers to little smocks hung out to dry, as they used to be once a year, at that season of the year especially." To this custom Shakespeare alludes below (line 916). Unfortunately for this explanation, the flowers of *Cardamine pratensis* are rarely, if ever, white; but, as a rule, lilac, more or less deeply coloured. Those of *Cardamine amara*, bitter-cress, are yellowish white. There can be no doubt, however, that the popular name of *Cardamine pratensis* is lady-smock. The name *cuckoo-flower* is also given to *Cardamine pratensis*, but was formerly given to *Lychnis flos-cuculi*, or Ragged Robin, the flowers of which are pink or rose-colour. But *cuckoo-buds* here mean the buds of the crowfoot, or *Ranunculus* (*auricomus?*).

226. Lines 928–930.—We have adhered to the way in which these three lines are printed in F. 1. *Tu-whit to-who* was probably repeated by the singers.

227. Line 939: *While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*—There appears to be a difference of opinion about the exact meaning of *keel.* Most authorities derive *to keel* from A. Sax. *célan*, to cool. In Gower and Chaucer it is undoubtedly used simply for *to cool.* It appears to have been a constant practice in Scotland to take a *wheen*—a quantity of broth out of the pot and to fill it up with cold water. This was called the *keeling wheen* (see Steevens' note). In some passages *to keel* seems to mean *to scum* the pot in order to keep it from boiling over.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in Q. 1 and F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Abbreviated ..	v.	1	26
Abhominable[1].	v.	1	26
Abrogate	iv.	2	55
Academe	i.	1	13
	iv.	3	352
Acute	iii.	1	67
	iv.	2	73
Adjunct[2] (sub.)	iv.	3	314
Aforehand	v.	2	461
All-telling	ii.	1	21
Allusion	iv.	2	42
	iv.	2	45
Alms-basket ..	v.	1	41
Amazes (sub.)..	ii.	1	246
*Amber-coloured	iv.	3	88
Apostrophas...	iv.	2	123
Arteries[3]	iv.	3	306
Arts-man	v.	1	85
Audaciously[4]..	v.	2	104
Bookmates	iv.	1	102
Book-men	ii.	1	227
	iv.	2	35
Bowler	v.	2	587
Brooding (verb)	v.	2	933
*Button-hole..	v.	2	706
Cadence	iv.	2	126
Canary (verb)..	iii.	1	13
Canzonet.....	iv.	2	124
Carnation (adj.)	iii.	1	146
Carry-tale[5]....	v.	2	463
Charge-house ..	v.	1	87
*Cittern-head..	v.	2	614
Cloves	v.	2	654
Cockled.....	iv.	3	338
Colourable	iv.	2	156
Compile[6]	iv.	3	134
	v.	2	52
	v.	2	896
Congratulate ..	v.	1	93
Congruent.....	i.	2	14
	v.	1	97
Consonant.....	v.	1	55
Coppice.....	iv.	1	9
*Copy-book....	v.	2	42
*Corner-cap ...	iv.	3	53
Couplement[7]..	v.	2	535
Cuckoo-bud....	v.	2	906
Curious-knotted	i.	1	249
*Daughter-beamed	v.	2	171
Day-woman ...	i.	2	136
Deuce-ace.....	i.	2	49
Dismasked	v.	2	296
Dominical	v.	2	44
Doter.....	iv.	3	260
Eagle-sighted..	iv.	3	226
Ebon-coloured	i.	1	245
Educate[8].....	v.	1	86
Egma[9]	iii.	1	73
Elegancy.....	iv.	2	126
Encounters[10]..	v.	2	82
Enfreedoming.	iii.	1	125
Explication ...	iv.	2	14
Expositor.....	ii.	1	72
Fairing.....	v.	2	2
Fanatical.....	v.	1	20
Feminine.....	iv.	2	83
Festinately	iii.	1	6
Folio	i.	2	192
Forage (sub.)..	iv.	1	93
Fructify	iv.	2	30
*Giant-dwarf ..	iii.	1	182
Gig	iv.	3	167
	v.	1	70
	v.	1	73
Gingerbread...	v.	1	75
Glassed.....	ii.	1	244
Glozes (sub.) ..	iv.	3	370
Greasily	iv.	1	139
Hackney	iii.	1	33
Harper.....	v.	2	405
Health-giving..	i.	1	236
Heart-burning (adj.).....	i.	1	280
Hedge-priest ..	v.	2	545
Honey-tongued	v.	2	334
Horn-book	v.	1	49
Hospital	v.	2	881
*Humble-visaged	ii.	1	34
Illustrate[11]....	iv.	1	65
	v.	1	128
Imperator[12]...	iii.	1	187
Impudency....	v.	1	5
Incony.....	iii.	1	136
	iv.	1	144
Indubitate	iv.	1	67
Infamonize....	v.	2	684
Insanie.....	v.	1	28
Insociable	v.	1	20
	v.	2	809
Intimation	iv.	2	13
Intituled.....	v.	1	8
Jerks (sub.) ...	iv.	2	129
Keel[13] (verb)..	v.	2	930
	v.	2	939
*Kingly-poor ..	v.	2	269
Lady-smocks ..	v.	2	905
Lemon	v.	2	653
L'envoy[14].....	iii.	1	72
Lettered	v.	1	48
Libbard[15].....	v.	2	551
*Long-during ..	iv.	3	307
Love-monger ..	ii.	1	253
Love-rhymes ..	iii.	1	183
Maculate.....	i.	2	97
Magnificent....	i.	1	193
	iii.	1	180
Malmsey	v.	2	233
Manor-house ..	i.	1	209
Measurable....	v.	1	97
Meekly.....	i.	1	199
Mellowing (sub.)	iv.	2	72
Merriness.....	i.	1	202
Mirth-moving..	ii.	1	71
Mumble-news..	v.	2	464
Mustachio.....	v.	1	111
New-devised ..	i.	2	65
New-sad	v.	2	741
Night-watch...	iii.	1	178
Novum[16].....	v.	2	547
Oaten.....	v.	2	913
O'ergone[17]	v.	2	196
O'erparted	v.	2	588
Over-boldly ...	v.	2	744
Overglance....	iv.	2	135
Overhead.....	iv.	3	281
Over-view.....	iv.	3	175
'Paritor.....	iii.	1	188
Parle (verb)....	v.	2	122
Parti-coated...	v.	2	776
Pedantical	v.	2	408
Penthouse-like	iii.	1	18
Peregrinate (adj.)	v.	1	15
Perjure (sub.)..	iv.	3	47
Pertaunt-like[18]	v.	2	67
Phantasime (= Phantasm) ..	iv.	1	101
	v.	1	20
Pigeon-egg	v.	1	78
Pitch-balls	iii.	1	199
Please-man....	v.	2	463
Plodders	i.	1	86
Plodding (sub.)	iv.	3	305
Plough (sub.)..	v.	2	893
Poll-axe.....	v.	2	580
Pomewater....	iv.	2	4
Pommel (sub.).	v.	2	618
Pore[19]	i.	1	74
	iv.	3	298
(in plural) Posterior	v.	1	94
	v.	1	96
	v.	1	127
Preambulate ..	v.	1	85
Preyful.....	iv.	2	58
Pricket[20].....	iv.	2	12
Prodigally.....	ii.	1	12
Progression ...	iv.	2	144
Push-pin.....	iv.	3	169
Rackers.....	v.	1	21
Ratherest.....	iv.	2	19
Reject[21]	v.	2	438

[1] *Abominable* occurs frequently in Shakespeare.

[2] Occurs in Sonnet cxxii. 13.

[3] *Artery* in singular occurs once in Hamlet, i. 4. 82—

"And makes each petty *artery* in this body."

[4] Occurs in Lucrece, 1223.

[5] Occurs in Venus and Adonis, 657.

[6] Occurs in Sonnet lxxviii. 9.

[7] Used here="a couple." Occurs in Sonnet xxi. 5 in the sense of "combination."

[8] *Education* used in eight passages; the verb occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare.

[9] *Enigma* occurs in Coriolanus, ii. 3. 96—"*Cor.* Your enigma?"

[10] Used for encounterers.

[11] Used as an adjective in both passages. The verb occurs once only, in Henry VIII. iii. 2. 181.

[12] Used here as if it were an anglicized word—"Sole *imperator* and great general of trotting 'paritors."

[13] The substantive *keel*, in its ordinary sense, occurs three times.

[14] Used as an anglicized word: occurs frequently in this scene.

[15] *Leopard* occurs three times.

[16] A game played with dice.

[17] Used here in its literal sense of To go a walk over. *Overgone* =overpowered is used III. Henry VI. ii. 5. 123. *Overgo*=to exceed occurs in Richard III. ii. 2. 61 and Sonnet ciii. 7.

[18] This is reading of the old copies: most modern editors read *portent-like*. See note 171.

[19] *Poring* is used in Henry V. iv. (chorus), 2, "the *poring* dark;" a passage difficult to explain.

[20] Occurs five other times in this scene.

[21] *Rejected* occurs in Venus and Adonis, 159.

WORDS PECULIAR TO LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Repasture	iv.	1	95
Reprobate (adj.)	i.	2	64
*Sable-coloured	i.	1	233
Sain[1].....	iii.	1	83
Saucers	iv.	3	98
Scurrility	iv.	2	55
	v.	1	4
Sea-water[2] (adj.)	i.	2	86
Self-sovereignty	iv.	1	36
Seller	iv.	3	240
Sequent[3] (sub.)	iv.	2	135
Shame-proof ..	v.	2	513
Shooter.....	iv.	1	116
*Short-lived...	ii.	1	54
	iv.	1	15
Singuled[4].....	v.	1	86
Skilfully	ii.	1	254
*Slow-gaited ..	iii.	1	56
Small[5] (sub.)...	v.	2	646
*Small-knowing	i.	1	253
Snuff[6] (verb)...	iii.	1	17
Sonneting.....	iv.	3	158
Sore[7].....	iv.	2	59
	iv.	2	60
Sorel.....	iv.	2	60
Sphinx.....	iv.	3	342
Staff (in music)	iv.	2	107
Stanza[8]	iv.	2	107
Staple[9].....	v.	1	19
*Statute-caps .	v.	2	281
Strong-jointed.	i.	2	77
*Sun-beamed (twice)	v.	2	168
Superscript....	iv.	2	135
Supervise[10] (verb)	iv.	2	124
Tasker	ii.	1	20
Tender-smelling	v.	2	569
Tharborough[11]	i.	1	185
Thin-belly (adj.)	iii.	1	20
Three-headed..	v.	2	593
Tittles	iv.	1	85
Tooth-drawer..	v.	2	622
Translation....	v.	2	51
Trencher-knight	v.	2	464
Treys.....	v.	2	232
Triumviry	iv.	3	53
Tumbler	iii.	1	190
Unbefitting....	v.	2	770
Unbosom.....	v.	2	141
Undressed.....	iv.	2	17
Uneducated...	iv.	2	17
Unseeming....	ii.	1	156
Unsullied.....	v.	2	352
Unvisited.....	v.	2	358
Uprising (sub.)	iv.	1	2
Vapour-vow...	iv.	3	70
Veal	v.	2	247
Venew[12].....	v.	1	62
Ventricle.....	iv.	2	70
Verbosity.....	v.	1	18
Vicegerent....	i.	1	222
Vow-fellows...	ii.	1	38
War-man.....	v.	2	666
Weeding (sub.)	i.	1	96
Well-knit	i.	2	77
Well-liking....	v.	2	268
Whitely.....	iii.	1	198
Wimpled.....	iii.	1	181
Woolward	v.	2	717
World-without-end (adj.)....	v.	2	799
Wort.....	v.	2	233
Yclped.....	i.	1	242
	v.	2	602

[1] The usual form of the past participle, *said*, occurs frequently.

[2] As sub. in Tempest, i. 2. 462.

[3] Used here = follower, attendant; occurs several times as an adj.

[4] Reading of Q. 1: Q. 2, Ff. *singled*.

[5] Used of the part of the leg below the calf.

[6] Used here with *up;* in Henry VIII. iii. 2. 96 in the sense of "to *snuff* a wick."

[7] Meaning a buck of the fourth year.

[8] Reading of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4; *stanze* of Q. 1, Q. 2, F. 1; *stanzo*, another form of the same word, occurs in As You Like It, ii. 5. 18, 19.

[9] Used as meaning thread or pile.

[10] Used as a sub. in Hamlet, v. 2. 23.

[11] *Third-borough*, of which *tharborough* is only another form, is used in the Induction to Taming of the Shrew, 1. 12.

[12] *Venew*. Both Q. 1 and F. 1 have *venewe:* in Merry Wives, i. 1. 296, we have *veneys*, which is essentially the same word.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

In all cases where it appears that the same reading adopted or suggested, in this edition, has been adopted or proposed by any other commentator, the name of that commentator is given: but it is to be understood that these emendations were all made, independently, by aid of the text alone, and not copied, or in any way taken from previous editions.

Note

37. ii. 1. 45. *In arts well fitted, glorious in arms.* So Grant White.
64. iii. 1. 73. *no salve in* THESE *all.*
90. iv. 1. 146. *Armador* AT TH' *one side.*
91. iv. 2. 3–8. SANGUIGNO, *in blood.*
96. iv. 2. 89. *O—piercing a hogshead.*
100. iv. 2. 122. *"That* SINGETH *heaven's praise."*
121. iv. 3. 117. *Thou for whom* GREAT *Jove would swear.* So Collier.
122. iv. 3. 142. *One, her hair's gold; crystal the other's eyes.*
125. iv. 3. 180. *With men, like men—of strange inconstancy.*
160. v. 1. 133. *myself—and this gallant gentleman.*
177. v. 2. 155. *So shall we stay, mocking, intended game.*
179. v. 2. 209. *but vouchsafe.*

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note

29. i. 2. 190. *I shall* TUNE *sonnets.*
33. ii. 1. 25. *Therefore* TO US IT SEEMS *a needful course.*
52. iii. 1. 3. *Quand Colinelle* for *"Concolinel."*
57. iii. 1. 25. *Make them men of note—do you note?—men that most are affected with these?*
94. iv. 2. 53. CALL 'T, *the deer the Princess killed, a pricket.*
171. v. 2. 67. (1) *pertaunt-like*, or *pertaunt-lye*, to signify "So, *by taunts*, as it were."
(2) *pur-Tant*, a term used in the game of "Post and pare."
192. v. 2. 338. *Till this* MAID-MAN *show'd thee? what art thou now?*
193. v. 2. 346. NOR GOD DELIGHTS, *nor I.*
216. v. 2. 750. *The extreme* PACE *of time.*

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Solinus,[1] Duke of Ephesus.
Ægeon, a Merchant of Syracuse.
Antipholus of Ephesus,[2] } Twin brothers, and sons to Ægeon and Æmilia, but
Antipholus of Syracuse,[3] } unknown to each other.
Dromio of Ephesus, } Twin brothers, and attendants on the two Antipholi,
Dromio of Syracuse, } unknown to each other.
Balthazar, a Merchant, } of Ephesus.
Angelo, a Goldsmith, }
First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
Second Merchant, a creditor of Angelo.
Pinch, a Schoolmaster and a Conjurer.[4]
An Officer.

Æmilia, wife to Ægeon, Lady Abbess of an Abbey near Ephesus.
Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
Luciana, her sister.
Luce, Servant to Adriana.
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and Attendants.

Scene—Ephesus.

Historical Period: about the third century B.C.

TIME OF ACTION.

The whole time of the dramatic action is comprised in one day ending about 5 P.M.[5]

[1] Spelt in F. 2, by mistake, *Salinus*.
[2] Spelt sometimes in Ff. *Antipholis;* both names being corrupted from *Antiphilus*, which is the correct spelling; sometimes called in Ff. *Antipholis* Sereptus.
[3] Sometimes called in Ff. *Antipholis* Erotes.
[4] A *Conjurer, i.e.* a person supposed to be able to exorcise evil spirits.
[5] See Daniel's Time Analysis of Shakespeare's Plays. New. Sh. Soc. Transactions, 1877–9, part 2.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

No edition of this play has come down to us previous to that of the First Folio, 1623. There can be no doubt that this is one of Shakespeare's earliest works. It was founded directly or indirectly on the Menæchmi of Plautus, of which an English translation by "W. W." (William Warner) was published in 1595; but, like many works of that period, it had been, for some time previously, privately circulated in manuscript. There is little in common, except the bare outline of the plot, between Shakespeare's play and the Menæchmi of Plautus; while the fact that, in the Folio of 1623, the two Antipholi are called in act i. *Antipholis Erotes*,[1] and, in act ii. *Antipholis Sereptus* respectively, points to a connection with some other original source than W. W.'s translation; for, in the latter, the two brothers are called *Menechmus the Citizen*, and *Menechmus the Travailer* respectively. In Plautus they are termed *Menæchmus* and *Menæchmus Sosicles*. The two titles, given to the brothers in F. 1, only occur in the first two acts, and are soon exchanged for those which are preserved in all modern editions, Antipholus of Syracuse (Erotes, Errotis), and Antipholus of Ephesus (Sereptus). It has been supposed that the two titles mentioned above are corruptions of *Erraticus* and *Surreptus;* but one cannot fail to notice that the name of "the *Courtezan*," in Plautus, is *Erotion;*[2] and whoever was the author of the earlier adaptations of Plautus' comedy, may have taken the name *Erotes* or *Errotis* from this character. That there was an earlier dramatic version of the Menæchmi is probable from the fact, discovered by Malone, that an old play, called The Historie of Error, was acted at Hampton Court on New Year's day, 1566–7, by "the children of Powles" (*i.e.* Paul's). It is possible that this is the same play described in the Accounts of the Revels of Queen Elizabeth's Court (from which the above entry is taken), as "A Historie of Ferrar, shewed before her Matie at Wyndesor, on Twelf daie at night, enacted by the Lord Chamberleyne's servaunts." The Comedy of Errors is mentioned by Meres in Palladis Tamia (1598); and is alluded to by John Manningham in his diary, under the date 2nd February, 1601, when he compares Twelfth Night to the "commedy of errores or Menechmi, in Plautus;" also by Dekker in his Satiro-Mastix, though this latter passage, as well as that in the same author's, "A Knight's Coniuring done in earnest: discouered in iest" (1607), may refer only to the proverbial expression "a comedy of errors." We find in Robert Anton's Philosopher's Satyrs (1616) the following lines:

> What *comedies of errors* swell the stage
> With your most publike vices, when the age
> Dares personate in action, &c.

where the expression can scarcely be supposed to refer to this play.

The only points of resemblance—other than those in the main plot—between Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors and W. W.'s translation of the Menæchmi are, first, the description given by Antipholus of Syracuse, at the end of the first act, of the inhabitants of Ephesus, which resembles that given by Messenio of the inhabitants of Epidamnum (act ii. sc. 1, p. 11);[3] and, secondly, the use of the word *stale*, by the wife of Menechmus the Citizen (act v. p. 30) and Adriana (act ii. 1. 101) respectively, and

[1] In act ii. called Errotis.

[2] Called in the translation by W. W. *Erotium*.

[3] The edition of W. W.'s Menechmi referred to is that in Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library, part ii. vol. i.

also of the word *stuff* for *baggage* which is used both by Messenio (act v. p. 37), and by Antipholus of Syracuse (act iv. sc. 4, l. 153). It would seem probable, then, that Shakespeare had, at any rate, seen W. W.'s translation; and that, in the composition of his play, he used that and some other English version of the Menæchmi.

Of internal evidence as to the date when written, The Comedy of Errors does not afford much. The allusion to Spain sending "whole armadoes of carracks" would seem to show that it was written while the memory of the Spanish Armada was fresh in men's minds. In act iii. 2. 126, "armed and reverted, making war against her heir," it has been supposed that reference is made to the civil war in France, between Henry III. and Henry of Navarre. The latter became king in August, 1589, upon the assassination of Henry III. by Jacques Clément; but the war with the League was not concluded till 1593. The reference to Henry of Navarre as "the heir" could not therefore be to a date later than August, 1589. Perhaps we cannot venture to fix the exact date of the play, but we may safely conclude that it was completed between 1589 and 1592. It does not bear the same traces of having been revised as Love's Labour's Lost; although the first portion of the second scene in act iii. (see note 76) may be thought to bear the traces of additional care and finish.

The name of the play was probably taken by Shakespeare from the proverbial expression "a comedy of errors." We know he was fond of taking his titles from proverbs, and the last two lines of the argument in W. W.'s translation of the Menæchmi,

> Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
> Much pleasant error, ere they meete togither,

may have guided him to this source for a popular title.

STAGE HISTORY.

The first record of the performance of this play is to be found in the Gesta Grayorum of 1594 (published in quarto, 1688). "After such sport, a Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus his Menechmus) was played by the players; so that night was begun and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors." The name given of the play, and the fact that it was represented, not by amateurs, but by the "players," leave little doubt that it was Shakespeare's comedy which was referred to in this entry. Neither Henslowe's nor Pepys' Diary contains any notice of this play. The first mention in Genest is on November 11, 1741, at Drury Lane—no record of the cast on that occasion remains, but Macklin is said to have acted Dromio of Syracuse—when it was acted four times successively, and again on December 10th. This is the only occasion on which the play was presented at Drury Lane until June 1st, 1824, when Reynolds's operatic version was given. But the play called See if you Like it, or It 's All a Mistake, described as a "comedy in two acts, taken from Plautus and Shakespeare," was represented at Covent Garden on October 9th, 1734. This, most probably, was a version of The Comedy of Errors. Shakespeare's play was represented for Hull's benefit on April 24th, 1762, at Covent Garden; Shuter and Miss Stephens being in the cast. It was announced in the bills as "The Twins, or Comedy of Errors, with a new Prologue by Smith." On January 22d, 1779, The Comedy of Errors "with alterations" made by Hull, was again represented at Covent Garden, and acted seven times; "Gentleman" Lewis playing Antipholus of Syracuse. It seems next to have been performed on June 2nd, 1798, for the benefit of Rees, who played Dromio of Ephesus, "in imitation of the voice and manner of Munden," the representative of Dromio of Syracuse. It was revived again, in 1808, when Charles Kemble played Antipholus of Ephesus; and Munden reappeared in his former character, which appears to have been a favourite with him, as the play was again performed, probably at his suggestion, on April 17th, 1811. On December 11th, 1819, an abominably mangled and deformed version, with the most ridiculously inappropriate songs introduced, was represented at Covent Garden; the cast including Farren, Liston, Miss Stephens, and Miss M. Tree: it absolutely ran

twenty-seven nights. Miss Stephens revived this version, for her benefit, on June 1st, 1824, at Drury Lane.

The play was included in the series of Shakespearian productions undertaken by Phelps at Sadler's Wells Theatre, where it was presented in November, 1855; F. Robinson and H. Marston appearing as the two Antipholuses, Lewis Ball and Charles Fenton as the Dromios. At the Princess's Theatre, in February, 1864, Henry and Charles Webb played the Dromios, G. Vining and J. Nelson their masters. The brothers Webb again took the servants' parts in the Drury Lane revival of September, 1866. Other performances may be passed over until we note that of January 13th, 1883; when Mr. John S. Clarke brought out a new acting version at the Strand Theatre. Ingenious compression heightened the effect of the purely comic scenes in this production, which was a brilliant success—much being due to the skilful "staging" of Mr. Lewis Wingfield. J. S. Clarke and H. Paulton were the Dromios; F. Charles and G. L. Gordon the Antipholuses. At Terry's Theatre in June, 1899, a version was given in one act.

CRITICAL REMARKS

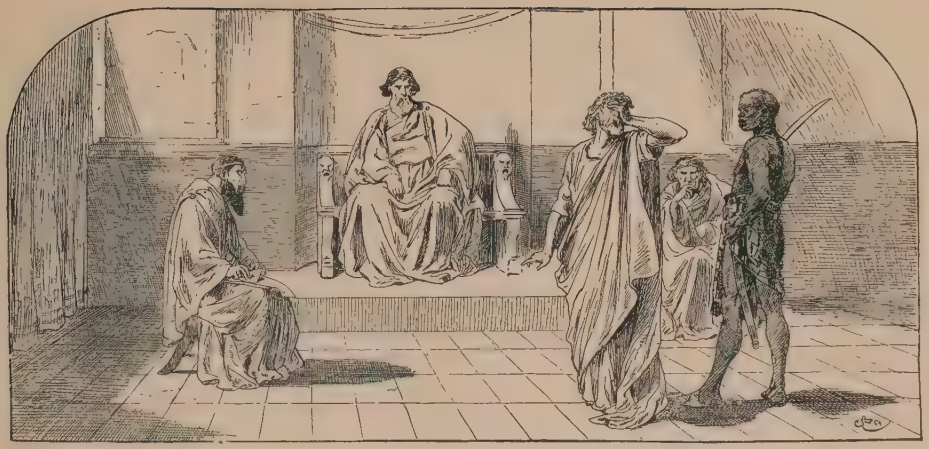
The early work of most authors belongs to one of three classes, the imitative, the satirical, or the egotistical. The Comedy of Errors belongs to the imitative; but it is decidedly superior to the play from which it is adapted. It bears to Shakespeare's other works very much the same relation as Les Fourberies de Scapin bears to Molière's. Some of the comedies of Terence and Plautus may compare, for variety of incident and ingenuity of situation, with The Comedy of Errors; but the Menæchmi, from which Shakespeare undoubtedly took part of his play, is a very much inferior work to the comedy before us. With the exception of the long speeches of Ægeon, which afford a necessary explanation of events that occurred previously to those in the comedy itself, it is difficult to see how even the ingenuity of a modern French dramatic author could have extracted more telling situations out of the plot. In fact, as far as construction goes, The Comedy of Errors is one of Shakespeare's best plays. With regard to Ægeon's long speeches, there is nothing in them contrary to the canons of dramatic construction existing in Shakespeare's time. It is to be presumed that actors, in his day, spoke blank verse better than they do now; and that the public were not so impatient of long speeches as they are now. How much Shakespeare owed to the old play, if there was one, founded on the same subject, we do not know; no copy of The Historie of Error, alluded to above, has yet been discovered; but, as far as the old translation of the Menæchmi goes, he seems to have owed very little of the merit of his play to that source. We shall probably not be far wrong in crediting Shakespeare with most of the many alterations for the better, and of the valuable additions, which separate The Comedy of Errors by such a wide distance from W. W.'s old translation: the transference of the chief female interest from the Courtezan to the wife, and the sympathetic character given to the latter, as well as the creation of her charming sister, Luciana, are all evidences of Shakespeare's genius, which excelled that of the very noblest of his contemporaries, in nothing more strikingly than in the creation of lovable female characters. Although Luciana is but a slight sketch, she is infinitely superior, in moral beauty, to any of the female characters in Love's Labour's Lost. The remarkable ingenuity with which the intrigue is carried on, and the easy way in which the various excellent situations spring from it, show what careful attention Shakespeare had already bestowed upon the art of dramatic construction, and how much he had profited by his experience gained as an actor.

It is not improbable that we obtain in this play some glimpse of Shakespeare's domestic life. The practical sermon preached by Luciana to Antipholus of Syracuse—under the belief that he was her sister's husband,—and the vivid description by the Abbess of a nagging jealous wife (act v. sc. 1, lines 68–86) may both have been based on Shakespeare's actual experience; in the first case of his own faults, in the second, of those of his wife. It is very likely that, after he made Anne Hath-

away his wife, he was not quite as attentive and faithful to her as he might have been; and, on the other hand, that she, by her jealousy and constant fault-finding, drove him to seek his fortune in London without the incubus of her company.[1]

[1] When this was written I had not read Mr. Furnivall's admirable Introduction to the Leopold Shakspere: for his remarks on this point, which are to the same effect as my own, see p. xiii of that Introduction. The subject of Shakespeare's relations with his wife will be treated of more at length hereafter.

Anyone who may take the trouble to read carefully the more serious portions of this play will meet with his reward. He will find that the farcical nature of the plot has not debarred Shakespeare from displaying in this work some of his highest qualities. Many may think the promise is greater than the performance; but none can honestly deny the evidence of that genius, which at a later period of his career gave to the world such comedies as The Merchant of Venice, Twelfth Night, and As You Like It.



Æge. O, let me say no more! Gather the sequel by that went before.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A hall in the Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, *Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
[The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders[1] to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.]
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus
Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.
Æge. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.
Duke. Well, Syracusian, say in brief the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.
Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

[1] *Gilders*, properly a coin = our florin, value 1*s.* 8*d.*; here used, generally, for money.

In Syracusa was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamium; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old
Before herself—almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear—
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly[1] proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamium had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
[Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion,[2] ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none:]
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain[3] to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ege. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,

[1] *Not meanly*, no little. [2] *For fashion*, in imitation.

[3] *Amain*, directly.

Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.
Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and impórtun'd me
That his attendant—for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.
Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
[Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,]
Yet I will favour thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchánt, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
Gaoler, go take him to thy custody.
Gaol. I will, my lord.
Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The Mart.*

Enter Antipholus *of Syracuse,* Dromio *of Syracuse, and* First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamium,
Lest that your goods too soon be cónfiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.
Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,[1]
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
[Peruse[2] the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn,
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.]
Get thee away.
Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?
First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consórt[3] you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.
Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself
And wander up and down to view the city.
First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.
Here comes the almanac of my true date.

Enter Dromio *of Ephesus.*

What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

---

[1] *Host,* lodge.
[2] *Peruse,* observe.
[3] *Consórt,* accompany.

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper:—
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post[1] indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Or I shall break that merry sconce[2] of yours

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face?

That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,

[1] *Post,* a post to score notches on.

[2] *Sconce,* head.

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught[1] of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage,
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master, and when they see time
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where?
Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adr. Patience unmov'd! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
[A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;]
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.
Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

[1] *O'er-raught*, over-reached, cheated.

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?
Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.
Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.
Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
[*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain!
Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.]
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
"'Tis dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he:
"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he:
"Will you come home?" quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he,
"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"
"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold!" quoth he:
"My mistress, sir," quoth I; "Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!"
Luc. Quoth who?
Dro. E. Quoth my master:
"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress."
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.
Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit*
Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!
Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
[If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That 's not my fault; he 's master of my state:]
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures.[1] My decayed fair[2]
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.[3]
Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;
[Would thát[4] alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; and tho' gold bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.]
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Defeatures*, ill looks. [2] *Fair*, beauty.
[3] *Stale*, pretended wife. [4] *That, i.e.* the chain.

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?
Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?
Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.
Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.
Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.
Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*
Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?
Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspéct,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

[*Dro. S.* I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of policy.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tyring; the other, that, at dinner, they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have prov'd there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 't would be a bald conclusion:]
But, soft! who wafts us[1] yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspécts;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,

[1] *Wafts us*, beckons to us.

That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
[For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall[1]
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.]

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus, then, call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,[2]
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls and elvish sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

[1] *Fall*, let fall.

[2] *From me exempt*, absent from my company.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I not?
Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I. *Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Enter Antipholus *of Ephesus*, Dromio *of Ephesus*, Angelo, *and* Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carkanet,[1]
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.
Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.
Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.
Ant. E. You're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.
Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

[1] *Carkanet*, necklace.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
Ant. E. Ay to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.
Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!
Dro. S. [*Within*] Mome,[1] malt-horse,[2] capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch![3]
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.[4]
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.
Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.
Dro. S. [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.
Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!
Dro. S. [*Within*] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you 'll tell me wherefore.
Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.
Dro. S. [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.
Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?
Dro. S. [*Within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.
Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name.
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name or thy name for a face.
Luce. [*Within*] What a coil[5] is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?
Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.
Luce. [*Within*] Faith, no; he comes too late;

[And so tell your master.
Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh!
Have at you with a proverb—Shall I set in my staff?
Luce. [*Within*] Have at you with another; that 's—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dro. S. [*Within*] If thy name be call'd Luce, —Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.
Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I hope?
Luce. [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.
Dro. S. [*Within*] And you said no.
Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.]
Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

[1] *Mome*, buffoon.
[2] *Malt-horse*, dray-horse.
[3] *Patch*, fool.
[4] *Hatch*, wicket or half-door.
[5] *Coil*, disturbance.

Luce. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*Within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [*Within*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [*Within*] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this "knave" would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part[1] with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

[Your cake is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind,
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much "out upon thee!" I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in: go borrow me a crow.[2]

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.]

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this[3]—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made[4] against you.
Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
[And, about evening, come yourself, alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever hous'd where 't gets possession.]

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] Get you home
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;[5]
For there's the house: that chain will I bestow—

[1] *Part*, depart, go away.

[2] *Crow*, crowbar.

[3] *Once this*, think once for all on this.

[4] *Made*, barred.

[5] *Porpentine*, the old name for porcupine.

Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.
Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The same.*

Enter Luciana *and* Antipholus *of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or if you like elsewhere,[1] do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
[Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'T is double wrong, to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.]
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'T is holy sport to be a little vain,[2]

[1] *Like elsewhere, i.e.* are attached to another woman.
[2] *Vain,* insincere.

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not.

[Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your word's deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.]
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:

Far more, far more to you do I decline.[1]
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.*

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

[*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.]

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say "Sir-reverence." I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. [I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why, she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

[1] *Decline*, lean, or am drawn, towards.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of carracks[1] to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made
of faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtal[2] dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road:

And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,

[1] *Carracks*, Spanish merchant-ships.

[2] *Curtal*, crop-tailed.

Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us and we know none,
'T is time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.
Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. There 's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO *with the chain.*

Ang. Master Antipholus,—
Ant. S. Ay, that 's my name.
Ang. I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.
Ant. S. What is your will that I should do with this?
Ang. What please[1] yourself, sir: I have made it for you.
Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon, at supper-time, I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain[2]
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter SECOND MERCHANT, ANGELO, *and an Officer.*

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I 'll attach you by this officer.
Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus and* DROMIO *of Ephesus from the Courtezan's.*

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.
Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me.
Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit.*
Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.

[1] *What please*, what may please. [2] *Vain*, foolish.

Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.
Ang. Saving your merry humour, here 's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.
Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.
Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?
Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.
Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?
Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.
Ang. You hear how he impórtunes me;—the chain!
Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by[1] some token.
Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whe'r you 'll answer me or no:
If not, I 'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?
Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know I gave 't you half an hour since.
Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do;
And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.[2]
Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, *from the bay.*

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamium,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
Then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage,[3] sir,

[1] *By*, with.

[2] *Apparently*, openly.

[3] *Fraughtage*, cargo.

I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamium stays for me?
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.[1]
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.
Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*

Scene II. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely[2] in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea, or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merry?
What observation mad'st thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical[3] in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

[1] *To hire waftage,* to engage a vessel (see iii. 2. 155).
[2] *Austerely,* surely, seriously.
[3] *Stigmatical,* marked (by deformity).

A devil in an everlasting garment[1] hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend,[2] a shoulder-clapper,[3] one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot[4] well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But 'is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luciana.*
This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?[5]

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain:—do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

[1] *Everlasting garment*, the buff jerkin of the sheriff's officer.
[2] *Back-friend*, secret enemy. [3] *Shoulder-clapper*, bailiff.
[4] *Draws dry-foot*, hunts by the scent of the footsteps like a bloodhound.
[5] *Band*, bond, but it also means "neckcloth," hence the pun in next line.

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes[1] more than he 's worth to season.
Nay, he 's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?]

Re-enter LUCIANA *with a purse.*

Adr. Go, Dromio; there 's the money, bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit,—[2]
Conceit, my comfort and my injury.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. There 's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Master, here 's the gold you sent me for. [What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd?

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was kill'd for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 't is a plain case: he that went, like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.[3]

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says "God give you good rest!"[4]

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery.] Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word, an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hinder'd by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels[5] that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a COURTEZAN.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; [and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say "God damn me;" that 's as much as to say "God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of

[1] *Owes,* owns. [2] *Conceit,* apprehension.

[3] *Morris-pike,* Moorish pike.

[4] *Give you good rest,* a pun on *rest* and *'rest* for arrest.

[5] *Angels,* gold coins worth about ten shillings.

light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn.] Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; so bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid thee, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I cónjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: and if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. "Fly pride," says the peacock: mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *A street.*

Enter Antipholus *of Ephesus and the* Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.
Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.

Enter Dromio *of Ephesus with a rope's-end.*

How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where 's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Off. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 't is for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good, now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long 'ears.[1] I have served him from the

[1] *'Ears*, years. A pun is intended.

hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleep; rais'd with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcom'd home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont[1] her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* COURTEZAN, *and* PINCH.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather, to prophesy, like the parrot, "beware the rope's-end."

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*Striking him.*

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I cónjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion[2] with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

[1] *Wont*, is accustomed (to bear). [2] *Companion*, fellow,

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.
Act IV. Scene 4, line 108

Adriana. O, bind him, bind him; let him not come near me
Pinch. More company. The fiend is strong within him

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes
That would behold in me this shameful sport.
[*Rushes at Adriana, who retreats from him. Pinch makes a sign to the attendants, who come on quickly, and seize Antipholus and bind him, he resisting violently.*]
Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company!—The fiend is strong within him.
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go bind his man, for he is frantic too. [*They bind Dro. E.*
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish[1] officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

[1] *Peevish,* foolish.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. [O most unhappy day!
Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!
Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master: cry "The devil!"
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!]
Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.
[*Exeunt Pinch and Attendants with Antipholus and Dromio bound, still struggling.*
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?
Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?
Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring—
The ring I saw upon his finger now—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords.
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
Off. Away! they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt, in haste, Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and Officer.*
Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff[1] from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.
Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I. *A street before a Priory.*

Enter Second Merchant *and* Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Sec. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Sec. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus *of Syracuse and* Dromio *of Syracuse.*

Ang. 'T is so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore[2] most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I 'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who, but for staying on[3] our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.
Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?
Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I 'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.
Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [*They draw.*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *the* Courtezan, *and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.
Some get within him,[4] take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house![5]
This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. into the Priory.*

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

[1] *Stuff,* baggage.
[2] *Forswore to have,* denied on oath that he had.
[3] *Staying on,* waiting for the end of.
[4] *Within him,* within his guard.
[5] *Take a house,* take (refuge in) a house.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd[1] his affection in unlawful love,—
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing?
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced[2] it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom[3] clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions:
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody, moping, and dull melancholy,
[Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures[4] and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:]
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal[5] man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet and depart: thou shalt not have him. [*Exit.*

[1] *Stray'd*, caused to stray, misled.
[2] *Glanced*, censured.
[3] *Venom*=venomous, or venom'd.
[4] *Distemperatures*, sicknesses.
[5] *Formal*, reasonable.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.
Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry[1] execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cause?
Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.
Luc. [*to Adriana*] Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE, *attended;* ÆGEON *bareheaded and bound; with the Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender[2] him.
Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus my husband,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important[3] letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound and sent him home,
Whilst to take order[4] for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away, till raising of more aid,

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them:
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

[1] *Sorry*, sorrowful, dismal. [2] *Tender*, regard.
[3] *Important*, *i.e.* importunate.
[4] *To take order*, to take measures.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.—
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,[1] and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
[And ever, as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissors nicks him[2] like a fool;]
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.
Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.
Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!
Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!
Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus *of Ephesus and* Dromio *of Ephesus.*

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.
Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.
Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.
Duke. A grievous fault!—Say, woman, didst thou so?
Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!
Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturbed with th' effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd[3] with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down

[1] *A-row,* in succession. [2] *Nicks him,* cuts his hair close. [3] *Pack'd,* leagued.

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
They left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle,

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach[1] is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'T is true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbess hither.—
I think you are all mated,[2] or stark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbess.*

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O, grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,

[1] *Impeach*, accusation. [2] *Mated*, confused.

And careful[1] hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures[2] in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. E. Neither.
Æge. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.
Æge. I am sure thou dost.
Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Æge. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.
Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.
Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.
Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter Abbess, *with* Antipholus *of Syracuse and* Dromio *of Syracuse.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see them.*
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. [*Looking at the two Dromios.*] Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I sir, am Dromio: command him away.
Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.
Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will lose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once, call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamium he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamium.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholi, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides his urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

[1] *Careful,* full of anxiety.
[2] *Defeatures,* changes of features.

Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. [*To Luc.*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour,
My heavy burthen ne'er delivered.
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such felicity!
Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast. [*Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E., Dro. S., and Dro. E.*
Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.
Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus . . . let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.*
Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt*

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

NOTES TO THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I. Scene 1.

1. Line 14: *Both by the* SYRACUSIANS. So all the Folios. Some modern editors alter *Syracusians* to *Syracusans; Syracusian* is a form sometimes found; for instance, Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, uses it—"or as that *Syracusian* in a tempest, &c." (ed. 1676, p. 345).

2. Lines 16–18:

Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus
Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusian born.

The Ff. read line 17:

Be seen at *any* Syracusian marts and fairs.

The Cambridge Edd., following Malone, arrange thus:

Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs.

The word *any* in line 17 was probably inserted in Ff. by mistake from the following line. We have followed Dyce in the arrangement of the lines.

3. Line 35: *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence. i.e.* by natural affection, which impelled me to seek my son at Ephesus, not by deliberate offence against the law.

4. Line 39: *And by me* TOO, *had not our hap been bad. —Too,* which is necessary to the metre, was inserted by F. 2.

5. Line 42: *Epidamium.*—So Ff., corrected by nearly all modern editors to *Epidamnum;* but as *Epidamnus* is the correct name of the town (afterwards called by the Romans *Dyrrhachium*), we have thought it better to keep the same form as that in F. 1; although in the translation of the Menæchmi by W. W., published in 1595, *Epidamnum* is the word used. The mistake probably arose from the fact that, in the acrostic argument prefixed to the Menæchmi, the name of the town occurs only in the accusative case:

Post *Epidamnum* devenit.

If the reading of the Folio be altered at all, surely it should be to *Epidamnus.*

6. Line 43: *And* THE *great care of goods.—The* is Theobald's emendation for *he,* the reading of F. 1.

7. Line 55: *A meaner woman was delivered.*—F. 1 reads "*a meane* woman." F. 2 "*A poor meane* woman." But *poor* occurs two lines lower down. *Meaner, i.e.* "belonging to a lower rank," is Walker's emendation.

8. Line 88: WAS *carried towards Corinth.*—Many editors substitute *were;* but, perhaps, the subject of the sentence is the mast: Capell's suggestion to alter *and* in the preceding line to *which* may be right.

9. Line 94: *Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.*—This line seems to require a little geographical explanation. The *Epidaurus* (spelt *Epidarus* in F. 1) mentioned here, was the town of that name, situate in Argolis on the Saronic Gulf. There was another *Epidaurus* in Laconia, called also Limera. Corinth had two ports, Lechæum on the Gulf of Corinth, and Cenchreæ on the Saronic Gulf. A ship, bound to or coming from the latter port, would

come by the same course as one sailing to or from Epidaurus; and they would meet the floating mast, on which Ægeon his wife and the four children were, outside the Ionian Islands. Dyrrhachium (*Durazzo*) is about 250 miles from the mouth of the Gulf of Corinth: Ægeon tells us that the storm commenced when they were "a league from Epidamium;" so that, as it was not long before the wreck took place, the mast, on which he and his family were saved, must have travelled some considerable distance to have reached any spot near the entrance of that gulf. Accuracy, however, as regards the situation of places and their distance from one another, must not be looked for in dramatic works.

10. Line 104: *Our* HELPFUL *ship.*—Rowe altered *helpful* to *helpless*, while Mr. Swynfen Jervis suggested *hopeful*. Surely these corrections are totally unnecessary. By "our *helpful* ship" Ægeon means the mast which came, as it were, to their help, when they were wrecked. *Helpful* is a characteristic epithet; the proposed emendations are commonplace.

11. Line 115: *Gave* HEALTHFUL *welcome.*—This is the reading of F. 1; the three later Folios read *helpful:* here again the emendation supplies a weaker epithet than the original reading.

12. Line 125: *My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care.*—Shakespeare, as Mason points out, has made a slip here. The younger twin was with the mother, not with the father, when they were wrecked. See lines 79–83:

> My wife, more careful for *the latter born*, &c.

13. Line 128: FOR *his case was like.*—F. 1 reads *so*, a reading defended by Malone; but F. 2 reads *for*, which is better. The whole passage is rather obscurely worded; and, as the *s* of *for* might easily have been confounded with the *f* of *so*, the emendation of F. 2, which certainly makes the sense clearer, may be accepted without any scruple.

14. Lines 131, 132:

> *Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,*
> *I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.*

The construction here is very obscure; the meaning is tolerably clear. *Whom* (*i.e.* my lost son) whilst I labour'd of a love (*i.e.* was lovingly anxious) to see, yet (in letting my other son go to seek him) I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd (*i.e.* that other son himself). Perhaps if we read "of *him* I lov'd" the sentence would not seem quite so awkward.

15. Line 133:

> *Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,*
> *Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia.*

His travels were, apparently, not so extensive as those described in the corresponding passage of W. W.'s translation of the Menæchmi. Ægeon means he had been all through Græcia Superior, Macedonia and Thrace; and now, returning down the eastern coast of the Ægean Sea, came to Ephesus.

16. Lines 151, 152:

> *Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day*
> *To seek thy* LIFE *by beneficial help.*

Merchant, if the reading of the Folios be adhered to, must be pronounced with the accent on the last syllable. I have met with the word so accented in an old Play, but cannot lay my hand on the reference. Pope altered the arrangement of the words to *I, therefore, merchant*, which Capell followed, reading *I'll* instead of *I*. *Life* is Pope's emendation. Ff. read *help*.

ACT I. Scene 2.

17. Line 28: *And afterward* CONSÓRT *you.*—Some editors, unnecessarily, read "*with* you." For a similar use of *consort*, see Love's Labour 's Lost, ii. 1. 178:

> Sweet health and fair desires *consórt* your grace;

and again in Julius Cæsar, v. 1. 83:

> Who to Philippi here *consorted* us.

18. Line 41: *Here comes the* ALMANAC *of my true date.*—He means, of course, Dromio, who, having been born in the same hour as his master, serves to fix the *date* of his birth, like an *almanac*.

19. Lines 64, 65:

> *I shall be* POST *indeed,*
> *For she will* SCORE *your fault upon my pate.*

It seems that a *post* stood in the middle of the shop, on which the scores of the customers were notched or chalked up. In Every Man in his Humour, iii. 3, Cob says: "Then I'm a vagabond . . . if I saw anybody to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the *post in the middle of the warehouse*" (Ben Jonson's Works, vol. i. p. 95).

20. Line 97: *They say this town is full of cozenage.*—The hint for this and the following lines was taken, probably, from W. W.'s translation of the Menæchmi, ii. 1. Messenio says:

> This towne Epidamnum is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse: and (I heare) as full of Ribaulds, Parasites, Drunkards, Catchpoles, Cony-catchers, and Sycophants, as it can hold: then for Curtizans, why here's the currantest stamp of them in the world.—Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. vol. i. part ii. p. 11.

21. Lines 99, 100:

> DARK-WORKING *sorcerers that change the mind,*
> SOUL-KILLING *witches that deform the body.*

Warburton, quite unnecessarily, altered *dark-working* to *drug-working*, while Johnson transposes the epithets. *Dark-working* may mean either "that work in the dark," or "that work deeds of darkness." The expression *soul-killing witches* is found also in Christopher Middleton's Legend of Humphrey Duke of Glocester, 1600:

> They charge her, that she did maintaine and feede
> *Soul-killing witches*, and convers'd with devils.

22. Line 102: *liberties of sin.*—Altered by Hanmer, and by Collier's "Old Corrector," to "*libertines* of sin." Steevens thinks the expression means "licensed offenders;" while Malone explains it "sinful liberties." It may perhaps be sense, explained as "liberties *for* sin;" or this may be a reference to that peculiar use of the word in such a phrase as the "*liberties* of the Fleet."

ACT II. Scene 1.

23. Line 12: *he takes it* ILL.—So F. 2, correcting the mistake of F. 1, which gives *thus* instead of *ill*.

24. Lines 20, 21:

> MEN, *more divine, the* MASTERS *of all these,*
> LORDS *of the wide world,* &c.

Ff. print *man, master, lord;* corrected by Hanmer.

25. Line 30: *How if your husband* START *some* OTHER WHERE?—Johnson proposed to read "start some other *hare;*" but, surely, any emendation is unnecessary. *Start* is used in a similar sense in Marlowe's Tragedy of Dido, act iv.:

> Mine eye is fix'd where fancy cannot *start;*
> —Works, p. 266.

by which Iarbas, who speaks the line, means to say his "eye is fix'd" on one from whom his love can never stray. *Otherwhere* (printed as one word) occurs again in this scene (line 104).

> I know his eye doth homage *otherwhere.*

The meaning of the passage in our text is plain enough. "What if your husband stray to some other place?" *i.e.* "to some other love."

26. Line 33: *They can be meek that have no other cause. i.e.* that have no cause to be otherwise.

27. Lines 34–39:

> *A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,*
> *We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;*
> *But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,*
> *As much or more we should ourselves complain:*
> *So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,*
> *With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me.*

Compare Much Ado about Nothing, v. 1. 20–31, the whole of Antonio's speech, especially the following portions:

> for, brother, men
> Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
> Which they themselves not feel; . . .
> . . . . . .
> No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
> To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
> But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
> To be so moral when he shall endure
> The like himself.

Here we have a beautiful expansion of the idea in the text. What marvellous progress the writer has made in the interim between the two works!

28. Line 64: "*Will you come* HOME?"—The word *home,* not found in Ff., was inserted by Hanmer. The sense and metre both require it.

29. Line 68: *I know not thy* MISTRESS; *out on thy mistress!*—We must place the accent on the second syllable of the first *mistress,* in this passage, if the verse is not to be an utterly unrhythmical one. Steevens would read:

> I know *no* mistress, out *upon* thy mistress,

a very plausible suggestion. It is not unusual to find the same word accented differently, when occurring in more than one place, even if close together. The following is a very striking instance, taken from one of the sonnets prefixed to an old play, the blank verse of which is, throughout, above the average merit:

> So Jove, as your high *virtues* done deserve,
> Grant you such pheers as may your *virtues* serve
> With like *virtùes;* and blissful Venus send, &c.

Dodsley. (Preface to Tancred and Gismunda), vol. vii. p. 18.

In Pericles, ii. 5. 18, we find *mistress* used with the accent on the last syllable:

> 'Tis well, *mistréss,* your choice agrees with mine.

In line 73 of the same scene it is used with the usual accent:

> Yea, *mistress,* are you so peremptory?

30. Line 73: *I thank him, I* BARE *home upon my shoulders.*—Steevens reads *bear,* unnecessarily.

31. Line 87: *His company must do his* MINIONS *grace.*—*Minion,* which originally meant "anything delicate or pretty" (Fr. *mignon*), came to be used generally, in a bad sense, of favourites of either sex. It is especially applied to male favourites like Piers Gaveston. (See Marlowe's Edward II., frequently.)

32. Line 101: *poor I am but his* STALE.—Compare speech of *Mulier* in the translation of Menæchmi, v. 1 (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. p. 30).

> He makes me a *stale* and a laughing stocke to all the world.

A *stale* is literally a decoy, "originally the form of a bird set up to allure a hawk" (Nares). The word has several meanings, and there is probably a double meaning intended here.

33. Line 107: *Would thát* ALONE ALONE *he would detain.* So F. 2: F. 1 reads "alone, *a loue;*" an evident mistake, the *u* being substituted for *n.* Compare Lucrece (line 795):

> But I *alone alone* must sit and pine.

34. Lines 109–113: These lines in F. 1 are printed thus:

> *I see the Iewell best enameled*
> *Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bides still*
> *That others touch, and often touching will,*
> *Where gold and no man that hath a name,*
> *By falshood and corruption doth it shame:*

We have printed the passage in the text according to the generally received emendations of Theobald, Pope, and others, adopted by Dyce, Staunton, and other modern editors. It is remarkable that both Dyce and Staunton declare themselves not at all satisfied, and doubt if the emendations have restored the real text or meaning. It may be that the old copies are right in the first two lines; meaning that the man, who is the *jewel* of her love, *will lose his beauty, i.e.* the many charms with which her love had invested him; *yet the gold, i.e.* the setting of the *jewel,* the real man, *bides* (remains) *still.* The *jewel,* being enamelled, would not be a precious stone, and therefore of less intrinsic value than the *gold* setting. The other three lines, which are manifestly corrupt, might then read thus:

> That others touch, and often touching will
> *Wear* gold; *so any* man that hath a name
> By falsehood and corruption doth it shame;

in which case the only alterations of the original text would be in the punctuation; and the substitution of *wear* for *where,* and *so any* for *and no* (the *and* having very likely been copied from the line above). The meaning of *touch* may be *to assay,* or *to defile.* But, in any case, the author seems to have neglected to carry out the simile he originally intended.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

35. Lines 28, 29:

> *Your sauciness will* JEST *upon my love,*
> *And* MAKE A COMMON OF *my serious hours.*

To make a common of, &c., means to intrude on them when you please, treating them as a *common*, which is everybody's land. Dyce reads *jet*, which he supports by two very apposite passages: one, from Richard III. ii 4. 51, 52:

> Insulting tyranny begins *to jet*,
> Upon the innocent and awless throne.

36. Line 54: *I'll make you amends* NEXT, *to give you nothing for something.*—Capell's conjecture is *next time:* while Collier would substitute *and* for *to.*

37. Line 63: *Lest it make you choleric.*—So in the Taming of the Shrew (iv. 1. 173–175):

> I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away;
> And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
> For it *engenders choler*, planteth anger.

I cannot find any reference to, or explanation of, the belief that over-cooked meat causes choler or anger. In Nares' Dict. *sub voce* "dry," these two passages of Shakespeare are the only evidence of the belief quoted. Burton, in the Anatomy of Melancholy (p. 43, ed. 1676), enumerates among the causes of melancholy "*indurate* meats" and "meats *over-dryed.*"

38. Line 79: *so plentiful an* EXCREMENT?—See note 159, v. 1. 120, Love's Labour's Lost.

39. Line 81: *he hath scanted* MEN *in hair.*—Ff. read *them;* the emendation is Theobald's.

40. Line 90: *policy.*—Ff. read *jollity.* We have adopted Staunton's conjecture: he says "there is a kind of *policy* in a man's losing his hair to save his money, and to prevent an uncleanly addition to his porridge; but where is the *jollity?*"

41. Line 92: *sound ones.*—So F. 2. F. 1 omits *ones.*

42. Line 95: *in a thing* FALSING.—Heath suggests *falling.* The old verb *to false* means to falsify, to betray: *falsing* does not seem to make much sense; though it may seem better opposed to *sure* than *falling.*

43. Line 99: *that he spends in* TYRING.—The reading of Ff. is *trying.* Pope altered it very justly to *tyring;* but Rowe substituted *trimming*, which, though followed by many modern editors, seems an unnecessarily violent change.

44. Line 103: *namely, no time.*—F. 1 reads *in* no time: Malone reads *e'en.* The omission of *in* seems necessary to the sense.

45. Line 111: *who* WAFTS *us yonder?—Wafts, i.e.* beckons; compare Hamlet, i. 4. 78, where the Folios read *wafts*, instead of *waves*, in all the passages in which that word occurs, *e.g.*:

> It *wafts* me still,
> Go on; I'll follow thee.

46. Line 120: *carv'd to thee.*—Walker would read *carv'd thee*, on the ground that "Shakespeare eschews the trisyllabic ending altogether;" and that the expressions *carve her*, and *carve him* occur in Beaumont and Fletcher. Some editors omit *to thee* to avoid the two extra syllables: Walker's emendation is, however, preferable.

47. Line 122: *That thou art* THUS *estranged.*—Ff. read *then: thus* is Rowe's emendation.

48. Line 138: *tear the* STAIN'D SKIN *off my harlot-brow.*—The practice of branding harlots on the forehead is alluded to by Shakespeare in Hamlet, iv. 5. 118–120:

> *brands the harlot,*
> Even here, *between the chaste unsmirched brow*
> Of my true mother.

and there is no doubt that an allusion to the same custom explains the following passage in the same play (iii. 4. 42–44):

> takes off the rose
> From the fair *forehead* of an innocent love,
> And *sets a blister there.*

49. Line 143: *My blood is mingled with the* CRIME *of lust.*—Warburton proposed *grime*, on the ground that the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot* in the preceding line, show that we should read *grime.* Dyce and Staunton follow Warburton; the latter supporting the reading by a line in Hall's Satires, book iv. S. 1:

> Besmeared all with loathsome *smoake of lust.*

No doubt, *grime of lust* would be a very intelligible expression; but there does not seem any necessity for altering the text. *Grime* would seem more appropriate, were Adriana talking of an external stain, not of a defilement of her blood.

50. Line 148: *I live* UNSTAIN'D, *thou undishonoured.*—Ff. read *distain'd*, which is probably a misprint for *unstain'd.* Dyce gives several instances of blunders arising from the mistake of *v* (as *u* was printed very often in the sixteenth century) for some other letter. There is no doubt that the word *distained* means stained, discoloured; it is used in that sense in Shakespeare, and frequently in other writers of that period. [It occurs twice in Tancred and Gismunda (1591).] On the other hand, no instance can be found of such a word as *dis-stained*= unstained. The fact that *distain'd*, not *distained*, is the reading of the Ff. is against the conjecture of Heath that we should read:

> I live *distained*, thou *dishonoured.*

On these grounds we prefer to read *unstain'd*, which makes the passage sense, at the cost of a slight alteration, to altering the line with Heath, or inventing a word (*dis-stained*), like Theobald.

51. Line 153: WANTS *wit in all one word, &c.*—So Ff.: the many similar instances of incorrect grammar, to be found in Shakespeare, and the writers of his time, induce us to reject the alteration of *wants* to *want.*

52. Line 173: *Be it my wrong you are from me* EXEMPT, *i.e.* you are separated, parted from me (as far as regards your love). Mason explains *exempt* that, "as he was her husband she had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong;" but this is surely a very far-fetched explanation.

53. Line 177: *Whose weakness, married to thy* STRONGER

state.—This is one of the few instances in which F. 4 has corrected a blunder of the three preceding folios, which read here *stranger*, undoubtedly a mistake.

54. Line 180: *idle moss.*—*Idle* means here barren, producing no fruit. So in Othello, i. 3. 140:

antres vast and deserts *idle*.

55. Lines 187, 188:

Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

In W. W.'s Menechmi it is "Erotium the Courtizan" who asks "Menechmus the Travailer" to dinner, in mistake for his brother "Menechmus the citizen." The scene is totally destitute of any of those graceful poetic touches, with which Shakespeare has adorned this one between Adriana and Antipholus. Menechmus accepts the situation on the most practical grounds:

Men. . . . I can loose nothing, somewhat I shall gaine, perhaps a good lodging during my abode heere.—Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. part ii. vol. i. p. 16.

56. Line 192: *We talk with goblins,* OWLS *and elvish sprites.*—Dyce inserts *noñe but* before *goblins*, and omits *elvish*. The line, as given in F. 1:

We talke with goblins, owles, and sprights,

is undoubtedly defective; and in iii. 2. 161, Antipholus of Syracuse uses the same expression:

There 's none but *witches* do inhabit here.

F. 2 reads *and* ELVES *sprites*, which Rowe altered to *elvish*, the reading we have adopted as being the most probable emendation. It may be noted that Shakespeare uses the word *elvish* in Richard III. i. 3. 228:

Thou *elvish*-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!

Theobald changed *owls* into *ouphes*, a word used twice in Merry Wives, iv. 4. 49, and v. 5. 61. There seems no need for altering the text, however plausible the suggestion may be; as owls were supposed to suck the breath and blood of children (Ovid's Fasti, lib. vi. lines 131–140). They were regarded as more or less "uncanny" by several nations; the Italian word for witch, *strega*, is derived from *strix*, *strigis*, a screech-owl. Spenser couples *owls* with *ghosts* in his Shepherd's Calendar; and other writers of that time allude to them as more or less of the nature of goblins.

57. Line 196: *Dromio, thou* DRONE.—Ff. read "Dromio thou *Dromio*." Theobald altered the second *Dromio* to *drone*, an alteration necessary for the metre.

ACT III. Scene 1.

58. Line 1: *you must excuse us* ALL.—Pope omits *all*, which is unnecessary both to the sense and metre. If it is retained, the line forms an Alexandrine.

59. Line 4: *carkanet.*—A *carkanet* seems to have been either a chain or collar of gold, worn round the neck, whether set with precious stones or not; sometimes it meant a simple necklace of pearls. Cotgrave defines *carcan* "a *Carkanet* or collar of gold, &c. worne about the necke."

60. Lines 15–18: *so it doth appear, &c.*—Theobald altered *doth* to *don't;* but surely without any reason. He thought Dromio meant to say he was an ass for making no resistance, "because an ass, being kicked, kicks again." But the donkey, from time immemorial, has been celebrated for the patience with which he endures kicks and blows. Dromio adds, "I *should* kick, being kicked," that is, "I *ought* to kick," in which case, he says to his master, "You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass." But it is because he deserves the name of ass, that he makes no resistance.

61. Line 32: *Mome.*—Hawkins derives this word from the French *Momon*, "which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed," and he would make the word mean "a stupid blockhead, a stock, a post." But it is, probably, a form of the old French word *mome*, and connected with the more common word *mummer*.

62. Line 36: *What* PATCH *is made our porter?*—The sense of *patch* seems doubtful here; in line 32 above, it may mean, as Steevens says, "a fool," "a jester;" but in the three other passages of Shakespeare, in Merchant of Venice, ii. 5. 46:

The *patch* is kind enough, but a huge feeder,—

in Mids. Night's Dream, iii. 2. 9, "a crew of *patches*," and in Macbeth, v. 3. 15, "What soldiers, *patch?*" it certainly is used as a term of contempt for a low fellow whose clothes would be often in patches; and in that sense it is probably used in this passage, if not in the one above.

63. Lines 46, 47:

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name or thy name for A FACE.

Ff. read "for *an ass.*" The correction in the text is one of Collier's, and whether it be his own, or "The Old Corrector's," it seems too obviously right to be rejected. There is no particular sense in "for *an ass;*" while it certainly destroys the rhyme, and renders the whole passage unnecessarily obscure. The text, as amended above, preserves the rhyme and the obvious meaning of the speaker. I have not been able to discover any instance of the word *ass* being used as rhyming to such a word as *place*, in which case it would have to be pronounced *ace*. If any pun on *ass* and *ace* would make sense, the old reading might be preserved.

64. Line 48: *What a* COIL *is there!*—Coil is used frequently in old plays, sometimes for a disturbance, row, quarrel, confusion; sometimes merely for a blow. The verb *to coil* is often used in the sense of to strike.

65. Line 54: *you'll let us in, I* HOPE?—Certainly a line seems missing here, very likely one ending, as Malone suggested, with *a rope*. Theobald coolly altered the text to I *trow*, so as to make the line form a triplet with the two succeeding lines.

66. Line 71: *Your cake is warm within; you stand here in the cold.*—Ff. read "your cake *here* is warm," &c., the word *here* having been, most probably, inserted, by mistake, from the second part of the line.

67. Line 72: *to be so bought and sold.*—A proverbial

expression for being "taken in:" compare the well-known passage in Richard III. v. 3. 304,

> Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
> For Dickon thy master is *bought and sold.*

68. Line 83: *we'll pluck a* CROW *together.*—The same kind of pun is made in one of the comedies of Plautus. Tyndarus (in the *Captives*), referring to the custom of giving to patrician children birds of different kinds for their amusement, says that he had *tantum upupam. Upupa* signifies both "a hoopoe" and "a mattock."

69. Line 89: *Once this.*—The meaning of this phrase, which is undoubtedly peculiar, used, as it is here, absolutely, is "once for all;" but the passage may be corrupt, as Malone suggested, proposing "*own* this." The expression *that's once* occurs twice in Peele, *e.g.* in Edward I., "I'll be Robin Hood, *that's once*" (Works, p. 393); it evidently meant, as Dyce explains it, "that's flat." The phrase, as it stands, is very awkward: the proper reading may be "WEIGH *this.*"

70. Lines 89–91: *of* HER *wisdom—on* HER *part.*—Ff. read *your* in both these passages; first corrected by Rowe.

71. Line 93: *the doors are* MADE *against you.*—This expression *to* MAKE *the door, i.e.* "to make fast the door," is still used in the North of England. Pope altered *made* to *barr'd,* quite unnecessarily.

72. Lines 96, 97:

> *And, about evening, come yourself, alone,*
> *To know the reason of this strange restraint.*

Dyce, Cambridge Edd., and Globe Edd., all print these two lines without any stop except the full stop at end. We have followed the Var. Ed. 1821. The use of the comma, to mark the slight pause which the sense requires in the delivery of a sentence, is most important to the reader in ordinary prose works; how much more so in dramatic writings, where the proper pause is as important as the proper emphasis. The reader, or actor, with no stop to guide him, would, probably, deliver these two lines in such a manner as to be utterly unintelligible; at any rate he would be justified in delivering them so rapidly, as to defeat the object of the speaker; which is, quietly and gravely, to impress upon Antipholus counsels of moderation, and to dissuade him from hasty action.

ACT III. Scene 2.

73. *Enter* LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*—Dyce here makes no division of scene, but says that Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse were supposed to enter *from the door* of the house, as soon as the stage had been left vacant by the departure of the other characters. F. 1 here has *Enter* Juliana, &c., a mistake corrected by F. 2.

74. Line 3: *love-springs, i.e.* young shoots of love; compare:

> This canker that eats up *Love's* tender *spring.*
> —Venus and Adonis, line 656.

75. Line 4: *Shall love, in* BUILDING, *grow so* RUINOUS?—Ff. read "in *buildings* grow so *ruinate;*" which reading incited various commentators to heroic efforts in the way of emendation. In line 2 above, Theobald proposed *Antipholus hate;* Heath, *a nipping hate;* while Collier's "Old Corrector" altered the words to *unkind debate.* By the substitution of *ruinous*—a word used by Shakespeare five times (*e.g.* Two Gent. of Verona, v. 4. 9, Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 465)—for *ruinate,* the rhyme is restored, and the passage left undisfigured by wanton interpolations.

76. Line 12: *Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger.*—The whole of this speech of Luciana's has a tone of Shakespeare's maturer style; indeed there is a finish about this short duologue, and a poetic vigour, which seem to indicate Shakespeare had either carefully revised it, or bestowed especial pains upon it.

77. Line 21: *make us* BUT *believe.*—Ff. read *not;* corrected by Theobald.

78. Line 22: *Being* COMPACT *of credit, i.e.* being compounded, or made entirely of credulity. Compare As You Like It, ii. 7. 5:

> If he, *compact* of jars, grow musical.

79. Line 44: *Far more, far more to you do I* DECLINE.—Unnecessarily altered by Collier's "Old Corrector" to *incline. Decline* here means "*incline* from her towards you." It is more forcible than the ordinary word *incline,* as it implies the act of turning away from his supposed wife to her sister. The word *decline* is used by Shakespeare, in a somewhat peculiar sense, in the following passage:

> Piety, and fear,
> Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
> . . . . . .
> *Decline* to your confounding contraries,
> And let confusion live!
> —Timon of Athens, iv. 1. 15–21.

Dyce quotes an instance of an exactly similar use of the word in Greene, "That the love of a father, as it was royall, so it ought to be impartiall, neither *declining* to the one nor to the other, but as deeds doe merite."—(Penelope's Web, Sig. C–4, ed. 1601.)

80. Line 46: *thy* SISTER'S *flood of tears.*—F. 1 reads *sister,* which some editors prefer; the reading in the text is that of F. 2.

81. Line 49: *And as a* BED *I'll take* THEM, *and there lie.*—F. 1 reads "as a *bud* I'll take *thee.*" F. 2 altered *bud* to *bed,* and Edwards first substituted *them* for *thee.* "As a *bud*" has been defended by some commentators; but it is very like nonsense. Dyce and Staunton, independently, conjectured "and as a *bride* I'll take *thee,*" but Dyce, in his Second Edition, adopted the reading in the text, which certainly seems to be the right one.

82. Line 54: *Not mad, but* MATED.—*i.e.* bewildered: so Macbeth, v. 1. 86:

> My mind she has *mated,* and amaz'd my sight;

and again in this play, v. 1. 281:

> I think you all are *mated,* or stark *mad.*

In spite of Malone's objection that, in the latter passage, no play on the word is intended, it is very likely that here Antipholus does intend a pun.

83. Line 66: *for I* AM *thee.*—Pope suggested "I *mean* thee." Capell (adopted by most modern editors) "I *aim* thee." Above (line 63) he calls her "my sweet hope's

aim," and the repetition certainly seems rather awkward. Were there such a word as *ame*, formed from *amo*, through the French *aimer*, one might suspect that was the real reading. Antipholus says, line 61:

It is thyself, *mine own self's better part,*

so that *I am thee* might possibly, after all, be the right reading, meaning "I am (inseparable from) thee."

84. Line 93: *"Sir-reverence."*—The vulgar form of "save-reverence," *i.e. salvâ reverentiâ:* compare Much Ado, iii. 4. 32, "I think you would have me say, *saving your reverence*, a husband." Malone quotes Blount's Glossography, which gives *"salvâ reverentiâ*, saving regard or respect . . . *sir-reverence* by the vulgar." This settles the question; or one might have taken it to be another form of "Your Reverence," or "Reverend Sir."

85. Line 105: FOR WHY, *she sweats;*—wrongly printed in Folios *for why?*—Shakespeare uses *for why* = because, for the reason that, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1. 99:

For why, the fools are mad, if left alone;

and it occurs, with tolerable frequency, in the old plays of this period.

86. Line 111: *but her name* AND *three quarters.*—Ff. read *is.*

87. Line 126: *arm'd and reverted, making war against her* HEIR.—F. 2 substituted *hair* for *heir;* but there is a play on the word evidently intended, the allusion being to the War of the League against Henry IV. of Navarre, to whose help Elizabeth had sent, in 1591, a body of 4000 men under Essex. There are other allusions, in the passage, which are best not explained.

88. Line 140: *who sent whole armadoes of* CARRACKS *to be* BALLAST *at her nose.—Ballast* is here a participle. The allusion to the Armada here, as in the name of "Don Adriano de *Armado*" in Love's Labour's Lost, points to the play having been written when the invasion of the Armada was fresh in people's minds. *Carrack* is a large merchant-ship. So in Othello, i. 2. 50:

Iago. 'Faith he to-night hath boarded a land *carrack:*
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

89. Line 151: *transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.*—Referring to the turnspit-dogs, a race lately come into fashion again, but in a less useful capacity than that which they fulfilled in Shakespeare's time.

90. Line 168: *be guilty to self-wrong.*—Of this construction Malone has given many instances; one from Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 549, 550:

But as the unthought-on accident is *guilty*
To what we wildly do.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

91. Line 8: *Is* GROWING *to me by Antipholus.—i.e.* is coming due to me from Antipholus: compare sc. 4, line 124, of this same act, where Adriana says:

And, knowing how the debt *grows*, I will pay it.

Again, line 137:

Say, how *grows* it due?

92. Line 17: HER *confederates.*—Ff. have *their;* corrected by Rowe.

93. Line 21: *I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!* Staunton notices the obscurity of this passage, which no commentator appears to have explained. Cambridge and Globe Edd. print the line:

I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope—

which makes it more obscure. It may be noted that, in i. 2. 55, 56, Dromio of Ephesus, when asked by Antipholus of Syracuse for the money he gave him, says that he had only had sixpence, and that he "had paid the saddler;" later in the same scene (lines 82–84) he says:

I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.

Perhaps here he only means to say that, as he has no money, he might as well try and buy a thousand pounds a year, as buy a rope. Yet in sc. 4 of this act he returns with the rope, and says (line 12):

Why, sir, I gave *the money for the rope.*

94. Line 28: *the utmost* CARAT.—F. 1 prints *charect:* F.2, F.3, F.4 *raccat.* Cotgrave gives *carat*, "a Carrat: among goldsmiths and Mint-men, is the third part of an ounce; among Jewellers or Stone-cutters, but the 19 part; for eight of them make but one sterlin, and a sterlin is the 24 part of an ounce." (19 must be a mistake for 192.) Florio gives *carato*, "a weight or degree in Diamonds, Pearls, Rubies, and Metals, called a *Charact;* also the touch, the loy, or stint of refining of Gold or Silver."

95. Line 56: EITHER *send the chain, or* SEND ME BY *some token.—Either* is here a monosyllable, so Malone says. Pope printed *or. Send me by* is altered by some editors to *send by me;* but the expression "to *send* a person *by a token*" was, according to Dyce, "a common enough phrase in our early writers." He does not give any instances, nor does Malone, except that of "*By the same token,*" which has nothing to do with it. *By* is here simply used for *with.* Compare the following passage from Marston's Dutch Courtezan, iii. 1:

Mrs. Mulligrub. By what token are you sent?—*by no token?* Nay I have wit.

Cockledemoy. He sent me *by the same token*, that he was dry shaved this morning.—Works, vol. ii. p. 156.

Here there is an evident play upon the ordinary phrase, *by the same token. To send any one by a token* might be an elliptical expression for *to send any one* (recommended) *by a token.*

96. Line 87: *Then, sir, she bears away.*—F. 1 has *and then;* but the *and* is certainly redundant, as far as the metre is concerned.

97. Line 98: *You sent me, sir, for a rope's end as soon.*—Steevens inserted *sir*, but Malone would pronounce *rope's* as a dissyllable. It would seem that the *e* mute was often pronounced in the old dramatists: *e.g.* in Appius and Virginia (1575):

A virgin pure, a queen in life,
Whose state may be deplored;
For why the queen of *chaste* life
Is like to be defiow'red.
—Dodsley, vol. iv. p. 142.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

98. Line 4: *Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or* MERRY?—Ff. read *merrily:* the three-syllable ending is objectionable; and there seems no reason why an adverb should be substituted for an adjective. The emendation adopted in our text is originally Collier's. Walker also suggested it.

99. Line 6: *Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?*—Alluding to the meteors, or rather to the electrical clouds often seen in the sky, which resemble armies meeting together in the shock of battle. Milton, in 2nd Book of Paradise Lost, has:

> As when to warn proud cities, war appears
> Wag'd in the troubled sky, *and armies rush*
> *To battle in the clouds.*

There is a well-known legend of a spectral army, said to appear over the tops of Skiddaw and Saddleback in Cumberland, which had its origin in the same atmospheric phenomenon. Staunton suggests that *case* in the line above is a misprint for *race;* a very likely suggestion.

100. Line 7: *First he denied you had in him no right.*—For another instance of this not unfrequent use of the double negative, compare the following passage:

> You may *deny* that you were *not* the cause
> Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
> —Richard III. i. 3. 90, 91.

101. Line 27: *Far from her nest the lapwing cries away.*—This well-known habit of the lapwing or "pee-wit" is alluded to frequently in the old writers, *e.g.*:

> you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not.
> —Lilly's Campaspe, ii. 2 (Works, vol. i. p. 109).

102. Line 33: *A devil in an everlasting garment hath him.*—A sergeant's buff leather garment was called *durance,* partly, it would appear, on account of its *everlasting* qualities, and partly in punning allusion to the occupation of the wearer, namely, putting men in "*durance* vile." (See Staunton's note.) Compare Beaumont's Woman Hater, iv. 2: "*Pandar.* . . . I would quit this transitory trade, get me an *everlasting robe,* sear up my conscience, and turn *sergeant*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 444).

103. Line 35: *A fiend, a* FAIRY, *pitiless and rough.*—Ff. read *fairy.* Theobald first altered it to *fury,* and has been followed by many modern editors, including Dyce, the Cambridge Edd., &c. The alleged ground for this alteration is that a *fairy* could not be called *pitiless and rough.* But, setting aside, for the moment, the purely *mischievous* character of such *fairies* as Robin Goodfellow, Jack-a-Lantern, &c., there is ample evidence, in the folk-lore of various nations, of a belief in *fairies* who were decidedly malignant and cruel. The following passage in Milton's Comus will occur to most readers. The two first lines are worth remarking as bearing upon this question of *fairies* being included among evil or cruel spirits:

> Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
> In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
> . . . . . .
> No goblin, or swart *fairy* of the mine
> Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

But no commentator, who supports the reading *fury,* seems to have taken any pains to find out if *fury* is ever applied to any one of the *male* sex. In all the passages I have examined it is, invariably, applied to a female. But does any editor propose to alter the line in Hamlet?

> And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
> No *fairy* takes (*i.e.* strikes with lameness or disease), nor
> witch hath power to charm.—Hamlet, i. 1. 161–163.

104. Line 39: *A hound that runs* COUNTER, *and yet draws* DRY-FOOT *well.*—There is a double pun here. To *run counter* means to run on a false scent, but *counter* also means a prison. *Dry-foot* (explained in foot-note on this passage) is also a term used for one who lacks means.

105. Line 40: *One that,* BEFORE THE JUDGMENT, *carries poor souls to* HELL.—The very worst part of the prison in old times, where prisoners, who would not pay the jailer's fees, were put, was called *Hell.* The phrase *before the judgment* is supposed to allude to arrest by "mesne process," or on a side issue from the original suit, before judgment in the latter is pronounced.

106. Line 42: *he is 'rested* ON THE CASE.—"An action *upon the case,* is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law."—*Grey* (vol. i. p. 242).

107. Line 45: *But* 'IS *in a suit of buff which 'rested him.*—So F. 1, F. 2; but F. 3, F. 4 read *he's,* which most editors follow. This elliptical form of expression is common in Shakespeare, especially in the speeches of the more vulgar characters.

108. Line 61: *If* TIME *be in debt.*—Ff. read *If I:* the reading in our text is Rowe's emendation.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

109. Line 11: *And* LAPLAND *sorcerers inhabit here.*—*Lapland* appears to have enjoyed a reputation for the cultivation of the black art. Milton talks of "*Lapland* witches" (Paradise Lost, book ii.); and the following passage in the old play, Look About You, illustrates the same belief:

> Then nine times, like the northern *Laplanders,*
> He backward circled the sacred font,
> And nine times backward said his orisons:
> . . . . . .
> And so turn'd *witch.*
> —Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 468.

In Heywood's Witches of Lancashire, the word *Laplands* is used for Witches (Works, vol. iv. p. 245).

110. Line 13: *What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd?*—Theobald proposed to read, "Have you got *rid of* the picture," &c. Certainly the passage is not very intelligible. There does not seem to be any authority for stating, as Mason does, that the dialectic or slang phrase, "in buff," *i.e.* naked, was used in Shakespeare's time. One explanation is that, as Adam was clad in skins of beasts, so the sergeant, clad in buff, *i.e.* in leather, resembled *old Adam new apparell'd.* In this case the words added by Theobald, or some similar ones, are absolutely necessary. Or we may suppose Dromio to be quibbling, and to mean, "Have you got the sergeant a new suit?" in which case we must take the *old Adam* simply

to refer to our first father, as he was dressed not before, but after, the fall.

111. Line 25: *gives them a* FOB *and 'rests them.*—Ff. read *sob.* Hanmer proposed *bob;* Grant White *stop;* Staunton *sop.* The emendation in the text is Rowe's. All the modern dictionaries content themselves with giving *fob,* "a tap, a light blow," on the authority of this single passage. I cannot find the word, in this sense, in any old dictionary or glossary, or in any contemporary writer. "To *fob,*" is said to mean, to beat, to maltreat; but it does not appear to occur in any other sense than that of to cheat. It may be that *to give a fob,* means, to trick. *Fob* is not a satisfactory reading, but none of the other proposed emendations seem to make any better sense; and *sob,* the reading of the Folios, is nonsense.

112. Line 26: *gives them suits of* DURANCE.—See note 102 in this same act. There is an obvious pun on the word *durance* here.

113. Line 60: *We'll mend our dinner here.—i.e.* we will buy something more for our dinner.

114. Line 62: SO *bespeak a long spoon.*—Ff. read *or;* the emendation is Capell's.

115. Line 66: *Avoid* THEE, *fiend!*—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *then,* which seems nonsense; F. 4 altered *then* to *thou; thee* Dyce's suggestion) is probably the correct reading.

116. Line 84: *forty ducats.*—In an interesting note, Staunton proves that *forty* was frequently used to express a large number. Perhaps the mention of this number in the Bible, in connection with many important events, gave rise to this peculiar use of it. The number *forty* is used in the same manner in some Eastern languages.

ACT IV. Scene 4.

117. Line 14: *I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.*—This line in the Folio is given, evidently by mistake, to Dromio of Ephesus. The Cambridge Edd. first suggested the transferring it to the Officer, in whose mouth it seems to have some propriety and meaning; in that of Dromio, none.

118. Line 45: TO PROPHESY, *like the parrot,* "BEWARE THE ROPE'S-END."—Ff. read *the prophesie;* the alteration is Dyce's. Parrots were taught, or taught themselves, in Shakespeare's time as now-a-days, to make uncomplimentary remarks. Butler, in Hudibras, alluding to a very similar catchword of parrots, says, speaking of Ralpho:

> Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
> . . . . . .
> What member 't is of whom they talk,
> When they cry *rope,* and walk, knave, walk.

119. Line 50: *Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer.*—In the Folios Pinch is described, on his entry, as "a *schoolmaster,* call'd *Pinch.*" Even in comparatively recent times the village schoolmaster enjoyed the reputation of a *conjurer,* that is, of one who could conjure devils out of a man. Perhaps this was because he was the only man in the village, besides the priest, who could speak Latin; and Latin is the only tongue "understanded" of devils.

120. Line 63: *are these your* CUSTOMERS?—Dyce, I believe, is mistaken in saying (Few Notes to Shakespeare, p. 32), "'your *customers'* means nothing more than the people who frequent your house." He quotes Florio, "*Aventore,* a comer or a frequenter to a place, a chapman, a *customer.*" Both in Cotgrave and Florio, *customer* is given only as meaning a collector of customs dues, *gabelliere* (Ital.), *gabellier* (French), and a buyer, *aventore* (Ital.), *chaland* (French). It is most probable, from the context, that Antipholus uses the word in a bad sense; later in this scene he calls his wife "dissembling harlot" (line 104).

121. Line 153: *fetch our* STUFF *from thence.*—It is a curious coincidence that the word *stuff,* in the sense of baggage, is not used by Shakespeare except in this play; and that we also find it in W. W.'s Menechmi, "Ile go strait to the Inne and deliver up my accounts and all your *stuffe*" (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. part ii. vol. i. p. 37).

ACT V. Scene 1.

122. Line 46: *And much* MUCH *different from the man he was.*—So F. 2, inserting the second *much.* If we accept the reading of F. 1 *And much different,* we must put the accent on the second syllable of *different,—And much différent.*

123. Line 51: STRAY'D *his affection in unlawful love.*—This is the only instance of the use of the verb *to stray,* in a transitive form, to be found in Shakespeare. I have not been able to find a similar use of the word in any contemporary writer. It may be that the verb is used in this sense under the impression that it is identical with *to straw = to strew.*

124. Line 66: *In company, I often* GLANCED *it.*—This line, the *ed* of *glanced,* not being elided in F. 1, is quite complete without the addition of *at,* which some of the modern editors insert. The elliptical construction is far from uncommon in writers of Shakespeare's period.

125. Line 69: *The* VENOM *clamours.*—*Venom* is used as an adjective in several other passages by Shakespeare; *e.g.* in Richard III. i. 3. 291:

> His *venom* tooth will rankle to the death.

126. Lines 79–81:

> *But moody, moping, and dull melancholy,*
> *Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,*
> *And at her heels,* &c.

The first line in the Folio stands thus:

> But moody and dull melancholy,

two syllables being evidently wanting: Hanmer first inserted *moping,* which will do as well as any other epithet. *Kinsman* is here used as = *akin* generally, and not as a masculine noun. Compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 169–171:

> but now I was the *lord*
> Of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants,
> *Queen* o'er myself.

Some editors alter "at *her* heels" to "at *their* heels;" but *her* refers only to *melancholy,* and not also to *despair.*

127. Line 90: *She did betray me to my own reproof.*—Certainly Adriana has some cause to complain of the

Abbess's mode of working up to her lecture against henpecking, for she cunningly draws on Adriana to her own moral destruction. There is a lifelike vigour about the sketch of a nagging wife in this passage, which rather favours the conjecture that Shakespeare did not leave Stratford—and his wife—behind him, only for the purpose of making his fortune. The man who wrote the powerful speech of the Abbess might well have tasted the bitterness of domestic misery.

128. Line 121: *The place of* DEATH *and sorry execution.*—This is the reading of F. 3, F. 4, which substitute *death* for *depth*, the reading of F. 1, F. 2. Hunter says that "the place of depth" meant *Barathrum;* but, in two passages quoted from contemporary writers, that word evidently means Hell.

129. Line 138: *At your* IMPORTANT *letters.*—This use of *important* for *importunate* may be found in Much Ado, ii. 1. 74, "If the Prince be too *important*, tell him there is a measure in everything." There is supposed to be a reference in this passage to the "Court of Wards," which was a great grievance in Shakespeare's time. By an anachronism he represents Adriana as having been the ward of the Duke, who, in exercise of his power as guardian, gave her in marriage to Antipholus. An allusion to these courts is found in the old morality of Hycke Scorner.

130. Line 146: TO TAKE ORDER FOR *the wrongs.*—This phrase *to take order for, i.e.* to take measures for, occurs several times in Shakespeare; *e.g.*

> *I* will *take order for* her keeping close.
> —Richard III. iv. 2. 53.

131. Line 148: STRONG *escape.*—Dyce, following Walker, reads *strange;* but *strong* makes good sense; indeed, it is more forcible than *strange.*

132. Line 175: NICKS *him like a fool.*—Fools were cropped close, as we now crop convicts. Malone quotes from a description of monks in an old pamphlet "by S. R. Gent, 4to, 1598." "They are *shaven* and *notched* on the head, like *fooles.*"

133. Line 183: *To* SCORCH *your face.*—Warburton altered *scorch* to *scotch*, and many editors adopted his alteration; but *scorch* makes quite as good sense. It does not necessarily mean that he would "singe off Adriana's beard," as Dyce sarcastically insists; he might disfigure her face by burning it, as easily as by *scotching* it.

134. Line 192: *When I* BESTRID *thee in the wars.*—Compare the following passage:

> Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
> Three times *bestrid* him; thrice I led him off.
> —II. Henry VI. v. 3. 8.

135. Line 205: *with* HARLOTS *feasted in my house.*—*Harlot* is not unfrequently applied to a male, *e.g.*

> for the *harlot* king
> Is quite beyond mine arm.
> —Winter's Tale, ii. 3. 4, 5.

136. Line 248: THEY *left me and my man.*—Ff. read *there:* amended, independently, by Collier and Walker.

137. Line 281: *all* MATED.—See note 82 of this play. Another form of this word, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, a cognate word, *amate*, is found in contemporary writers more commonly than this, *e.g.* in Tancred and Gismunda,

> Than he whom never dread
> Did once *amate.*
> —Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 79.

138. Lines 356–362.—This speech of the Duke's is wrongly placed in the Folio, *before* the preceding speeches. Capell made the alteration.

139. Line 359: *Besides his urging of her wreck at sea.*—Ff. read "Besides *her* urging," but Æmilia has not mentioned the wreck. A line or two have probably been lost which originally followed this; unless the abruptness and the *aposiopesis* are intentional.

140. Line 400: TWENTY-FIVE *years have I but gone in travail.*—Ff. have *thirty-three. Twenty-five* is Theobald's correction. It is easy to calculate the age of the twins from Ægeon's speech in act i., where he says his youngest boy left home at *eighteen years*, while in this scene (lines 320, 321) he says:

> But *seven years* since, in Syracusa, boy,
> Thou know'st we parted.

141. Line 406: *After so long grief, such* FELICITY!—Ff. read 'such *nativity,*' evidently a mistake from line 404. *Felicity* is Hanmer's emendation.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

None.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED BUT NOT ADOPTED.

i. 1. 132. *I hazarded the loss of* HIM *I loved.*

ii. 1. 112. —SO ANY *man that hath a name.*

iii. 1. 89. *Your long experience of her wisdom*
WEIGH THIS.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN COMEDY OF ERRORS.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Abbess	v.	1	117
	v.	1	156
	v.	1	166
Abbey-gate	v.	1	165
Apparently	iv.	1	78
A-row	v.	1	170
*Back-friend	iv.	2	37
Ballast	iii.	2	141
Balsamum[1]	iv.	1	89
Barrenness	iii.	2	123
*Bass-viol	iv.	3	23
Bodied	iv.	2	20
Buttoned-up	iv.	2	34
Carkanet[2]	iii.	1	4
Chargeful	iv.	1	29
Cherry-stone	iv.	3	74
Countermands[3] (verb)	iv.	2	37
Cuckold-mad	ii.	1	58
Dankish	v.	1	247
*Dark-working	i.	2	99
Debted	iv.	1	31
Deep-divorcing	ii.	2	140
Defeature[4]	ii.	1	98
	v.	1	299
Diviner	iii.	2	144
Dry-foot	iv.	2	39
Earthy-gross	iii.	2	34
Elvish[5]	ii.	2	192
Embellished	iii.	2	137
Excludes	i.	1	10
Fallacy	ii.	2	188
Falsing[6]	ii.	2	95
Fob (sub.)	iv.	3	25
Fool-begged	ii.	1	41
Foolishness	i.	2	72
Fortune-teller	v.	1	239
Gilders	i.	1	8
	iv.	1	4
Glimmer (sub.)	v.	1	315
Grime	iii.	2	106
Handwriting	iii.	1	14
Heady-rash	v.	1	216
Hollow-eyed	v.	1	240
Hoy	iv.	3	40
Ill-faced	iv.	2	20
Incivility	iv.	4	49
Inquisitive	i.	1	126
	i.	2	38
Intricate	v.	1	269
Kitchened	v.	1	415
*Kitchen-maid	iv.	4	77
*Kitchen-vestal	iv.	4	78
*Latter-born	i.	1	79
Life-preserving	v.	1	83
*Living-dead	v.	1	241
Love-springs	iii.	2	3
Mome	iii.	1	32
Monstrously	v.	1	11
*Morris-pike	iv.	3	28
New-apparelled	iv.	3	14
Procrastinate	i.	1	159
Raft	v.	1	348
Rope-maker	iv.	4	93
Saddler	i.	2	56
Sap-consuming	v.	1	312
Scissors	v.	1	175
Seafaring	i.	1	81
*Secret-false	iii.	2	15
Self-harming[7]	ii.	1	102
*Self-wrong	iii.	2	168
Sere[8]	iv.	2	19
Sharp-looking	v.	1	240
Shoulder-clapper	iv.	2	37
Shrewish	iii.	1	2
*Sinking-ripe	i.	1	78
Soul-killing	i.	2	100
Spare[9]	i.	1	80
Stigmatical[10]	iv.	2	22
Strayed (trans.)	v.	1	51
Strumpeted[11]	ii.	2	146
Sunder	v.	1	249
Sweet-savoured	ii.	2	119
Truant (verb)	iii.	2	17
Undishonoured	ii.	2	148
Undisposed	i.	2	80
Undividable	ii.	2	124
Unmoved[12]	ii.	1	32
Unviolated	iii.	1	88
Unwed[13]	ii.	1	26
*Wedding-ring	ii.	2	139
*Well-acquainted	iv.	3	2
Well-dealing	i.	1	7
Wind-obeying	i.	1	64

1 *Balsam* occurs in Timon of Athens, iii. 5. 110.

2 Occurs in Sonn. lii. 8.

3 Lucrece, 276.

4 Also in Venus and Adonis, line 736.

5 *Elvish-mark'd* (not hyphened in F. 1) occurs in Richard III. i. 3. 228.

6 Used as a verb. In Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 182, and in Cymbeline, ii. 3. 74, *false* is apparently used as an adjective, but perhaps may have been intended as a verb.

7 *Self-harming.* In Richard II. ii. 2. 3 Ff. read *self-harming;* Q. 1, Q. 2 read *life-harming.*

8 Used as an adjective;—as a substantive occurs in Hamlet, ii. 2. 337, and in Macbeth, v. 3. 23.

9 In the sense of superfluous.

10 *Stigmatic* (as sub.) in II. Henry VI. v. 1. 215, and III. Henry VI. ii. 2. 136.

11 Sonn. lxvi. 6.

12 Sonn. xciv. 4.

13 Pilgrim, 304.

THE
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN.

VALENTINE, PROTEUS,[1] } the two Gentlemen of Verona.

ANTONIO,[2] father to Proteus.

THURIO, a foolish Lord; in love with Silvia.

SIR EGLAMOUR, a knight vowed to chastity; a friend of Silvia.

HOST (in whose house, at Milan, Julia lodges).

SPEED, LAUNCE, } clownish servants { to Valentine. to Proteus.

PANTHINO,[3] servant to Antonio.

FIRST SECOND THIRD } OUTLAW, { Members of a band of Outlaws between Milan and Mantua.

JULIA, betrothed to Proteus; afterwards disguised as Sebastian.

SILVIA, daughter of the Duke of Milan; in love with Valentine.

LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians, Outlaws, &c.

SCENE—Partly in Verona, partly in Milan, and partly in a forest between Milan and Mantua.

HISTORICAL PERIOD: about the middle of the sixteenth century; any time from 1520 to 1560.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play comprises seven days.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval: about a month.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 3; Act II. Scene 1.
Day 3: Act II. Scenes 2 and 3.—Interval: Proteus's journey to Milan; say a week.
Day 4: Act II. Scenes 4 and 5.—Interval of a few days.
Day 5: Act II. Scenes 6 and 7; Act III. and Act IV. Scene 1.—Interval not less than a week, including Julia's journey to Milan.
Day 6: Act IV. Scene 2.
Day 7: Act IV. Scenes 3 and 4; Act V.[4]

[1] *Protheus* in Ff. [2] *Anthonio* in Ff. [3] *Panthion* in Ff.

[4] The above is Mr. Daniel's arrangement, except one or two slight alterations with regard to the intervals.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

This play does not seem to have been printed before it appeared in the Folio of 1623, nor indeed to have been entered on the Stationers' Register before that date. It is mentioned by Meres in Palladis Tamia (1598). I cannot agree with some of the critics in placing this comedy as the earliest of Shakespeare's original productions—that is to say, of pieces not immediately adapted from previously existing dramas. It seems, decidedly, to be later than Love's Labour's Lost and The Comedy of Errors. However, it is, undoubtedly, one of his early works. The source, to which he was indebted for some of the incidents, is most certainly the "Diana" of George de Montemayor (a Portuguese poet and romance writer, born 1520, died 1562). Of this work Bartholomew Yong published a translation in 1598; but Farmer mentions another translation by Thomas Wilson, which he says was published two or three years before: and Yong, in his preface, observes that the translation had been lying by him finished some sixteen years: it had probably, like many other MSS. of this time, been privately circulated amongst friends. Yong also mentions that "Edward Paston, Esquire," had translated some parts of "Diana." It appears, from the "Revels' Accounts," that there was a play, acted by Her Majesty's Servants at Greenwich "on the Sondaie next after newe yeares daie at night" in 1584–5, entitled "The History of Felix and Philiomena," which was most probably founded on the same story, as Don Felix is the name of the faithless lover of Felismena, a shepherdess who figures in the "Diana" of Montemayor. Collier published part of the story, under protest, in his "Shakespeare's Library;" insisting that Shakespeare could not have derived any portion of this play from that source. Any one who will read carefully the story of the shepherdess Felismena, as given in Hazlitt's edition of "Shakespeare's Library" (part i. vol. i.), cannot fail to see that the author of The Two Gentlemen of Verona must, at any rate, have known that story in some form or other. The scene, where Lucetta gives Julia the letter of Proteus, is evidently copied from Felismena's account of her receiving Don Felix's letter from her maid Rosina. Felismena assumes a man's dress, and follows Don Felix to the court of Augusta Cæsarina: she stops at an inn, and at midnight her host calls her to hear some music; then she hears Don Felix serenade Celia. The next day she gets herself engaged as page to Don Felix, and carries his letters and presents to Celia. There are several little touches in this story which have suggested some of the dialogue of this play to Shakespeare; but he has, as he always did, very much improved on the original. Other sources, whence Shakespeare may have taken some of his incidents, have been suggested: amongst others, Sidney's Arcadia, and Bandello's Apollonius and Sylla; the latter, by the way, was formerly supposed to have furnished the origin of Twelfth Night. I do not think the suggestion, that Shakespeare was at all indebted to Sidney's Arcadia for the incident of Valentine consenting to lead the outlaws, is worth much consideration. We may take it that the play was written some time between 1591 and 1596. Though Hanmer and Theobald both pronounce it to be spurious, they would probably have repented of their rash judgment, had they lived long enough. There is not the slightest evidence, internal or external, for attributing it to any one but Shakespeare. It is probable that the title of this play was

originally "The Gentlemen of Verona;" at least it is by this name Meres mentions it in 1598; and Kirkman, as late as 1661, inserts it in his list of plays under the same title.

STAGE HISTORY.

We have no special record of the performance of this play during Shakespeare's lifetime. It must have been acted before 1598, or Meres would not have mentioned it. No reference to it occurs either in Henslowe's or in Pepys' Diary. The first performance recorded by Genest is 22nd December, 1762, at Drury Lane. This was an alteration of Shakespeare's play by Victor, who introduced, like most of the mutilators, or would-be embellishers of our great poet, an intolerable amount of rubbish of his own composition. His attempts to improve the story made it confused and incomprehensible. In the last act he had the audacity to add two short scenes for the sake of bringing Launce and Speed on the stage again, these two characters being played by Yates and King respectively. The well-known names of Holland, Moody, Mrs. Yates, and Miss Pope also appear in the cast. This perversion of Shakespeare was performed five times with success; on the sixth representation for the benefit of Victor, "the author of the alterations," a serious riot took place; the leader was one Fitzpatrick, a personal enemy of Garrick; and the professed object of the rioters was the restoration of the half-price admission (see Davies' Life of Garrick, vol. ii. chap. xxxi.). The next representation of the play would seem to have been at Covent Garden on 13th April, 1784, for Quick's benefit. This was the original play, with slight alterations. At Drury Lane, January 15th, 1790, it was revived by John Kemble, who gave Shakespeare's play, with Dodd as Launce, Banister as Speed, Mrs. Kemble as Sylvia. On 21st April, 1808, it was produced at Covent Garden by John Kemble, the version being one by himself, partly taken from Victor's alteration, but containing some additional lines of his own. Kemble took the part of Valentine, for which he was eminently unsuited—a fact of which he must have been conscious, for he altered the epithet "youthful", applied to Valentine in act iii. scene 1, to "confident". That version was acted only three times: in fact this play never seems to have attained much success on the modern stage, at any rate till it was produced in the form of an opera at Covent Garden in 1821, under the management of Charles Kemble. This "degradation" of Shakespeare's play was executed by one Reynolds; but the actor-manager must be held responsible for its production. As many as fourteen songs, glees, and choruses were introduced. The piece was turned into a spectacle containing a representation of the Carnival in the Square of Milan, "in which," to quote the Play-bill, "takes place a Grand Emblematical Procession of the Seasons and the Elements:" "Cleopatra's Galley" being introduced as "sailing down the River Cydnus" and conducted by Thetis; also, "the Palace of the Hours, and the Temple of Apollo."

On the first night of the introduction of this scene, and the third night of the revival, "The machinery of the Carnival was wretchedly managed; two wings of the Palace of the Hours partly and suddenly disappeared; and a ludicrous circumstance occurred to a carpenter, who, invading the territories of pleasure without sufficient caution, made his debut to the audience in an unwilling somerset over the clouds, and remained for some time with his heels kicking in the air, to the great amusement of the admiring beholders. The boat which was to bear the fugitives from Milan, met with so sudden a check that its rower was capsized into the stream, and finding his attempts to set his vessel afloat quite fruitless, he with a great deal of *sang froid* made his exit through the waves."

This remarkable production ran twenty-nine nights. The names of Liston, Farren, and Miss M. Tree are all found in the cast.

Macready brought out "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" at Drury Lane, January 29th, 1841, when it was performed thirteen times—quite a long run. The cast was a strong one. Macready, following the Kemble tradition, appeared as Valentine; Phelps was the Duke, Anderson the Proteus, Compton

the Thurio, Keeley the Launce, and Miss Fortescue the Julia. Charles Kean played the part of Valentine in both England and America. At the Park Theatre, New York, he produced the play on October 6th, 1846, having Miss Ellen Tree for his Julia: at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in 1848, under Webster's management, he had as coadjutors Keeley (Launce), W. Creswick (Proteus), B. Webster (Speed), Mrs. Charles Kean (Julia), Miss Julia Bennett (Silvia), and Mrs. Humby (Lucetta).

Samuel Phelps included the comedy among his Shakespearian revivals at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and brought it out February 18th, 1857. He stood out of the cast, allotting the parts of the "Two Gentlemen" to Henry Marston (Valentine) and F. Robinson (Proteus). Lewis Ball was the Launce, Fenton the Speed; and Miss M. Eburne and Miss Marston were the Julia and the Silvia.

The annual Shakespearian revivals at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, have included "The Two Gentlemen of Verona". The play was given by Mr. Osmond Tearle's Company in 1890: Mr. Tearle appearing as Valentine.

Mr. Daly produced the play at Daly's Theatre, New York, February 25th, 1895; and in July of the same year gave the comedy at his London house. On both occasions, Miss Rehan appeared as Julia.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

This is the first of his plays in which Shakespeare seems to have tried to strike out for himself an original line. There is little imitation except in the comic scenes; those still bear traces of the influence of Lilly. The play is remarkable as containing little that can well be omitted in representation. Although carelessly constructed in parts, it is a much better acting play than Love's Labour's Lost or Midsummer Night's Dream; and even than some of his much later productions. Shakespeare does not appear to have rewritten any portions of this play, as he undoubtedly did parts of Love's Labour's Lost; but of the incidents in it and of the ideas contained in some of the characters he made much subsequent use. In The Merchant of Venice the scene between Portia and Nerissa was evidently suggested by that between Julia and Lucetta; while Viola, in Twelfth Night, is really an expansion of the former of these two characters. The chief progress made by Shakespeare in this play is with regard to all his female characters, and to one, at least, of his humorous ones. Silvia has more moral beauty even than Juliet. She and Julia are very much in advance, as far as characterization goes, of Adriana and Luciana; to say nothing of such lay figures as the Princess and her companions in Love's Labour's Lost. Were the male characters in this play as well drawn as the female characters, it would have been decidedly more popular on the stage. Valentine and Proteus afford but little opportunities to the actors; the former is superior, in every respect, to his friend; but his fatal offer to give up his love, in the last act, robs him of all the sympathy which his former nobility of conduct had earned for him. Proteus is the precursor of those admirable satires on respectable villainy of which Bertram, in All's Well that Ends Well, is the completest type; while Claudio and Lucio, in Much Ado about Nothing and Measure for Measure, are more subtly-drawn specimens of the same delightful genus. Proteus is a thoroughly despicable cad; but being a handsome young man of good birth, according to the principles of dramatic justice all his sins are forgiven him, and he is rewarded with the hand of a girl very much too good for him. It is impossible not to recognize some resemblance in the compliant spirit displayed in Sonnets xl. xli. xlii.—where Shakespeare alludes to having been supplanted by his friend in the affections of his mistress—and the exaggerated unselfishness which prompts Valentine to make the impulsive offer surrendering Silvia to Proteus. But such self-sacrifice finds little sympathy in poetry intended for the study, and still less in any work intended for the stage. Nevertheless, there is something in the generosity of Valentine, in the trustful confidence which he displays towards his unworthy friend, that endears him to our hearts, and makes us rejoice that he is rewarded with so noble a

wife as Silvia. It is possible that, when drawing the character of Proteus, Shakespeare had in his mind the disloyalty and ingratitude with which the young, handsome, high-born W. H. had treated him.[1]

The character of Sir Eglamour, if a very slight sketch, embodies a beautiful idea of perfect chivalry. Of the other male characters, with the exception of Launce, not much can be said. Thurio is a mere shadow, which the riper humour of Shakespeare developed into Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Conceding, however, to this early work of Shakespeare the utmost praise that it deserves, one cannot, without being guilty of extravagance, blind one's self to its immense inferiority to his later work. How insignificant does the scene between Silvia and Julia appear by the side of that between Viola and Olivia! It is impossible to tolerate even the suggestion of a parallel, such as some critics have hinted at, between Julia and Imogen. The only point of resemblance between the two characters is that they both put on boy's clothes.

With regard to the humorous elements in the play, Launce with his dog is superior to Launcelot Gobbo and his old father. In his early periods Shakespeare gives us no such worthy specimen of his comic power, with the exception of the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet.

On the whole, it may be said of this play that, like The Comedy of Errors, it is written exclusively with a view to the stage. What poetical gems may be found in it are with difficulty detached from the context. The action proceeds almost uninterruptedly, except for the tedious fooling of Launce and Speed in some of the comic scenes. The plot is ill-managed, especially the dénouement, which is abrupt and somewhat careless. The situations are not as skilfully devised as those of The Comedy of Errors; but the chief characters are more or less sympathetic; and the incidents of the story are sufficiently interesting to fix the attention of an audience. It may seem fanciful to trace throughout this play the influence of the country rather than that of the town on Shakespeare's style; but there is certainly less knowledge of character than observation of nature displayed in the imagery of this play. It would seem that, when he was writing it, the fields and woods of Stratford-on-Avon were fresher in Shakespeare's mind than the busy life of London.

Assuming that The Two Gentlemen of Verona was an earlier work than Romeo and Juliet, we have in this play the first instance of Shakespeare's fondness for Italy as the country in which to place his scene. There is not so much local colour as in The Taming of the Shrew, or The Merchant of Venice; and the essentially English character of Launce and Speed is perhaps more strongly marked than in the case of Grumio and Launcelot Gobbo; but the question already arises in our minds, whether Shakespeare's acquaintance with Italy was derived from personal experience or merely from books. This is a point which cannot be discussed at this stage of our work, as it belongs more fitly to the Life of Shakespeare.

[1] These remarks, as will be seen, are based on the belief that the sonnets of Shakespeare are not mere poetical exercises, but more or less revelations of his inner life. The extraordinary theory that they are detached poems, inspired by no real events in Shakespeare's life, and having no connection between one another, is a theory which offers a very easy way of getting rid of the difficulties that beset the sonnets, but to my mind is utterly untenable.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. An open place in the city.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless[1] idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

Val. That 's on some shallow story of deep love:
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'T is true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.[2]

Val. I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. No?—what?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;

[1] *Shapeless,* purposeless.

[2] *The boots,* the torture so called.

Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However,[1] but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance,[2] you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance,[3] I fear you 'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:

And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime
And all his fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road[4]
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan[5] let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought:
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep[6] in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I 'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master; thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry "baa."

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: [I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton,[7] and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

[1] *However*, in any case.
[2] *Circumstance*, circumstantial deduction.
[3] *Circumstance*, conduct.
[4] *Road*, harbour.
[5] *To Milan*, by letters (addressed) to Milan.
[6] *Sheep*, pronounced here *ship*, for the sake of the pun.
[7] *Lac'd mutton*, courtezan.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

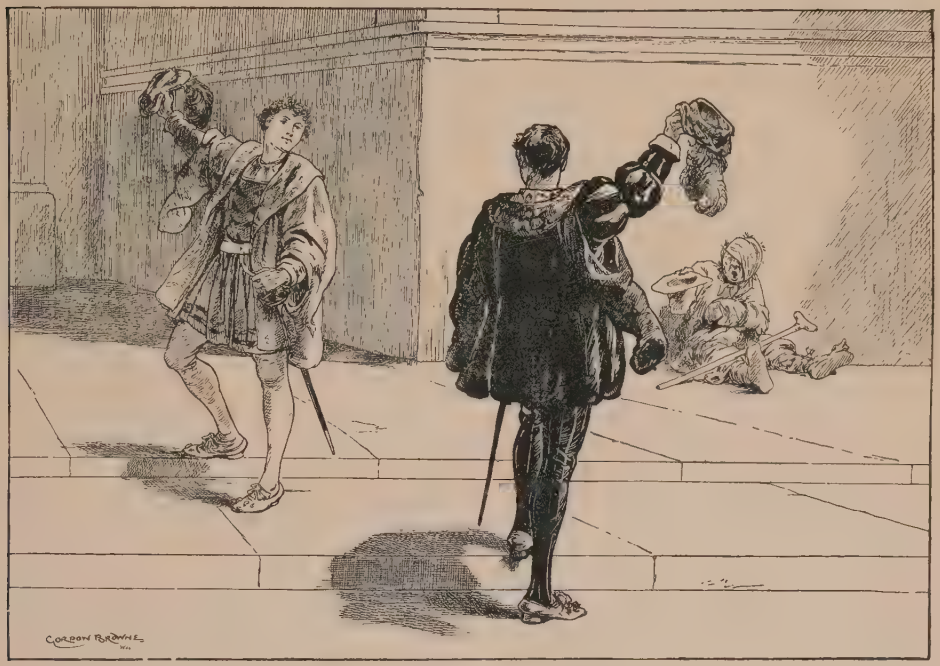
Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay: in that you are astray, 't were best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,



Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.

'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.]

Pro. But what said she? [*Speed nods.*] Did she nod?

Speed. [*Nodding*] Ay.

Pro. Nod—Ay—why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, "Ay."

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

[*Speed.* Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.[1]

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word "noddy" for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money

[1] *Take it for your pains, i.e.* take the title of "*noddy*" or "fool" for your pains.

and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro.] Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. [Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she? nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as "Take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd[1] me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.]

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.
[*Exit Speed.*
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign[2] my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Garden of Julia's house.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure[3] thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire[4] that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. "To Julia."—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,

[1] *Testern'd me*, given me sixpence.
[2] *Deign*, deign to accept.
[3] *Censure*, express my opinion.
[4] *Fire*, pronounced here as a dissyllable.

Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter:
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool[1] is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view,—
Since maids, in modesty, say "No" to that
Which they would have the profferer construe "Ay"!
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.
What, ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. [*Letting fall the letter, as if by accident*] What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is't near dinner-time?

Luc. [*Stooping to pick up the letter*] I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach[2] on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden then?

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song. [*Lucetta shows her the letter from Proteus.*] How now, minion!
[*Snatches the letter from Lucetta.*

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; 'tis too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean[3] to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.—
Here is a coil with protestation!—
[*Tears the letter.*
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange;[4] but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

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[1] *What fool*, what a fool. [2] *Stomach*, temper.

[3] *Mean*, tenor.

[4] *She makes it strange*, she pretends to be shocked.

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ "kind Julia:"—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Jul. I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus:"—
Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written down:—
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia:"—that I'll tear away;—
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
[Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.]

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.[1]
[*Picks up the pieces of the letter.*
Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will't please you go?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Antonio's house.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad[2] talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pan. 'T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet,
And did request me to impórtune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,

[1] *For catching cold*, lest they should catch cold.
[2] *Sad*, serious.

Which would be great impeachment[1] to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And pérfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:

Pro. O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day.

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of[2] every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known:
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And,—in good time:—now will we break with him.

[1] *Impeachment*, reproach.
[2] *Be in eye of*, be within view of.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!
Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May 't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentino in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition[2] thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am péremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.
[*Exeunt Antonio and Panthino.*
Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth[3]
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers "No."
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Milan. The Duke's palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.[1]
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it 's mine:
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?
Speed. She that your worship loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like

[1] *One*, anciently written *on*.
[2] *Exhibition*, allowance.
[3] *Resembleth*, pronounced here as a quadrisyllable.

a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;[1] to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would:[2] [but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.]

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she, I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well-favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of[3] her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. [O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose, and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swing'd[4] me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set,[5] so your affection would cease.]

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes.

Speed. [*Aside*] O excellent motion![6] O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter Silvia.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*Aside*] O, give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*Aside*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

[1] *Takes diet*, is under a strict regimen.
[2] *None else would*, *i.e.* would be *so simple*.
[3] *Counts of*, values.
[4] *Swing'd*, whipped.
[5] *Set*, seated.
[6] *Motion*, puppet-show.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly[1] done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For being ignorant to whom it goes
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much;
And yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. [*Aside*] And yet you will; and yet another "yet."

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you;
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over;
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam, what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman for Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

"For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover."

All this I speak in print,[2] for in print I found it. Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.[3] [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Verona. Julia's house.*

Enter Proteus *and* Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

[1] *Clerkly*, like a scholar.

[2] *In print*, exactly.

[3] *Be moved*, have compassion on me.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving him a ring.*

Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this. [*Giving her another.*

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now:—nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell! [*Exit Julia.*
What, gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come.
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Launce. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe is my mother: nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. [This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir,] this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog —Oh! the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing:" now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: O, that she could speak now like a wood[1] woman! Well, I kiss her; why, there 't is; here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Launce. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipp'd and thou art to post after

[1] *Wood*, mad.

with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here,—Crab my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In my tail?

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and [*pointing to the dog*] the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Milan. A room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter Silvia, Valentine, Thurio, *and* Speed.

Sil. Servant!—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'T were good you knock'd him. [*Exit.*

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote[1] it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'T is indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:—here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

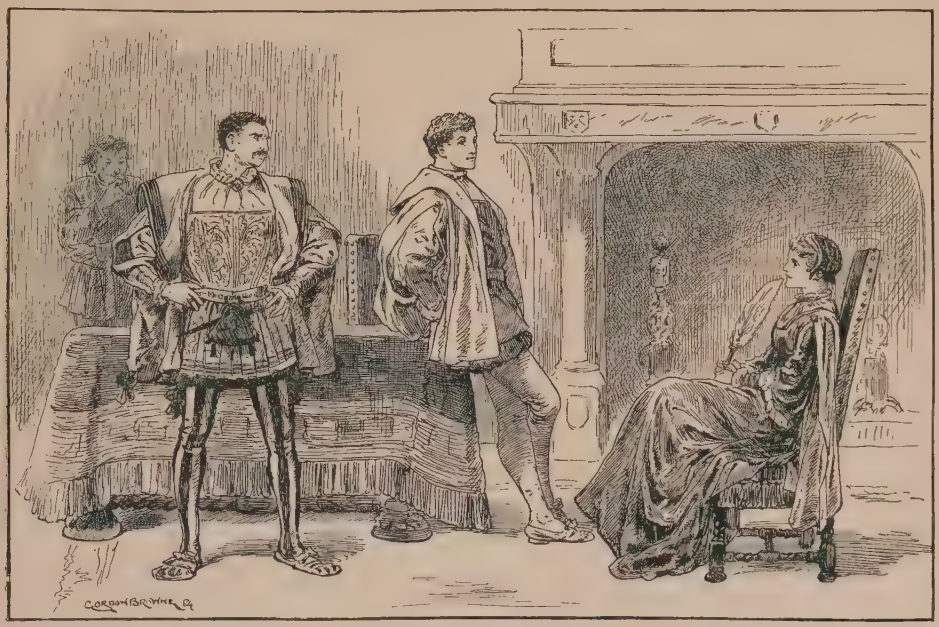
Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

[1] *Quote*, observe, pronounced like *coat;* hence the pun.

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.
Duke. Hath he not a son?
Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?
Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time



Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?
Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe;
And, in a word,—for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,—
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think 't is no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio;
For Valentine, I need not cite him[1] to it:
I 'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*
Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

[1] *Cite him*, incite him.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for féalty.[1]
Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.
[*Thurio retires angrily to back of stage.*
Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter PROTEUS.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady: but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Pro. My duty will I boast of; nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. No, that you are worthless.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Servant*] Come, Sir Thurio,
Go you with me. Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs;
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confess
There is no woe to[2] his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?
Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,

[1] *Fealty*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

[2] *To*, compared to.

And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speak the truth of her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism 's this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road,[1] to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I 'll presently attend on you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will. [*Exit Valentine.*
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentino's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia that I love—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too-too much,
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,[2]
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'T is but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled[3] my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I 'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

[1] *Road*, harbour.

SCENE V. *The same. A street.*

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE *severally.*

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!
Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say "Welcome!"
Speed. Come on, you madcap, I 'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?
Launce. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.
Speed. But shall she marry him?
Launce. No.
Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

[2] *With more advice*, on further knowledge.
[3] *Dazzled*, anciently written *dazeled*, pronounced as trisyllable.

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.[1]

Speed. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And ev'n that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury;
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting[2] Love, if thou hast sinn'd,[3]
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.

[1] *By a parable*, indirectly.
[2] *Sweet-suggesting*, sweetly tempting.
[3] *Sinn'd*, influenced me to sin.

[Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverent tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.]
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
For Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Júlia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery us'd to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
Myself in counsel his competitor:[1]
Now presently I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended[2] flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!
[*Exit.*

Scene VII. *Verona. Julia's house.*

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And, ev'n in kind love, I do cónjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charácter'd and engrav'd,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.
Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.
Jul. O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's[3] extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

[1] *Competitor,* confederate. [2] *Pretended,* proposed.

[3] *Fire's,* a dissyllable here.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
[*Luc.* What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well as—"Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why ev'n what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.
Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet and is most mannerly.]
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite[1] of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Milan. An ante-room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.
[*Exit Thurio.*
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.

[1] *Infinite*, infinity.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.
Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But fearing lest my jealous aim[1] might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,—
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,—
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,[2]
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.
Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed[3] at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.
Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.
Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal.

That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'T is not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father;
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;

[1] *Aim*, guess. [2] *Suggested*, tempted. [3] *Aimed*, guessed.

And, where[1] I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady in Milano here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor—
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd—
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone;
For why,[2] the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away!"
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets[3] but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I 'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What 's here? "To Silvia!"
And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

[*Reads.*

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,

[1] *Where*, whereas. [2] *For why*, because. [3] *Lets*, hinders.

Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that hither them impórtune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be."

What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee."

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Duke. Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates.

Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

Val. And why not death rather than living torment?
To die is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,

There is no day for me to look upon;
She is my essence, and I leave[1] to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly[2] his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. Soho, soho!

Pro. What see'st thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head but 't is a Valentine.

Pro. [Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear.] Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banished—O, that 's the news!—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—
Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along[3] with me!

[1] *Leave*, cease. [2] *To fly*, *i.e.* by flying. [3] *Along*, *i.e.* come along.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*

Launce. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel; which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper*] Here is the cate-log[1] of her conditions.[2]

"Imprimis: She can fetch and carry."

Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade.

"Item: She can milk:"

look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The black'st news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. [*Reads*] "Imprimis: She can milk."

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. "Item: She brews good ale."

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb: "Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale."

Speed. "Item: She can sew."

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. "Item: She can knit."

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. "Item: She can wash and scour."

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. "Item: She can spin."

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

[*Speed.* "Item: She hath many nameless virtues."

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. "Here follow her vices."

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. "Item: She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath."

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. "Item: She hath a sweet mouth."

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.]

Speed. "Item: She doth talk in her sleep."

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. "Item: She is slow in words."

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. ["Item: She is proud."

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. "Item: She hath no teeth."

[1] *Cate-log*, catalogue. [2] *Conditions*, qualities.

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. "Item: She is curst."[1]

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.]

Speed. "Item: She will often praise her liquor."

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

[*Speed.* "Item: She is too liberal."[2]

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. "Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. "Item: She hath more hair than wit,"—

Launce. More hair than wit? It may be; I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. "And more faults than hairs,"—

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. "And more wealth than faults."

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious.] Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! ay, who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swing'd[3] for reading my letter; an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

[1] *Curst*, shrewish. [2] *Liberal*, wanton. [3] *Swing'd*, whipped.

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched[4] in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter PROTEUS.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. Also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.

[4] *Trenched*, carved.

What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then yóu must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'T is an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very[1] friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime[2] to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.
Duke. Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump:[3] the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit[4] her.
Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.
Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort[5] some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen!
Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Very*, true.

[2] *Lime*, bird-lime.
[3] *Dump*, slow, melancholy tune.
[4] *Inherit*, win.
[5] *Sort*, select, choose out.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A forest between Milan and Mantua.*

Enter certain Outlaws.

First Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

Sec. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we 'll make you sit and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye.

Val. My friends,—

First Out. That 's not so, sir: we are your enemies.

Sec. Out. Peace! we 'll hear him.

Third Out. Ay, by my beard, will we, for he 's a proper[1] man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose:
A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

Sec. Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

First Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

Third Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

First Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

[1] *Proper*, well-shaped.

Sec. Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

First Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

Sec. Out. Have you the tongues?[1]

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

Third Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

First Out. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them; it's an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

Sec. Out. Tell us this: have you anything to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

Third Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:[2]
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and niece[3] allied unto the duke.

Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood,[4] I stabb'd unto the heart.

First Out. And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And partly, seing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want—

Sec. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

Third Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consórt?[5]
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

First Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy thou diest.

Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly[6] women or poor passengers.

Third Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our caves,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Milan. Outside the Duke's palace, under Silvia's chamber.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already I've been false to Valentine,
And now must be unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,[7]
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO *and Musicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?

---

[1] *Have you the tongues?*—are you a linguist?
[2] *Awful men*, men who respect the law.
[3] *Niece*, relation.
[4] *Mood*, anger.
[5] *Consort*, company.
[6] *Silly*, weak, helpless.
[7] *Quips*, reproaches.

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio: for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Who? Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your own.—Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, HOST, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly:[1] I pray you, why is it?
Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.
Jul. But shall I hear him speak?
Host. Ay, that you shall.
Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*
Host. Hark, hark!
Jul. Is he among these?
Host. Ay: but, peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.
Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.
Host. Why, my pretty youth?
Jul. He plays false, father.
Host. How? out of tune on the strings?
Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.
Host. You have a quick ear.
Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.
Host. I perceive you delight not in music.
Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!
Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.
Host. You would have them always play but one thing?
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?
Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me: he loved her out of all nick.[2]
Jul. Where is Launce?
Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.
Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.
Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.
Thu. Where meet we?
Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.
Thu. Farewell.
[*Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.*

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compass[3] yours.
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—

[1] *Allycholly*, melancholy.

[2] *Out of all nick*, beyond all reckoning.

[3] *Compass*, accomplish.

That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,[1]
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
Jul. [*Aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?
Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call hers thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepúlchre thine.
Jul. [*Aside*] He heard not that.
Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else[2] devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.
Jul. [*Aside*] If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it:
And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.
[*Exeunt Proteus and Silvia, severally.*

Jul. Host, will you go?
Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 't is almost day.
Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The same.*

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in.
Madam!

Silvia *re-appears above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
According to your ladyship's impose,[3]
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not—
One valiant, wise, remorseful,[4] well-accomplish'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhor'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,

[1] *Conceitless,* unintelligent. [2] *Else,* elsewhere. [3] *Impose,* injunction. [4] *Remorseful,* pitiful.

To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Launce. "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;[1]
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you,
Recking[2] as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This coming evening.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene IV. *The same.*

Enter Launce, *with his dog.*

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, "thus I would teach a dog." I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg: O, 't is a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! [I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for 't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there—bless the mark!—a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says one: "What cur is that?" says another: "Whip him out" says the third: "Hang him up" says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "'t was I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay,] I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for 't—Thou think'st not of this now. [Nay, I remember

[1] *Your grievances*, the causes of your grief.
[2] *Recking*, caring for.

the trick you serv'd me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?]

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I'll do, sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. [*To Launce*] How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this cur from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?
[*Exit Launce.*
A slave, that still an end[1] turns me to shame!
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business;
For 't is no trusting to yond foolish lout;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave[2] her token.
She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry "alas?"

Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'T is pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry "alas!"

Pro. Well, well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.
[*Exit.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refus'd,
To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true-confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly

[1] *Still an end*, commonly.

[2] *To leave*, to part with.

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O, he sends you for a picture.

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[*The picture is brought by an attendant.*

Go give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, if 't please you, to peruse this letter.—

[*Giving her a letter.*

Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.

[*Giving another letter.*

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold!

[*Giving back the first letter.*

I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

[*Tears the second letter.*

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. [*with emotion*] She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. [*recovering her self-control*] I thank you, madam, that you tender her.[1]

Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that 's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature; for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part;
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,[2]
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning[3]
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia with attendants.*

[1] *Tender her,* compassionate her.
[2] *Agood,* in good earnest.
[3] *Passioning,* passionately grieving.

Jul. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd and ador'd!

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are as gray as glass, and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine 's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective[1] in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd and ador'd!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee!

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

Scene I. *Milan. An abbey.*

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.

Enter Silvia, *masked.*

Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure[2] enough.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The same. A room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter Thurio, Proteus, *and* Julia.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

[1] *Respective*, worthy of respect. [2] *Sure*, safe.

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Jul. [*Aside*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. [*Aside*] 'T is true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. [*Aside*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. [*Aside*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. [*Aside*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. [*Aside*] That such an ass should owe[1] them.
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then,
She 's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'T is true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;
Him he knew well; and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not;
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I 'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit.*
Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

[1] *Owe*, own.

SCENE III. *The forest between Milan and Mantua.*

Enter Outlaws with SILVIA.

First Out. Come, come;
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
Sec. Out. Come, bring her away.
First Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?
Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we 'll follow him that 's fled;

THE TW [illegible] VER NA

[illegible] ene 4 line 60.

Valentine [illegible] et go that rude [illegible] touch

The thicket is beset; he cannot scape.
[*Exeunt all except the first Outlaw and Silvia.*
First Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!— [*Noise within.*
What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.—
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here? [*Retires.*

Enter Proteus, Silvia, *and* Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,—
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,—
To hazard life and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love;
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. [*Aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Jul. [*Aside*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul!
And full as much—for more there cannot be—
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus.
Therefore be gone; solicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd!
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two;
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,— force ye.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. [*Coming forward*] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,

For such is a friend now; thou treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.[1]

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy! [*Swoons.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what 's the matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 't is; this is it. [*Giving a ring.*

Pro. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Showing another ring.*

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring?

Jul. At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root![2]
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modésty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 't is true. O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect. That one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all th' sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke *and* Thurio.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia 's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milano shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch:
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

[1] *Commit,* sin.

[2] *Cleft the root,* of her heart.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her[1] as thou hast done
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead[2] a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs,[3] mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold.
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.—
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 't is your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] *To make such means for her,* to take such pains to win her.

[2] *Plead, i.e.* plead thou.

[3] *Triumphs,* masques, revels.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

NOTES TO THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Note on Time of Action.

As to the first interval (see note 89) I cannot think that Valentine's statement (iv. 1. 21), that he had been "sixteen months" at Milan, is to be taken as a fact. The distance between Verona and Milan, in a straight line, is about ninety miles. We must allow, then, a week or so for the journey; and another week, or perhaps a fortnight, for Valentine to be at Milan, before he sends news as to how he is getting on at Court; and a week for the messenger to arrive at Verona. Antonio has been "hammering on" the question of sending Proteus abroad for a month past (i. 3. 18). The second and fourth intervals we may estimate at about a week each. The only remaining question is whether there should not be an interval of at least twelve hours between sc. 2 and sc. 3 of act v. (see note 120).

ACT I. Scene 1.

1. Line 2: *Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.*—Compare Milton's Comus:

> It is for *homely* features to keep *home*,
> They had their name thence.

Homely means what belongs to *home*, *i.e.* what is plain and unpretending.

2. Line 7: *Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home.*—The construction here is somewhat obscure as the passage stands; *living* should agree with *I* (Valentine), the nominative of the sentence; whereas it refers to Proteus. After *than*, we must understand *see thee*, or *have thee*.

3. Line 8: SHAPELESS *idleness.*—*Shapeless* may here mean "without shape or form;" so *irregular;* or, perhaps *purposeless.* Compare Hamlet, v. 2. 10, 11:

> There's a divinity that *shapes* our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.

4. Line 18: *For I will be thy* BEADSMAN, *Valentine.*—*Bead*, in Anglo-Saxon, means "a prayer;" hence the beads used by Roman Catholics in their prayers, especially in the devotion of the Rosary, had their name. *Beadsman* is a man who says his *beads*, or prays for others; and as those, who benefited by any charitable bequest, were supposed to pray for their benefactor, *beadsman* or *bedesman* came to mean a resident in an almshouse (*bede-house*), or some other charitable institution. Compare the following passage in Calisto and Melibæa (1520):

> Fair maiden, for the mercy thou hast done to us
> This knight and I both thy *beadfolks* shall be.
> —Dodsley, vol. i. p. 85.

A letter from Elis Price, temp. Henry VIII., is given in Halliwell's Dict. (vol. ii. last page), which is signed "Youre *bedman* and dayelye orator by dutie." The writer was a commissary-general of the diocese of St. Asaph.

5 Line 19: *And on a* LOVE-BOOK *pray for my success.*—A love-book is supposed, in this case, to be a substitute for a prayer-book. It is the custom of Roman Catholics, in repeating the Rosary, to place the beads on the prayer-book, and to count the beads with the prayers; only referring to the book when their memory fails, or for the purpose of reading the meditation given with each decade of the Rosary. The use of the preposition *on* may there-

fore have here a special meaning. But compare Hamlet, iii. 1, 44:—"Read *on* this book," &c.

6. Line 24: *over shoes in love.*—This expression occurs in Grim the Collier of Croydon, "so that poor Grim, that before was *over shoes* in love, &c." (Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 409). The expression "*over boots* in love," which occurs in the next line, is evidently employed in order to lead up to the pun in line 27.

7. Line 27: *give me not the boots.*—Cotgrave explains "bailler foin en corne" as "*to give one the boots*, to sell him a bargaine." There may also be an implied reference to the torture of *the boot* or *boots;* but, in any case, it seems to me the expression *to give one the boots* requires a more detailed explanation; as, in the sense of "playing a trick on one," it must have originated from some well-known incident. Steevens, in his note on this passage, mentions "a sport the country people in Warwickshire use at their harvest-home, where one sits as judge to try misdemeanours committed in harvest, and the punishment for the men is to be laid on a bench, and slapped on the breech with a pair of boots. This they call *giving them the boots.*" In Webster's Northward Hoe (iv. 1) there occurs a curious instance of this expression. *Mayberry*, who is described in a previous stage direction as entering *booted*, says to *Bellamont*, "Let your man *give you the boots* presently" (Works, vol. i. p. 234), by which he would naturally mean no more than that Bellamont's servant should bring him his riding-boots; but it is evident some play upon the words is here intended. Later on in the same scene *Mayberry* says, "Come, *boots*, boy!" (p. 236).

8. Line 28:

Val. *I will not, for it boots thee not.*
Pro. *No?—what?*

The reading of Ff. is:

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?

For the alteration in the text I am responsible; it makes the line harmonious, which it certainly is not in the Folios. The meaning of Proteus is, "No? it boots me not? What boots me not?"

9. Line 30: *Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one moment's mirth.*—Ff. read, "*one* fading *moment's mirth.*" *Fading* is apparently an interpolation; following Hanmer's example, we have omitted it.

10. Line 36: *So, by* YOUR CIRCUMSTANCE, *you call me fool.*—Circumstance is defined in Worcester "an adjunct of a fact;" here *your circumstance* seems to mean "the illustration of your thesis." Love is "but a folly bought with wit," therefore I am a fool for being in love. In the next line the word *circumstance* is generally explained as meaning "conduct;" it might perhaps be better explained as "condition."

11. Line 102: *a lac'd mutton.*—This expression for a courtezan is frequently used in old English plays. But why *lac'd?* Does it refer to the tight *lacing* of the boddice, or to the ornament of *lace?*

12. Line 117: *But what said she?* (Speed nods) *Did she nod?*—These last words were added first by Theobald to explain the miserable pun which follows. Speed's words (line 122), "you ask me if *she did nod*," seem to require some such an insertion.

13. Line 129: *very orderly.*—Staunton's conjecture, *moderly*="motherly," seems to me most happy and probable. *Orderly* has no sense here; but, as Staunton points out, the context is full of allusions to child-bearing, on which subject Speed makes several puns; so that *moderly* or "motherly" would seem much more consistent with the sense of the passage.

14. Lines 157, 158:

Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

Compare Tempest, i. 1. 30–32;

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows.

And other like allusions in the same scene. The proverb is, "He that is born to be hanged shall never be drowned."

ACT I. Scene 2.

15. Line 1.—This scene is a very weak forerunner of the charming scene between Portia and Nerissa in The Merchant of Venice. In order to give some idea of the transition state which characterizes this play, in metre, as well as in construction, poetical feeling, treatment of character, &c., I give an analysis of the metre and rhythm of this scene:

Lines 1–9.—Blank verse. Line 3 has two syllables too much; if we omit *Madam* it would be a perfect line.

Lines 10–21.—Rhymed decasyllabics.

Lines 22–26.—Blank verse with one imperfect line (22).

Lines 27–32.—Rhymed decasyllabics; the first two (27, 28) having double endings, and 31, 32 having *triple* rhyming endings.

Lines 33–37.—Six syllables, unrhymed, with three accents each.

Lines 38–40.—Long trochaics (cataleptic), the latter two rhyming.

Lines 41–47.—Blank verse.

Lines 48, 49.—Rhymed decasyllabics.

Lines 50–140.—Blank verse, with thirteen imperfect lines—one with triple ending (82); 88 has one syllable supplied by pause.

16. Line 5: *with* PARLE *encounter me.*—See note 176 Love's Labour 's Lost (v. 2, 122).

17. Line 9: *the fair Sir Eglamour.*—A different person evidently from Sir Eglamour, the devoted friend of Silvia, subsequently introduced (iv. 3).

18. Line 70: *What is't that you took up so gingerly?*—In the Story of Felismena this incident is thus narrated, "But when, with a slower pace (then I desired) the wished day was come, the discreet and subtle Rosina came into my chamber to helpe me to make me readie, in dooing whereof, of purpose she let the letter closely fall,

which, when I perceiued, what is that that fell downe? (saide I): what! mooue me not, or else tell me what it is. Good Lord, Mistresse (saide she), why will you see it: it is the letter I would haue giuen you yesterday. Nay, that it is not (saide I), wherefore shewe it me, that I may see if you lie or no. I had no sooner said so but she put it into my handes." (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. part i. vol. i. p. 281.) In the story, Felismena refuses angrily to receive the letter, and remains the whole night, tortured with curiosity to know what the letter contained. Shakespeare, very wisely, does not keep Julia so long waiting.

19. Line 81: *your ladyship can* SET, *i.e.* "can *set* to music;" but there is perhaps a play upon the words here; for one meaning of *to set* given in Halliwell's Dict. is, "to win the game." Shakespeare only uses "*to set*," in this sense, in one other passage; namely in The Tempest, i. 2. 84, 85:

> *set* all hearts i' the state
> To what tune pleas'd his ear.

where it is used figuratively.

20. Line 83: *Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' Love."* —This tune is alluded to again in Much Ado, iii. 4. 44: *Marg.* "Clap 's into *Light o' Love;* that goes *without a burden,*" which directly contradicts what is said here by Lucetta (85, 86):

> *Jul.* Heavy! belike it *has some burden* then?
> *Luc.* Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

But the play upon words is so laboured and so incessant in this scene, that one must not give to any passage too literal an interpretation.

21. Line 94: *And mar the concord with too harsh a* DESCANT.—*Descant* is described by Nares as what we now call "variation in music;" but Staunton quotes a passage from Morley's Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music (1597), which says the word is used by musicians in different senses. "Last of all, they take it for singing a part extempore upon a plain song, in which sense we commonly use it." In the text it is evidently used in the sense of what is described (*sub voce*), in Imperial Dictionary, as "*Figurative* or *florid descant*,—that part of an air in which some discords are concerned."

22. Line 97: I BID THE BASE *for Proteus.*—Lucetta here plays upon the words *bass* and *base;* the latter meaning the game of *base*, "prison base," or "prisoner's base," as it was called in my school days. What is the precise meaning of the phrase, *bid the base*, does not seem quite so clear. I believe Malone is right in explaining it as "to challenge an encounter." As the game used to be played, some thirty-five years ago, when a "prisoner" had been taken, he had to stand at a point a certain distance from both "homes," or grounds of the respective sides; one of the players on the prisoner's side starts to try and touch his hand, and so rescue him; at the same time, one of the opposite side starts to try and catch the rescuer. It is to this part of the game that the expression *bidding the base* probably refers. This explains the passage in Venus and Adonis, lines 303, 304.

> To *bid* the wind *a base* he now prepares,
> And whether he run or fly they know not whether.

i.e. he prepares to challenge the wind to a race. Compare also Peele's Edward I.:

> Think, as I promis'd him to brave thee here,
> So shall I *bid* John Baliol *'base* from thee.
> —Works, p. 405.

23. Line 99: *Here is a* COIL *with protestation!*—This seems to mean "Here is an end of protestation." The exact meaning of *coil* is very uncertain. In Shelton's translation of Don Quixote (p. 3) I find "Rozinante kept *a coile* to goe to his Stable," which seems to mean "Rozinante was impatient to go to his stable." The meaning of *coil*, in most passages, is "noise," "tumult," "difficulty," no one of which seems exactly appropriate here.

24. Line 106, 107.

> *Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,*
> *And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!*

Shakespeare is quite correct in implying that wasps steal the honey stored by bees. See Kirby and Spence's Entomology (ed. 1818), p. 165. "The former (*i.e.* wasps) frequently take possession of a hive, having either destroyed or driven away its inhabitants, and consume all the honey it contains." The weapon they use, however, is not their *stings*, but their powerful mandibles or jaws. They "often seize and devour them (bees), sometimes ripping open the body to come at the honey, and at others carrying off that part in which it is situated" (ut supra, p. 164).

25. Line 121: *Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock.*—Compare III. Henry VI. (v. 4. 27):

> And Richard but a *ragged* fatal rock.

26. Line 137: *I see you have* A MONTH'S MIND *to them.*—The expression, *a month's mind*, is usually explained as referring to the Roman Catholic custom of commemorating the monthly anniversary of a person's death, by offering up prayers for the repose of his or her soul. The prayers for the dead, given in most Catholic books of devotion, contain a prayer for the third, seventh, or *thirtieth* day after burial. The last anniversary is that called here "*the month's mind.*"

The following passage, quoted by Richardson in his dictionary, *sub voce* "month," is apparently decisive: "At whiche tyme of burying and also the *monethis mynde*, I wil that myn executrice doo cause to be caried from London xii. newe torches, there beyng redy made, to burn in the tymes of the saide burying and *monethes mynde.*—*Fabyan. His will.*"

Were it not for the decisive evidence of the passage above quoted, and the extracts from Strype's Memorials of the Reformation (Var. Ed. vol. iv. p. 26), I should be inclined to think this expression had its origin in the violent longing for particular articles of food, &c. shown by pregnant women, more especially in the last *month* of their pregnancy; a meaning decidedly adopted by Dr. Schmidt in his Lexicon (*sub voce* month). As regards this passage Johnson remarks: "A *month's mind*, in the ritual sense, signifies not desire or inclination, but remembrance; yet I suppose this is the true original of the expression" (see Var. Ed. vol. iv. p. 27). From this it is plain he felt the same difficulty in accepting the usual explanation of this phrase.

ACT I. Scene 3.

27. Line 9: *Some to discover islands far away.*—This is a passage on which conjectures as to the exact date of this play have been built, but without sufficient grounds. It was a very common thing, in Shakespeare's time, for young men of the best families to go on voyages of discovery, and many islands were as yet undiscovered. There are several such expeditions to which this line might refer.

28. Line 18: *Whereon this month I have been* HAMMERING.—This sense of the word *to hammer* is peculiar to this passage. In II. Henry VI. (i. 2. 47) we find:

> And wilt thou still be *hammering* treachery?

but there it is used in a less metaphorical sense. Here the verb is used in the same way as we use it nowadays, *e.g.* "to keep *hammering on*, or *at*, the same idea."

29. Line 27: *Attends the emperor.*—Steevens' note (Var. Ed. vol. iv. p. 29) is worth consulting on this passage. Johnson mentions, as an instance of the ignorance or negligence of the author, his placing the emperor at Milan. But the emperor of Germany, Charles V., did frequently reside at Milan, and hold his court there.

30. Line 32: *And be* IN EYE *of every exercise.*—No commentator seems to have any remark on this peculiar expression, of which I do not remember to have found another instance. It means, doubtless, "be within sight of."

31. Line 44: *And,*—IN GOOD TIME:—*now will we break with him.*—The construction here is elliptical. Antonio means to say, "Here he (Proteus) comes *in good time*," *i.e.* "apropos," "just at the right moment."

32. Line 67: *With Valentino.*—This is the reading of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4; and seems preferable to the Latin form of the name, *Valentinus*, which we find in F. 1.

33. Line 69: *Like* EXHIBITION *thou shalt have from me.*—The use of this word, as meaning a certain sum allowed for the expenses of any person's support, still exists at schools and colleges where are given *exhibitions*, that is, annual sums, in aid of maintenance, to be gained by scholars in competition. Compare:

> I crave fit disposition for my wife,
> Due reference of place and *exhibition*.
> —Othello, i. 3. 237, 238.

ACT II. Scene 1.

34. Line 26: *to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.*—According to Tollet it was the custom on All Saints Day (that is on the eve of All Souls Day, Nov. 2nd) "for the poor people in Staffordshire to go from parish to parish *a souling, i.e.* begging and *puling* for *soul-cakes*." The custom was, doubtless, a remnant of the religious observance of that day (All Souls Day), on which the Catholic Church offers up all masses, and enjoins special devotions, on behalf of departed souls.

35. Line 79: YOU CHID AT *Sir Proteus for going ungarter'd.*—This construction of the verb *to chide* with *at* occurs in five other places in Shakespeare. It is generally used as a transitive verb. Compare:

> O, what a beast was I to *chide at him*.
> —Rom. and Jul. iii. 2. 95.

The *going ungartered* is one of the signs of love given by Rosalind (As You Like It, iii. 2. 398); which passage may be compared with Speed's speech above (19–27).

36. Line 84: *cannot see to put on your hose.*—There is, doubtless, as Staunton says, either some omission here; or the allusion, whatever it was, which gave point to the quibble, has escaped detection.

37. Line 100: *O excellent* MOTION! . . . *Now will he* INTERPRET *to her.*—It seems doubtful, in spite of the two instances adduced by Staunton, whether *motion* was ever used for a single puppet. The person who managed the puppets, and spoke the dialogue for them, was called the *interpreter*.

38. Line 114: *it* CAME *hardly* OFF.—To *come off* is used in the sense of "to acquit one's self" by Shakespeare in one or two places—generally with the idea of success. The same expression is used in slang nowadays, *e.g.* "I tried a volley, but it did not *come off*." Compare with the passage in the text:

> This *comes off* well; here's a wise officer.
> —Meas. for Meas. ii. 1. 57.

ACT II. Scene 2.

39. Line 7: *And seal the bargain with a holy* KISS.—This was the formal mode of betrothal; the exchange of rings, and the *kiss* of troth which, according to Douce, sometimes was given in the church with great solemnity; "and the service on this occasion is preserved in some of the old rituals." It is to this formal ceremony of betrothal that the Priest alludes, in the following passage from Twelfth Night:

> A contract of eternal bond of love,
> Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
> Attested by the *holy close of lips*,
> Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
> And all the ceremony of this compact
> Seal'd in my function, by my testimony.—v. 1. 159-164.

ACT II. Scene 3.

40. Lines 29, 30: *O, that* SHE *could speak now like a* WOOD *woman!—Wood*, in the sense of "wild," "distracted," is frequently used by Chaucer and other old English writers. Hanmer, whom Dyce follows, altered the first part of this line to "O that *the shoe could speak;*" but surely this is unnecessary. Launce has made one of the shoes represent his mother, and naturally uses *she* instead of *it*.

41. Line 42: *it is the unkindest* TIED.—This play on the words *tied* and *tide* might have been copied from Lilly's Endimion, iv. 2:

> *Epi.* Why? you know it is said, the *tyde* tarrieth no man.
> *Sam.* True.
> *Epi.* A monstrous lie; for I was *tide* two houres, and tarried for one to unlose mee. —Works, vol. i. p. 51.

ACT II. Scene 4.

42. Line 18: *And how* QUOTE *you my folly?*—To *quote* here means "to observe." Compare:

> I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
> I had not *quoted* him. —Hamlet, ii. 1. 111, 112.

43. Line 54: *Know ye* DON *Antonio?*—As Antonio is an Italian, the title of *Don* would seem inappropriate; but we find in a previous passage (i. 3. 39) *Don* Alphonso, where *Alphonso* seems intended for the Italian name (*Alfonso*). Certainly we should do wrong to omit *Don*, as Ritson proposed: the title is used often as a general one, and is applied under the corrupted form of *Dan* to Cupid. Being derived from *Dominus*, it was originally applied to persons in the upper rank of life; and later it came to be employed in a bantering sense as="a fine fellow."

44. Line 73: *complete in* FEATURE—*i.e.* "perfectly good looking." *Feature*, undoubtedly, has the sense of "handsomeness," "comeliness," in some passages. Compare:

> Cheated of *feature* by dissembling nature.
> —Rich. III. i. 1. 19.

But I doubt if this is any more than an elliptical expression; *feature* is generally used in old English writers not for the parts of the face, but for the whole form and shape of the body; and so it came to be used sometimes for handsomeness, the epithet "beautiful," or "good," being understood.

45. Line 98: [THURIO *retires angrily to back of stage.*—This stage-direction indicates what is required by the "business" of the scene. It would seem from Silvia's words which follow, *Have done, have done*, that a quarrel was imminent, or that she thought Valentine was carrying his chaff of Thurio too far. Some editors insert here [*Exit* THURIO;—but I think wrongly: he probably remains, at back of stage, in a huff at the manner in which he has been treated, till Silvia calls him to go with her (line 117). See note 47.

46. Line 114: *I'll* DIE ON HIM *that says so but yourself.*—This expression occurs in Look About You:

> *Rich.* . . . nor do you think
> My brother John deceiv'd you of a chain.
> *Fau.* He did; I did deliver it with this hand.
> *John.* I'll *die upon* the slanderer.
> —Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 442.

It means, "I will challenge him to mortal combat."

47. Line 116: *Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.*—This line is wrongly assigned to Thurio in Ff. Theobald was the first to correct the obvious error. It is evident that Silvia does not address the whole of her next speech to Thurio; but that, after answering the servant who brings the message from her father, she turns to him where he has been standing sulkily, at the back of the scene, while the introduction of Proteus took place. By asking him to accompany her, she means to console him for the snubs he has received from Valentine.

48. Line 130: WHOSE *high* IMPERIOUS *thoughts have punish'd me.*—This line presents many difficulties. Johnson first proposed to substitute *those* for *whose*, an alteration which Lettsom says "The context imperiously commands" [Walker's Crit. Exam. vol. i. p. 39 (note)], quoted by Dyce with approval. The chief point is whether the *high imperious thoughts* are those of Love or of Valentine. If we read *whose*, the use of *thoughts* for "disposition of the mind," as Schmidt explains it in this passage, is certainly unusual. On the other hand, if we read *those*, the expression *have punish'd me* would have to be taken as equivalent to "have brought the punishment upon me," which is a very awkward construction. Proteus goes on to say that Love, in revenge of his contempt, has chased sleep from his eyes, &c.; so that it is more probable from the context that the reading of the Ff. is right. It is worth noting that Malone, in supporting the reading of the old copy, says that "*Imperious* (which in our author's time generally signified imperial), is an epithet very frequently applied to *love* by Shakespeare and his contemporaries." I have examined all the passages where the word occurs in Shakespeare, and *not in a single one*, except this passage in our text, is it so applied; nor is it generally used in any sense but the one which it bears nowadays. I believe with Staunton that the misprint, if any, is in the word *thoughts*.

49 Line 152: *Yet let her be a* PRINCIPALITY.—Steevens very aptly quotes St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans viii. 38, "nor angels, nor *principalities*." Milton uses the word in the same sense—that of one of the orders of the angels—in Paradise Lost, book vi.:

> He sat, and in the assembly next upstood
> Nisroch of *Principalities* the prime.

It is evident from the context that the word is used in that sense here. See the passage from Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft (quoted by Staunton), whence it appears that *principalities* were the seventh of the nine orders of angels.

50. Lines 159, 160:

> *lest the base earth*
> *Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss.*

Compare Richard the Second's words to Bolingbroke (iii. 3. 190, 191):

> Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
> To make the *base earth* proud with *kissing* it.

51. Line 162: SUMMER-SWELLING *flower.*—The same expression, according to Steevens, occurs in the translation of Lucan by Sir Arthur Gorges, 1614, book viii. p. 354, where he renders "ripasque *æstate tumentes*" by "that *sommer-swelling* shore."

52. Line 196: *Is it* MINE EYE *or* VALENTINO'S *praise?*

F. 1 reads:

> It is mine, or Valentine's praise?

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4:

> Is it mine *then*, or *Valentineans* praise?

The reading in the text is Theobald's conjecture, which, on the whole, seems preferable to the ingenious conjecture of Blakeway, adopted by Malone:

> Is it *her mien*, or *Valentinus'* praise?

Mien having been originally written *mine*, being derived from the French *mine*. The conjecture of Hanmer, *mine eyne*, is very probable, but questionable on account of the cacophony; although *thine eyne* occurs in Mids. Night's Dream (iii. 2. 138). *Valentine's* is altered to *Valentino's* in preference to *Valentinus'*, though perhaps Malone is right, and no alteration is really necessary; for undoubtedly *Valentine's* could be pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

53. Line 201: *a waxen image 'gainst a fire.*—This is an allusion to the practice attributed to witches, of making a wax figure of those against whom they had a spite;

these figures they gradually melted before the fire, which caused the persons whom they represented to waste away; or they stuck pins into them, thereby inflicting on the original of the figure so treated very sharp and grievous pains. An amusing account of such a wax figure, and of the unholy practices to which it was subjected, may be found in the Ingoldsby Legends, vol. i., in the story called "The Leech of Folkestone."

54. Line 210: *And that hath* DAZZLED *my reason's light.* —F. 2 quite unnecessarily inserts *so* after *dazzled*, thinking it to have been required by the metre. Malone quotes from Drayton the following instance of *dazzling* used as a trisyllable:

> A diadem once *dazzling* the eye,
> The day too darke to see affinitie.

ACT. II. Scene 5.

55. Line 58: *thou art an Hebrew, a Jew.* —It would seem that in Shakespeare's time it was popularly held that there was some difference, if only of degree, between *Hebrew* and *Jew*. Falstaff, when wishing to be emphatic, couples these two titles, "You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a *Jew* else, an *Ebrew Jew*." —I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 198.

56. Line 62: *to go to the* ALE *with a Christian.*—It is generally held that Launce here refers to one of those rustic festivities called *Ales*, which were held in the sixteenth century. They were of several kinds, *Leet-ale*, *Lamb-ale*, *Bride-ale*, *Clerk-ale*, *Church-ale*, and *Whitsun-ale*. Of these the *Church-ale*, at least, was common in Shakespeare's time. Drake, in his Illustrations of Shakespeare (vol. i. pp. 175–180), gives a very long and interesting account of these *ales*. They were so called because each village, where they were given, undertook to brew so much *ale* on the occasion, to the expense of which all the merry-makers contributed. *Church-ales* were held, mainly for the purpose of getting funds for the repairing or building of the churches. It may be doubted whether the *ale* means anything more here than the *ale-house*. Dyce, in his Edition of Greene, has a note on the following passage in The Looking Glass for London and England: "*Dev.* I am the spirit of the dead man that was slain in thy company when we were drunk together *at the ale*." He maintains that "It is plain that in the passage of our text, as well as in that . . . from . . Two Gentlemen of Verona," *i.e.* the one in our text, "*the ale* is put for the ale-house" (Works, p. 138). But there is no reason why *the ale* should not mean one of the festivals so called, in both passages.

ACT II. Scene 6.

57. Line 26: *Shows Julia but a swarthy* ETHIOPE.—Compare:

> Thou for whom great Jove would swear
> Juno but an *Ethiope* were.
> —Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 117, 118.

58. Line 35: *Myself in counsel his* COMPETITOR.—See Note 38, Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 82.

ACT II. Scene 7.

59. Line 54: OUT, OUT, *Lucetta!*—The expression *Out, out!* is used by Ben Jonson in Every Man out of his Humour, ii. 2:

> *Out, out!* unworthy to speak where he breatheth.
> —Works, vol. ii. p. 86.

Also by Chapman in his Homer's Iliad, book xiii. Dr. Percy says it is still used in the north, and has the same force as the Latin, *apage!*

60. Line 70.—The whole of this scene is very interesting as a specimen of Shakespeare's more poetic style at this time. It contains some beautiful lines; but the reader will notice, if he read them aloud, that they are wanting in variety of rhythm, owing to nearly every line having a stop at the end of it. If, after reading this scene, we turn to one of his later comedies, such as As You Like It, or Twelfth Night, we see at once how very crude and, comparatively, unskilful Shakespeare's management of verse was at this period.

ACT III. Scene 1.

61. Line 81:

> *There is a lady in* MILANO *here.*

Ff. read:

> *There is a lady in* VERONA *here.*

An evident oversight, of which this is not the only instance in this play. The emendation in our text is the one made by Collier's MS. and adopted by Dyce; it renders the line complete, and consistent with the fact that the scene is here undoubtedly in Milan, without doing much violence to the original text.

62. Line 89: *Win her with* GIFTS, *if she respect not words.*—A very similar sentiment is found in Marlowe's Hero and Leander (The Second Sestiad):

> 'Tis wisdom to give much; a *gift* prevails
> When deep-persuading oratory fails.
> —Works, p. 287.

The allusions to that poem in this play can scarcely be accidental. See i. 1. 22 and lines 119, 120 of this scene. It is probable that the poem was fresh in Shakespeare's memory when he was writing this play. The first edition bears date 1598, but it had been entered on the Stationers' books 20th September, 1593, and was probably circulated in manuscript, more or less privately, before that date.

63. Line 144: *My herald thoughts in thy pure* BOSOM *rest them.*—This is an allusion to the fashion prevalent amongst ladies, in Shakespeare's time, of carrying letters, miniatures, and other love tokens, as well as "money and needlework" (according to Drake), in a pocket made in the fore-part of their stays. In this same scene (lines 249, 250) *Proteus* tells *Valentine* that his letter

> shall be deliver'd
> Even in the *milk-white bosom* of thy love.

It is this custom which explains the phrase in Hamlet, ii. 2. 113:

> "In her *excellent white bosom*, these," &c.

Many other allusions to this fashion may be found in the poetical writings of this period. In comparatively recent times, on the stage and sometimes off it, ladies made the

same use of the convenient cavity alluded to in the passage quoted; although the fashion of placing a pocket there went out with the long-bodied stays.

64. Line 153: *Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son.*—This is one of the passages which has been cited, as helping to decide the date of this play. In the old play of King John (1591) occurs the following passage:

> as sometimes *Phaeton*,
> Mistrusting silly *Merop* for his Sire.
> —Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. vol. i. part ii. p. 234.

which some commentators suppose to have suggested the line in the text. Shakespeare might surely have gained thus much mythological knowledge elsewhere. *Phaethon* was, according to Smith's Classical Dictionary "a son of Helios by the Oceanid Clymene, the wife of *Merops*." There seems to have been some difference of opinion, however, among the authorities as to his parentage.

65. Lines 163–169: *But if thou linger, &c.*—Compare Lear, i. 1. 176–182:

> Five days we do allot thee, for provision
> To shield thee from diseases of the world;
> And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
> Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
> Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
> The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
> This shall not be revoked.

66. Lines 172–187: *banish'd from her, &c.*—It is strange that no critic, apparently, should have noticed the strong resemblance between this passage and those in Romeo and Juliet (iii. 3. 19–21):

> Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
> And world's exile is death:—then banished
> Is death mis-term'd.

and (iii. 3. 29–43)

> *Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
> Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog,
> And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
> Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
> But Romeo may not:—more validity,
> More honourable state, more courtship lives
> In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
> On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
> And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
> Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
> Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
> But Romeo may not; he is banished:
> Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
> They are free men, but I am banished.
> And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?

The latter passage seems to be an expansion of the speech of Valentine, adapted to the different circumstances of the situation.

67. Line 200: WHO *wouldst thou strike?*—Malone gives an example of a similar misuse of the nominative of the relative pronoun for the other cases:

> *Iago.* He's married.
> *Cas.* *To who?*
> —Othello, i. 2. 52.

and

> he hath a court
> He little cares for, and a daughter *who*
> He not respects at all.
> —Cymbeline, i. 6. 153–155.

The substitution of *whom* for *who*, in such passages, is needless.

68. Line 220: *And now excess of it will make me surfeit.*—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 1. 1–3:

> If music be the food of love, play on;
> Give me *excess* of it, that, *surfeiting*,
> The appetite may sicken, and so die.

69. Lines 222–240.—This poetical description by Proteus of Silvia's grief is very pretty; but, as the Duke only went out before Valentine's soliloquy, there was remarkably little time for the scene he describes to have taken place. This is one of the many instances of the defective construction of this play. Pope had some reason for ending the scene after Valentine's soliloquy, and commencing a new one with the entrance of Proteus and Launce.

70. Line 263: *if he be but* ONE KNAVE.—Various emendations of this passage have been proposed. Hanmer, "if he be but *one kind of* knave;" Warburton, "if he be but *one kind;*" Staunton suggests, "*if he be but one* in love." The meaning may very well be, "if he be but a knave *in one respect;*" or, as Johnson explains it, a *single* knave and not a *double* one. "Double" is used in an intensive sense in the expression, "double villain," which occurs in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 88, "thou double villain." To speak of a man as "two knaves" instead of "one knave" seems to have been an accepted phrase. In Damon and Pythias, by Richard Edwards (1571), we find:

> *Aristippus.* . . . You lose money by him, if you sell him for *one knave*, for he serves for *twain*.—Dodsley, vol. iv. p. 20.

Again in Like for Like by Ulpian Fulwell (1568):

> *Newfangle.* Thus thou may'st be called a knave in grain;
> And where knaves are scant, thou shalt go for *twain*.
> —Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 325.

71. Lines 265, 266: *but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me.*—Compare the modern idiomatic expression, "Wild horses shall not drag it out of me."

72. Lines 271, 272: *She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel.*—In that curious old work, Dr. Caius' Treatise of English Dogs, translated by Abraham Fleming (1576), the author, in describing the Water Spaniel or Finder, after speaking of their use in taking "waterfowls," says, "with these dogs also, we fetch out of the water such fowl as be stung to death by any venomous worm. We use them also to bring us our bolts and arrows out of the water, missing our mark whereat we directed our level," &c. But it would almost seem that Launce was confusing "the Spaniel gentle," or "the Comforter," with the Water Spaniel; the qualities of the former, according to Dr. Caius, were indeed numerous and curious. (See vol. iii. Arber's English Garner, pp. 244–245 and 247–249.)

73. Line 274: *of her conditions.*—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *condition;* but the sense of "character," "temper," in which Shakespeare uses *condition*, hardly suits the context. F. 4 reads *conditions*, a correction adopted by Dyce, Staunton, &c. Compare the following passage:

> *Claudio.* Nay, but I know who loves him.
> *Don Pedro.* That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.
> *Claudio.* Yes, and his ill *conditions*.
> —Much Ado, iii. 2. 65–68.

74. Line 281: *With my master's ship?*—So Theobald's emendation; Ff. read *mastership*.

75. Line 300: *Saint Nicholas be thy speed!* — Saint Nicholas was the patron of clerks and scholars.

76. Line 302: *"Imprimis: She can milk."*—This is an oversight; as in her *cate-log* above (line 275) Launce has said:

> *"Imprimis:* She can fetch and carry."

Such an oversight is scarcely worth correcting at the cost of altering the text. Speed may have taken up the list of *conditions* or qualities where Launce left off, and substituted *Imprimis* for *Item* on his own responsibility, as it was the first one he had to read.

77. Line 306: *"Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale."*—This proverb is alluded to in Ben Jonson's Masque of Augurs, in the ballad sung by John Urson:

> Our ale's o' the best,
> And each good guest
> Prays for their souls that brew it.
> —Works, vol. vii. p. 435.

78. Line 318: *Then may I set the world on wheels.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 7. 96–98:

> *Eno.* 'A bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?
> *Men.* The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,
> That it might *go on wheels!*

Rolfe says, in his note on this passage (p. 190), that the title of one of Taylor the Water-Poet's pamphlets was, *"The World goes on wheels."*

79. Line 326: *"She is not to be* KISSED *fasting."*—Rowe supplied the word *kissed* omitted in Ff.: perhaps the omission was intentional, the word to be supplied being left to the discretion, or indiscretion, of the actor.

80. Line 330: *"She hath a* SWEET MOUTH."—This may mean only, "a sweet tooth," as we say nowadays; perhaps it is meant in a wanton sense.

81. Line 361: *"She hath more hair than wit."*—Steevens, very aptly, quotes from Dekker's Satiromastix:

> *Haire!* It's the basest stubble; in scorne of it,
> This Proverbe sprung, *he has more haire than wit.*
> —Works, vol. i. p. 239.

82. Line 368: *The cover of the salt hides the salt.*—This alludes to the old salt-cellar, which was a large ornamental piece of plate, with a cover to keep the salt clean. There was but one on the table, which stood always near the head; hence the expression, "to sit below the salt," *i.e.* to occupy an inferior position at table.

83. Line 377: *that word makes the faults* GRACIOUS.—I see no necessity for insisting, as Steevens does, that *gracious* here means *graceful;* surely it means, "acceptable," "pleasing." Malone quotes very aptly:

> O, what a world of vile ill-favoured *faults*
> Looks *handsome* in three hundred pounds a-year!
> —Merry Wives, iii. 4. 32, 33.

ACT III. Scene 2.

84. Line 41: *against his* VERY *friend.*—*Very* has here a somewhat more emphatic sense than "true," or "real;" it almost has the force of a superlative. Shakespeare uses the same expression in the following passage:

> This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
> My *very friend,* has got his mortal hurt.
> —Rom. and Jul. iii. 1. 114, 115.

85. Line 49: *But say this* WEED *her love from Valentine.*—Rowe suggested *wean* in place of *weed,* but was anticipated, it appears, by the Old Corrector of Mr. Collier. Certainly *weed* is not a satisfactory reading here; for we should expect, if that word were used in its ordinary sense—whether literal or metaphorical—of rooting out, or otherwise removing a noxious growth, that the sentence would run *"weed* Valentine from her love." The verb to *wean* is only used, in its metaphorical sense, in two passages by Shakespeare: in III. Henry VI. iv. 4. 17:

> And I the rather *wean* me from despair,

where in F. 1, F. 2 it is spelt *waine,* and in F. 3, F. 4 *wain;* and in Titus Andronicus, i. 1. 210, 211:

> I will restore to thee
> The people's hearts, and *wean* them from themselves,

where in F. 1 it is spelt *weane.* It may be that *weed* is the true reading; but, in the two other passages where Shakespeare uses this verb with the preposition *from,* it is employed much more appropriately than in the passage in our text:

> To *weed* this wormwood *from* your fruitful brain.
> —Love's Labour 's Lost, v. 2. 857;

and,

> Each word thou hast spoke hath *weeded from* my heart
> A root of ancient envy. —Coriol. iv. 5. 108, 109.

It must be admitted that, in both these instances, the original sense of the word is preserved in the metaphor. I should be inclined to suggest that *wind* might be the true meaning, more especially as Thurio says, in the next line but one:

> Therefore, as you *unwind* her love from him.

Certainly the process, by which Proteus undertook to try and detach Silvia's affection from Valentine, would be more suitably expressed by the word *wind,* than by *weed;* it was a tortuous, not a direct process.

86. Lines 72–73:

> *Say that upon the altar of her beauty*
> *You sacrifice your tears.*

This passage has been, consciously or unconsciously, imitated by Cyril Tourneur in his Atheist's Tragedy, iii. 1, where Castabella, mourning over the supposed death of Charlemont, says:

> be not displeas'd if on
> The altar of his Tombe I sacrifice
> My teares. They are the iewels of my loue
> Dissolued into griefe, &c.
> —Works, vol. i. p. 79.

87. Lines 78–81:

> *For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,*
> *Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,*
> *Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans*
> *Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.*

This description would seem to be taken from some picture of Orpheus charming the beasts. I have seen an old inlaid cabinet of the time of Charles V., one side of which has a representation of this subject, in which the musical magician is surrounded by a *posse comitatus* of most remarkable monsters.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

88. Line 5: SIR, SIR, *we are undone; these are the villains,* &c.—Ff. read *"Sir,* we are undone," &c. Capell inserts *O,* before *Sir,* as the verse requires an additional

syllable. The line is printed most decidedly as verse in the Folios; we have ventured to repeat the word *Sir*, as being the most probable emendation.

89. Line 21: *Some sixteen months.*—This statement of Valentine's must be taken as on a par, for veracity, with his subsequent one that he was banished for having "killed a man," &c. It is extremely unlikely that Valentine had been any long time in Milan, before Proteus set out to join him. If we accept this statement as true, it necessitates our imagining an interval of over fourteen months to have elapsed between scenes 1 and 2 of act i.

90. Line 36: *Robin Hood's fat friar, i.e.* Friar Tuck.—What these Italian outlaws could have known about Robin Hood, or Friar Tuck, it is not easy to imagine. This is one of the many instances of Shakespeare's *anglicising*, so to speak, his localities and his characters; one of his faults, if it be a fault, which certainly did not detract from his popularity.

91. Line 49: *An heir, and* NIECE *allied unto the Duke.*—So F. 3, F. 4. The reading of F. 1, F. 2 is *And heir, and* NEECE *allide*, &c. Theobald's emendation, *An heir, and* NEAR *allied*, &c., is generally adopted; but in Greene's Alphonsus, King of Arragon, we find *niece* used twice for the vague relationship of *cousin*, first in the following passage (act ii.), where Venus, speaking of Alphonsus, says:

> Seeking about the troops of Arragon,
> For to encounter with his traitorous *niece*.
> —Works, p. 229.

referring to Flaminius, who was *cousin* to Carinus, the father of Alphonsus, and therefore, at most, only the latter's *second cousin*. The same word is used again in act iii. of the same play, where Fausta, the wife of Amurack, calls Belinus "my most friendly *niece*," (Works, p. 236)—Amurack having previously addressed him thus, "Welcome, Belinus, to thy *cousin's* court." From these passages it is evident that, in spite of Malone's dogmatic and arrogant contradiction of Steevens, *niece* was used (in addition to its ordinary sense) not only as granddaughter, but also to signify any relationship, even a distant one. For this reason we prefer the reading of the two later Folios to Theobald's conjecture.

92. Lines 71, 72:

> *Provided that you do no outrages*
> *On silly women or poor passengers.*

These were the conditions enjoined by Robin Hood on his "merry men." He anticipated Claude du Val in his respect for the weaker sex, and his compassion for the poor.

93. Line 74: *we'll bring thee to our* CAVES.—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *crewes*: F. 4 *crews*. But there does not seem much sense in *crews*. Possibly *crew* may be the right reading. Collier's MS. Corrector reads *cave;* Singer *caves*, which seems the most probable emendation. In v. 3. 12 the *First Outlaw* says:

> . Come, I must bring you to our captain's *cave*.

Most bands of robbers or outlaws had more than one cave.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

94. Lines 19, 20:

> *for you know that love*
> *Will creep in service where it cannot go.*

In Kelly's Collection of Scotch Proverbs is to be found, according to Reed, the proverb, "Kindness will *creep* where it cannot *gang*."

95. Line 27: *allycholly.*—This perverted form of *melancholy* is used by Mrs. Quickly in Merry Wives, i. 4. 164: . . . "But indeed she is given too much to *allicholy* and musing." It is probable that Shakespeare had heard some rustic person make this blunder; I cannot find the word in any of the old dramatists, or in any other of the writers of this period, or in any dictionary of slang.

96. Line 61: *Not so; but yet so false, &c.*—The incident of Felismena overhearing the serenade of Don Felix is thus described, in Yong's translation of Montemayor's novel: "The great ioy that I felt in hearing him cannot be imagined, for (me thought) I heard him nowe, as in that happie and passed time of our loves. But after the deceit of this imagination was discovered, seeing with mine eies, and hearing with mine eares, that this musick was bestowed upon another, and not on me, God knowes what a bitter death it was unto my soule. And with a greeuous sigh, that carried almost my life away with it, I asked mine host if he knew what the Ladie was for whose sake the musicke was made? He answered me, that he could not imagine on whom it was bestowed, bicause in that streete dwelled manie noble and faire Ladies" (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. part i vol. i. pp. 286, 287).

97. Lines 130, 131:

> *But since your falsehood shall become you well*
> *To worship shadows and adore false shapes.*

The construction of this passage is undoubtedly difficult; Johnson proposed to read, *since* you're false, *it shall become*, &c.; but no alteration is necessary. Douce's explanation that *become* in this passage "answers to the Latin *convenire*, and is used according to its genuine A. Saxon meaning," which he explains to be "adapt, or render you fit," is entirely misleading. *Convenire* never has that meaning; nor can I find a single instance of *become* being used in such a sense. The infinitive, "*to worship and adore*," has, I believe, here the sense of, "*in your worshipping and adoring*," which, though it makes a clumsy sentence, is not incomprehensible (compare v. 4. 49. See note 121). If any alteration of the text were made, we might read the first line thus:

> But since *it shall become your falsehood well*,

which is probably what Shakespeare, had he revised the passage, would have written.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

98. Line 4:

> Egl. *Madam!*
> Sil. *Who calls?*
> Egl. *Your servant and your friend.*

Ff. print *Madam, madam!* Hanmer very properly cut out the second *madam*, which makes the line too long and is quite unnecessary; it was, probably, an interpola-

tion of the actor. The use of the word *servant* here, applied by Eglamour to himself, should settle the question as to whether Valentine, in asking Silvia to entertain Proteus as "fellow-*servant*" (ii. 4. 106), intended her to receive him on the footing of a lover. *Servant*, in this sense, meant nothing more than one who enrolled himself among the courteous admirers of a beauty, ready at all times to do her any service, but not necessarily a suitor for her hand or heart.

99. Line 13: ONE *valiant, wise, remorseful, well-accomplish'd.*—For the insertion of *one* we are responsible. Most commentators remark on the awkwardness of the line, as it stands in Ff.—

Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.

Pope reads *valiant* AND *wise*, &c., and an anonymous conjecture (quoted by Cambridge Edd.) would read *Wise, valiant*, &c., transposing the two words.

100. Line 17: *whom my very soul* ABHOR'D. So Ff.—Hanmer, unnecessarily, I think, would read *abhors*, in which he is followed by nearly all the editors. But surely the past tense is admissible; and does not necessarily infer that Silvia does not still abhor Thurio as much, at the time of speaking these words, as she did when he was first proposed by her father as a husband.

101. Line 21: *Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.*—Steevens says: "It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands." He refers to Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire, p. 1013, where there is "the form of a commission by the bishop of the diocese for taking a vow of chastity made by a widow." No instance of such a form in the case of a widower is given. But it was not unusual, at any rate in the earlier period of Christianity, even for married persons to take vows of chastity in the lifetime of their wives or husbands.

102. Lines 37, 38:

Madam, I pity much your GRIEVANCES;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd.

Between these two lines Collier's MS. Corrector coolly inserted another line:

And the most true afflictions that you bear.

Grievances is explained in the footnote as meaning "the causes of your grief;" and Eglamour, far from intending to express any opinion on Silvia's attachment to Valentine, merely means that he pities Silvia's cause for grief in being pressed by her father to marry Thurio; and that the foundation for her grief is a virtuous and proper one: in fact he confirms Silvia's own words (lines 28–30):

But think upon my *grief*, a lady's *grief*,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

103. Line 29: *the fellow that whips the dogs.*—It is a most curious fact that, in Mucedorus (1598),—a drama once attributed to Shakespeare—we find the following passage:

Mucedorus. . . . I pray you, what office might you bear in the court?

Clown. Marry, sir, I am a *rusher* of the stable.

Mucedorus. O, usher of the table.

Clown. Nay, I say *rusher*, and I'll prove my office good. For look, sir, when any comes from under the sea or so, and a dog chance to, . . . then *with a whip I give him the good time of the day*, and straw rushes presently. Therefore I am a *rusher;* a high office, I promise ye. —Dodsley, vol. vii. 240.

Steevens quotes a portion of this passage, but destroys half the significance of it by suppressing the phrase "*rusher* of the stable," which indicates the renewal of the rushes that strewed the floor, after such a catastrophe as Launce's dog had occasioned, as being part of this official's duty.

104. Line 58: *What, didst thou offer her this* CUR *from me?*—Collier's MS. Corrector inserted *cur*, which, certainly, seems required both by sense and metre.

105. Line 60: *the other* SQUIRREL *was stolen from me.*—Hanmer prints *Squirrel*, making it the name of the dog; while other commentators suppose Launce's expression refers to the size of the dog. But in Lilly's Endimion (ii. 2), is the following passage:

Sir Tophas. . . . What is that the gentlewoman carrieth in a chaine?
Epi. Why, it is a *squirrill.*
Sir Tophas. A *squirrill!* O gods what things are made for money. —Works, vol. i. p. 27.

In a note (18) the editor (F. W. Fairholt) says: "In the series of Tapestries published by M. Jubinal is one copied from "the Tapestry of Nancy," which curiously illustrates this passage. In it is a lady of rank seated with a favourite squirrel secured to her wrist by a chain. This tapestry was found lining the tent of Charles the Bold, after he was killed at the siege of Nancy, in 1476." It is to this curious fancy of ladies for tame *squirrels* that Launce doubtless alludes, as well as to the small size of the dog. There is a dialectic meaning of the word *squirrel*, given in Halliwell's Dict. that points to a *double entendre* which may have been intended by Launce. Compare a passage in Captain Underwit, ii. 2 (Bullen's Old Plays, vol. ii. p. 340).

106. Line 61: *hangman boys.* F. 1 reads *Hangmans boyes.* F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, *hangmans boy.*—The reading in the text, generally adopted, was first given by Singer, from a copy of F. 2 in his possession; and is probably the right one. Shakespeare, in Much Ado (iii. 2. 11), calls Cupid "the little *hangman;*" but that passage is not much to the point. In Heywood's 1st Part of Edward IV. (v. 3) we find:

How doth Ned? quoth he,
That honest, merry *hangman*, how doth he?
—Works, vol. i. p. 80.

This is the only passage I can find where the word is used in any other sense than that of an executioner: it seems to be equivalent to "rascal," used in a good-natured sense. In the text it is used as an adjective, probably equivalent to "mischievous" or "rascally."

107. Line 79: *It seems you lov'd not her,* TO LEAVE *her token.* F. 1 reads, by a manifest printer's error, *not leave*; corrected in F. 2. This use of *to leave*, in the sense of "to part with," is well illustrated by two passages in The Merchant of Venice, one of which it is sufficient to quote:

I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not *leave* it
—v. 1. 170–172.

Bassanio uses the word in the same sense further on in that same scene (line 196).

108. Line 126: *Madam,* IF 'T *please you.* Ff. read *Madam, please you,* &c., making a very awkward and imperfect line. There are various emendations; for the *if 't,* which we have ventured to insert, it may be said that the *fit* of the line above might easily have caused confusion, and made the printer omit the *if 't* just below it.

109. Line 160, 161:

And PINCH'D *the lily-tincture of her face,*
That now she is become as black as I.

Johnson has a note on this passage, "the colour of a part *pinched* is livid, as it is commonly termed, *black and blue.* The weather may therefore be justly said to *pinch* when it produces the same visible effect."

110. Line 187: *Since she respects* MY *mistress' love so much.*—Hanmer, very unnecessarily, altered *my* to *his;* but the touch of Julia's speaking, as if the character she had assumed were her real one, is a very dramatic one. She had spoken above of Julia (herself) as *my poor mistress;* and she now keeps up the pretence for a moment, though she is alone. The next line in the text:

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!

shows that the assumption was intentional, as if she was *trifling* with her own sorrow; and gives the actress a grand opportunity for the expression of subtle pathos in the delivery of the former line.

111. Line 197: *Her eyes are* GRAY AS GLASS.—Douce quotes two instances of the expression *gray as glass* from the old Romances; and Theobald quotes, from Chaucer's description of the Prioress:

hire eyen *gray as glas.*
—Prologue, Canterbury Tales, line 152.

112. Line 198: *her forehead's low, and mine's as high.*—It seems that a *high forehead* was, in Shakespeare's time, accounted a beauty in a woman. We have all of us seen how much the fashion varies in this respect. One year women brush their hair off their head; another, they plaster, or train it down nearly to their eyebrows.

113. Line 206: *My substance should be* STATUE *in thy stead.*—*Statue* was used for a *picture,* as well as for a *statue;* here it is equivalent to "an inanimate image" at least; if it is not to be interpreted as simply meaning "a picture." Compare the following passage in Massinger's City Madam, v. 3:

Sir John. Your nieces, ere they put to sea, crave humbly
Though absent in their bodies, they may take leave
Of their late suitors' *statues.*
Luke. There they *hang.* —Works, p. 455.

In this scene the *statues* are represented by living men, but it is plain from the context they were meant to be *pictures* and not *statues.*

ACT V. Scene 1.

114. Line 3: *Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.*—Ff. read THAT *Silvia, &c.* Pope omitted *That:* Steevens omitted *Friar.* It is most probable that the word *that* was inadvertently left in by Shakespeare.

115. Line 7: *Enter* SILVIA, *masked.*—For the justification of this addition to the stage-direction, see lines 39, 40 of the next scene:

—and guess'd that it was she,
But, being *mask'd,* he was not sure of it.

ACT V. Scene 2.

116. Line 7: Jul. [aside] *But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.*—This line is given by mistake in the Ff. to Proteus. By a similar error, lines 13, 14 were given to Thurio in Ff.

117. Line 29: *That they are* OUT BY LEASE.—It is generally explained, on the strength of an extract from the "Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786," given by Steevens, that Proteus refers to "the mental endowments of Thurio," which are *out by lease, i.e.* are enjoyed by some one else not the owner. It seems to me this is rather a weak explanation; and we should expect the preposition *on* rather than *by* if such were the meaning. Probably there is some double meaning in *possessions* which has not yet been discovered.

ACT V. Scene 3.

118. Line 7: *Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us.*—If any proof were wanted of the carelessness with which this last act is constructed, this line would afford it. Sir Eglamour, who has hitherto been represented as a chivalrous gentleman, basely deserts the lady whom he has undertaken to escort, without making any attempt to defend her. The author seems to have forgotten what he had previously written; or to have adopted the first device that came into his head for getting rid of one of his characters.

ACT V. Scene 4.

119. Line 2:

These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods.

Ff. read:

This shadowy desert, *unfrequented woods.*

The reading in the text is from Collier's MS., a most excellent emendation. *Desert* here means simply *deserted,* or, perhaps, *uncultivated.* I can make no sense of the line as it stands in the original text.

120. Line 19.—The progress of events is certainly very rapid in this act. Silvia meets Eglamour, goes with him "three leagues" into the forest; meanwhile, the Duke meets Friar Laurence (v. 2. 37), who tells him that he had seen Silvia, masked, with Eglamour: the Duke, Proteus, Julia (disguised), and Thurio go in pursuit; the outlaws capture Silvia; Eglamour having taken to his heels: Proteus rescues Silvia. If all these events take place between sunset and night of the same day, as Mr. Daniel in his Time Analysis suggests, they must have followed one another with marvellous rapidity. Most probably we should suppose a day to elapse between scenes 1 and 2, and scene 3. But this act is constructed in a very slipshod manner, and bears signs of having been compressed by the author, out of deference to the requirements of the stage.

WORDS PECULIAR TO TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

121. Lines 48, 49:

and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, TO LOVE ME.

To love me here = *in loving me.* See note 97, iv. 2. 131.

122. Line 71: *The private wound is deepest: Oh time most accurst.*—Most editors have made this line scan according to the usual rules of metre, by omitting *most* and printing *deepest, deep'st;* or by reading *curst* for *accurst.* But here is an instance of a dramatic force given to a line by the employment of two extra syllables. The actor pauses after "*The private wound is deepest*"—*deep'st* would have no force in such a sentence—then he resumes with strong emotion, *Oh time most accurst,* dwelling on the *Oh.* The extra syllables do not jar upon the ear, while they increase the dramatic force of the line. Again, at line 73, Proteus is so overcome with shame that he cannot speak at first; he tries to do so, but the words "stick in his throat;" therefore we have a short imperfect line far more expressive than any complete one could be:

. . . *My shame and guilt confounds me.*

123. Lines 82, 83:

And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Any attempt to explain these two lines, so as to reconcile them to common sense and the ordinary ideas of loyalty in love, is misplaced. As it has been already pointed out, in the Introduction to this play, they are closely akin in sentiment to one or two of the Sonnets, in which Shakespeare resigns his mistress to his friend "W. H."—who has, apparently on his part, anticipated the conveyance of his friend's vested interests in the young woman—with no less romantic generosity.

124. Line 129: MILANO *shall not hold thee.*—Ff. read *Verona,* an evident slip, similar to others which have occurred in this play. We have adopted Collier's emendation.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

Those compound words marked with an asterisk are printed as *two* separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Agood	iv.	4	170
Baa[1]	i.	1	98
Babble[2] (sub.)	i.	2	98
Bottom (verb)	iii.	2	53
Braggardism	ii.	4	164
Churlishly	i.	2	60
Conceitless	iv.	2	93
Contemptuously	i.	2	112
Corded	ii.	6	33
	iii.	1	40
Cruel-hearted	ii.	3	10
Direction-giver	iii.	2	90
Dire-lamenting	iii.	2	82
Disability	ii.	4	109
Fellow-servant	ii.	4	105
Fodder	i.	1	92
*Full-fraught	iii.	2	70
Gingerly	i.	2	70
Heart-sore	i.	1	30
	ii.	4	132
Heaven-bred	iii.	2	72
Home-keeping	i.	1	2
Illiterate[3]	iii.	1	296
Impose (sub.)	iv.	3	8
Inscrutable	ii.	1	141
Lawlessly	v.	3	14
Lily-tincture	iv.	4	160
Love-affairs	iii.	1	254
Love-book	i.	1	19
Love-discourse	ii.	4	127
*Love-wounded	i.	2	113
Lumpish	iii.	2	62
Metamorphosed	i.	1	66
	ii.	1	32
*Mountain-foot	v.	2	46
Movingly	ii.	1	134
New-found[4]	iv.	4	134
Nick[5] (sub.)	iv.	2	76
*Nimble-footed	v.	3	7
Noddy	i.	1	119
	i.	1	131
Note-worthy	i.	1	13
Odd-conceited	ii.	7	46
O'erslips[6] (sub.)	ii.	2	9
Parable	ii.	5	41
Penitential	ii.	4	131
Perversely	iii.	2	28
Pound[7]	i.	1	114
Principality[8]	ii.	4	152
Profferer	i.	2	56
Publisher[9]	iii.	1	47
Rifle[10]	iv.	1	4
Robin-redbreast	ii.	1	21
Shelving	iii.	1	115
Silver-shedding	iii.	1	230
Sluggardized	i.	1	7
Soul-confirming	ii.	6	16
*Sourest-natur'd	ii.	3	6
Spaniel-like	iv.	2	14
Spokesman	ii.	1	152
Summer-swelling	ii.	4	162
Sun-bright	iii.	1	88
Sun-expelling	iv.	4	158
Swarthy	ii.	6	26
*Sweet-complaining	iii.	2	86
Sweet-suggesting	ii.	6	7
Tarriance[11]	ii.	7	90
Testerned	i.	1	153
Tournaments	i.	3	30
*True-confirmed	iv.	4	108
True-devoted	ii.	7	9
Turmoil	ii.	7	37
Uncompassionate	iii.	1	231
Undeserving[12]	iii.	1	7
Unheedfully	i.	2	3
Unmellowed	ii.	4	70
Unprevented	iii.	1	21
Unreversed	iii.	1	223
Unrivaled	v.	4	144
Unseeing[13]	iv.	4	209
Visibly	ii.	7	4
Wailful	iii.	2	69
Water-spaniel	iii.	1	271
*Well-reputed	ii.	7	43

1 The cry of a sheep. The verb "*to ba*" is used in Much Ado, iii. 3. 75, and in Coriolanus, ii. 1. 12. *Ba*, as an exclamation, occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 52, 53.

2 *Bibble babble* occurs in Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 105, and (in the form of *pibble pabble*) in Henry V. iv. 1. 71.

3 Occurs in Lucrece, line 810.

4 Occurs in Sonnet lxxvi. line 4.

5 In Othello, v. 2. 317, Q. 1 reads *nicke* instead of *interim* (Ff.). The verb *to nick* occurs in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 8, and Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 175.

6 *Overslipp'd* occurs in Lucrece, line 1576.

7 In the sense of a pinfold.

8 See note 49. *Principalities* (in the ordinary sense) occurs in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 19.

9 Occurs in Lucrece, line 33.

10 Occurs with *of* in Lucrece, lines 692, 1050.

11 Occurs in Pilgrim, line 74.

12 Occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 366, where Schmidt and others take it to be a sub.

13 Occurs in Sonnet xliii. line 8.

EMENDATIONS ON TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note

8. i. 1. 28. Val. *I will not, for it boots thee not.*
Pro. No?—*what?*

88. iv. 1. 5. *Sir,* SIR, *we are undone.*

99. iv. 3. 13. ONE *valiant, wise, remorseful, well-accomplish'd.*

108. iv. 4. 126. *Madam,* IF 'T *please you.*

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

85. iii. 2. 49. *But say this* WIND *her love from Valentine.*

97. iv. 2. 130. *But since* IT shall become your falsehood *well.*